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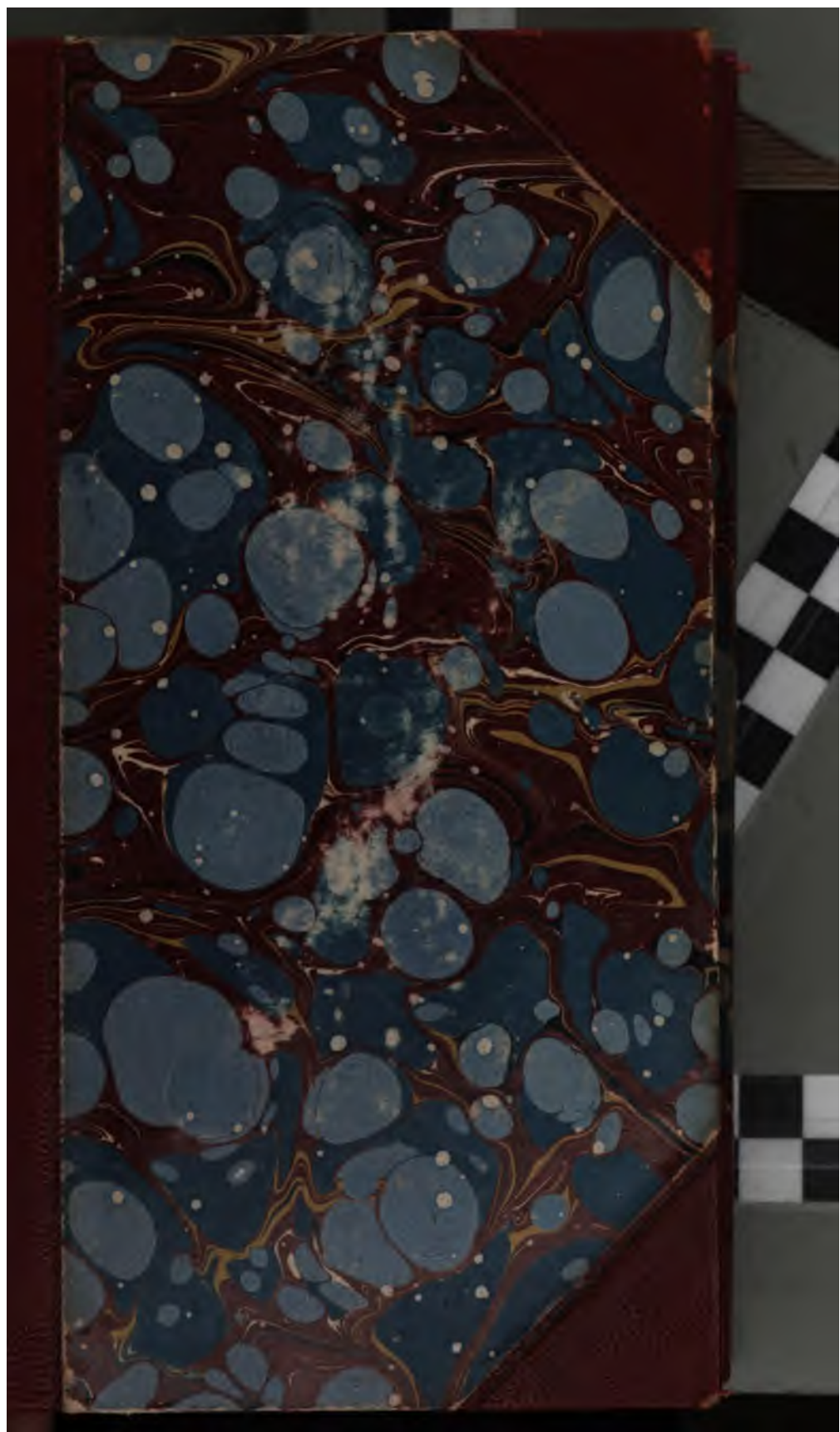
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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER—MAY,

1870.



ENTIRELY NEW SERIES

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER—MAY.







LONDON:

BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

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## PREFACE.

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**T**HE time-honoured custom of saying a few words to the readers of *The Gentleman's Magazine* at the close of each volume is a duty which mingles mournful and pleasant associations. It is gratifying to contemplate the continued success of Mr. Cave's famous publication ; but this halting by the way, calls up sad memories of those who have halted for ever.

We have recently lost two of our *confrères* in the literary brotherhood of *The Gentleman's Magazine*—William Jerdan and H. H. Dixon. Their latest writings are contained in this and the previous volume. Mr. Dixon was our most constant contributor. His memory was as richly stored with the personal history of leading men associated with the sports and pastimes of England, as Mr. Jerdan's was with literary and political ana. They were both kind, genial, scholarly men, worthy of our most respectful remembrance ; and their names will be ranked high on the national muster-roll of famous journalists.

This concluding number of our Fourth Volume contains the last chapters of "L'Homme qui Rit," and some interesting particulars concerning the every-day life of the illustrious author. "Will He Escape?" is also drawing to a close.

The completion of these works will enable us to introduce a *New Story* next month, in addition to a specially novel feature, which, we trust, will largely increase the modern attractions of the oldest Magazine in the world.

In a few days we hope to be in a position to explain, in detail, certain arrangements now in progress for strengthening our claims to a continuation of that public support which has encouraged us in our labours and fortified us in an extension of our plans for the future.

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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1869.

BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.

BY JOSEPH HATTON,

AUTHOR OF "CHRISTOPHER KENRICK."

**H**E was ever a strange, wild spirit : at one time revelling in fits of dissipation ; at another, reading hard and going to church on Sundays, like a plodding, respectable man. A week ago he began to tell me his story, the story of his life from the beginning. There was a peculiarly touching pathos in his style which I can hardly hope to reflect in these pages. It seemed as if he loved to dwell upon his earliest days. He would describe every little incident of his life at the outset, and gradually fall away from this close picturesque painting, as he approached the end, his story becoming more suggestive than narratory, until at last it was nothing but a wild burst of passion, the cry of the maniac broken upon the wheel of fortune, and raving at fate.

This is his strange and pitiful story :—

"What an ugly little rascal!" exclaimed my father, in answer to the "there, sir," of a portly Gampish woman, who held something in a bundle under his nose, "what an ugly little rascal!"

"Lor, sir," said the woman, "for goodness sake don't go and say so to the missus, she'll never get over it."

But my father had no particularly delicate scruples on that score, as my mother has since told me. He did repeat this rough and ready criticism on the personal appearance of your humble servant, George Newbolde.

How rapidly I changed from anything but a handsome baby, my



mother has often related to me ; changed in every way, my nose gradually becoming perfectly Grecian in outline, and my black hair curling sharp and crisply all over my round well-shaped head.

"You were soon pretty enough for your father to make a fuss about you, though cross and peevish in the extreme. I shall never forget when I travelled with you from Southtown, all those miles by the coach to Elmsfield ; I believe you cried all the way, all those three or four hundred miles, whatever the distance was."

"I must have known what a miserable place we were journeying to," said I, pushing my hands into a pair of short velvet trousers, and frowning contempt upon Elmsfield from the mature height of seven summers.

"Perhaps you did. I only wish I had never seen Elmsfield, or your father either, for the matter of that," said my mother. "To be married at eighteen, and taken away from your parents, never to see them again, it is enough to make any one wretched."

"Have you never seen them since ?" I remember asking.

"No, and never shall, and your father that proud and independent it makes one unable to sit easy in one's chair to think of it. My father, that is your grandfather, Mills, would have sent us all the way in his own waggon, and with a good load of furniture and linen ; but your father said, 'No, I married her for love, and I will not have a penny in one way or another.' The best of it was we had not a ten pound note between us at the time, and if it had not been for a little purse of gold which my poor mother slipped into my hands just before the coach started, I really don't know what we should have done. And I coming away alone, and to travel all those miles, and the snow falling so heavily that the whole country was covered with it. Your father had gone on a week before to get lodgings for us, and what with your crying and the cold, and feeling lonely, I never spent two such unhappy days in all my life."

The room in which we were talking was a semi-kitchen, semi-parlour, of a respectable old-fashioned kind of middle-class house. The furniture consisted of a heavy deal table and dresser to match ; a woolly, fluffy, chintz-covered sofa, two arm chairs, a piece of carpet covering the centre of the room, a shining black-leaded fire-place, and a baby's cot, completely furnished with baby and pillows, which said cot my mother rocked with her foot as she talked ; whilst I, her son and heir, sat close by the fire on a little stool, and watched the firelight dancing up the chimney. It was a snug, homely room. Shining tins, of all kinds, hung upon the wall, and a few odd books filled a small shelf at one side of the fire-place. I remember the shining tins, because there

was a long spit amongst them which served me for a sword, while the great saucepan lid furnished me with a shield, and enabled me to suit the action to the word, the word to the action, when I recited, for the special edification of occasional tea parties, the grandiloquent address of Norval, in reference to his shrewd parent of the Grampian Hills. The bookshelf also stands out in my early remembrances, because of sundry pictorial representations of "Pickwick," "the Arabian Nights," and Joseph in Egypt. The first of these works was my father's especial favourite, and he would sit over his tea and laugh loud and long to himself without reference to my mother or me, which more than once was the cause of unpleasant bickerings between my respected parents. A cozy little room, I say; and so it was, clean and neat and shiny, with a door leading into the parlour where we sat on Sundays, and another conducting us up into the bedrooms.

"And how old was I when you brought me to Elmsfield, mother?"

"Twelve months," said my mother, looking up at the little clock over the mantel-piece.

"And what made you come to Elmsfield?"

"Ah, you may well ask that, child, when we had a good house at Southtown, where your father was doing well, and your grandfather never missed a day without sending us something or another. What is it that makes people rush upon their own destruction, I wonder? It was getting to be from a journeyman to an overseer, I suppose, that made your father come here; and when he arrived he found it was all through a strike, and they called him names and wrote verses upon him, and in the song they said something about our burning a pig up the chimney; for you see your father he is so obstinate, he will insist upon doing things here as they do them at Southtown. They cure their bacon there by smoking it over a wood fire, and your father had a flitch put up the kitchen chimney to smoke it, but the thing caught fire and nearly burnt the house down; and so they put it in a song, and I could have cried my eyes out when some one threw a copy into the house, and the neighbours made remarks about it when I went out."

"Are we rich, mother?"

"Rich! I should think not, indeed."

"Shall we be some day?"

"Your father says so; but I very much doubt it. I never heard of a Newbolde who was rich yet. Your father talks of their having as good blood in their veins as anybody in Elmsfield; though what the good of that is I never could make out."

A comely, dark little woman, with a low forehead and sharp, black eyes, I can see my mother now, rocking my sister Alice in the wooden cradle, very much like the show cradles you see in old halls; for what was only good enough for common sort of people forty years ago, was good enough for princes in the old days. Our ancestral mothers never dreamed of anything so handsome and soft and silken and lace-bedecked as the modern cot which you encounter now and then in Dives' drawing-room, when Mrs. Dives is inclined to be particularly domesticated for ten minutes, and wishes to show her darling to an especial friend. It was a good old-fashioned cradle, that in which I was rocked, and in my manhood Dame Fortune has not favoured me with any particularly soft rugs or cushions. But I am none the worse for that physically; indeed, I think I am all the better, seeing how sickly and white and weak certain swells are who have been lying on swans' down all their lives, and watching every change of wind, that they might not be surprised with clothing too thick or too thin for the weather.

Depend upon it there is nothing like hard fare to make a man strong and active and wise, nothing like a career of hardship and trial, a perpetual fight with adverse circumstances, and his own way to make in the world as I had; though, mind you, I should be sorry for a son of mine to be launched upon the great tide of life compassless and rudderless as I was; for you can readily judge that my mother was not the sort of woman to fortify her son with moral armour, and as for my father—well, he had enough to do to keep the pot boiling, as he used to say, without bothering his head about the future so much. But if you would make a man of your son, send him out into the world early; let him rely upon his own resources; help him judiciously when he is in trouble, and cheer him on when he deserves it. I had all the first advantages of this forcing system, and none of the latter; so you will the more easily understand my difficulties, and forgive my shortcomings.

But to go back to that conversation with my mother. I remember that we were just discussing the point about our material wealth, and I was wondering whether there were really any good fairies who visited people and gave them sundry wishes, when the door was suddenly opened, and in rolled a hat.

"Ah, there he is again," said my mother; "twice this fortnight."

"'Whoever shall this hat displace, must meet Bombastes face to face,'" said a tipsy voice in the door-way, and in due course there entered my respected father, smiling cheerfully, and in dumb show inviting sundry opponents to come on and displace that said hat,

which rolled playfully up to the fireplace, and there lay covered with the firelight. My little sister Alice woke up and cried lustily, my mother took the child again to her arms, my father tried to kiss the twain, in a mock show of affection, my mother angrily repulsed him, and I shrank away behind the sofa, half afraid, half amused.

"Won't you speak, my petsy-wetsy?—won't um speak to um's hubby-bubby?" said my father, and then he spied me, and was evidently ashamed of this undignified parental exhibition in my presence.

"Why is not Georgy in bed?" he said, the smile leaving his face.

"Because he is not," said my mother, sharply. "Left hours and hours by myself like this, I may surely have the companionship of my own child?"

"Hours and hours; what do you mean by hours and hours?" asked my father.

"What do I mean? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"So he is, so he is," said a gentleman whom I had never seen before, stepping in at the half open door-way; for it was not yet ten o'clock; "but it was my fault this time. The truth is, he has been dining with me, we have been settling some important business, and the wine excited him. I walked home with him, and should have come in, but I was startled by his sudden bit of theatrical business."

"Come in now, then," said my father. "Sit down, and don't apologise for me. How I came home is my affair, sir, not yours."

He was quite a gentleman, this stranger to me; for that matter, my father was a gentleman, but he was not dressed so well as his companion, nor was there such a tone of authority in his voice. My mother moved quite courteously to the gentleman, and my father offered him a chair.

"Georgy," said my father, putting his hand gently on my shoulder.

"Yes, father," I said, looking up at him.

"Go to bed."

"Yes, father," I said, hurrying to the staircase. "Good night, father."

"Good night;" and then all of a sudden my father's voice changed, as if he was going to weep, when he said again, "good night, my boy."

My mother followed me upstairs, but she did not come into my little room. The single domestic who sometimes undressed me and heard me say my prayers, never came near me, and hurrying off my things, I crept into bed, hid my face in the pillow, and felt—oh! so

wretched, so very miserable, and I knew not why. The moon, shining in at one corner of the window, sent a pale ray of light across the room, falling upon a chest of drawers, and mounting upwards in a long column, like a ghost. I could hear the murmur of voices in the room below, and my mother hushing Alice to sleep in the next room. I thought all about that journey in the coach, and my grandfather and his waggon, wondered what Southtown was like, and if I should ever see it, prayed for my father and mother and little Alice, drew the sheets more tightly round me as that column of moonlight gradually moved along the wall nearer the bed, and at last fell asleep and dreamed of some strange land beyond the hills that overlooked the shabby little town called Elmsfield, in the rich midland county of Rothershire.

Why do I dwell upon all these little details? Ask the criminal who is condemned to die why he thinks of the days of his innocence? Ask the parched traveller in the desert why he dreams of springs and green-fringed rivers? Ask the bankrupt why his mind wanders back to the well-filled coffers of the past? Ask the dying man why he thinks of those early days when he sat by his mother's knee and listened to the sweet music of her loving voice? Ask the rich man in the burning pit why he looks up at Lazarus in heaven?

Whirling wheels and bobbins, flashing wheels, and great black straps winding and twining about the wheels like snakes; clatter and clash and bang of machinery; a soft, oily, smoky kind of atmosphere; girls and men singing at their work: this was the factory where my father was manager. It stood by a river that came tumbling over those distant hills, gliding through the meadows on its way, by woods, under bridges, and at length flowing smoothly past the Elmsfield net factory, which at quiet eventide threw a great red reflection into the water. It was a wonderful place to me, and I have often sat by the river catching the minnows which swam about in the warm water that came down in a little artificial fall from the engine-house of the factory. I have also sat by the net-spinners amidst those whirling wheels, and found the straps and spindles and wheels mixed up in my thoughts, pounding and tearing and tattering those wonderful, weird, strange lands in the great fairy book into tatters, scattering the princes, and twisting and twirling all my notions thereon into crude, queer shapes. And the engine, with its great cranks plunging up and down, and its ponderous wheel revolving with a quiet, easy motion, like that of a tiger in a cage: these have plunged and revolved in my infantile mind until reason has almost

tottered on the brink of chaos. But never had these things bothered me so much as on the day after that little altercation with my parents. It had dawned upon me that there was something wrong in our household, and that humiliating exhibition of drunkenness had settled down into my mind like a dull, painful feeling, in which there was much sorrow and sympathy for my father. If he had not seemed ashamed, I should have thought the incident rather funny than otherwise ; but I had seen his eye fall on me as mine used to fall, seeking the floor, when convicted of some childish error. I had noted my mother's angry look, too ; and the words she uttered were so hard and sharp, coupled with her complaints to me before my father came, that I sat and brooded over the business with a long and lasting sorrow.

My father was a kind, genial man ; he could sing an excellent song, and he enjoyed a social glass. I think he neglected his home sometimes, and he occasionally got tipsy ; but this was generally when he had been out with that strange gentleman, Mr. Welby, who was one of the proprietors of the factory where my father worked so hard. He was a sleek, soft-spoken, bland gentleman, this Mr. Welby, and he thought very highly of my father. Indeed, on the day after that disagreeable incident, I heard him tell my mother so when he called in the afternoon. It was a pity, he said, that my father would frequent the Norfolk Hotel. Some people thought Mr. Newbolde went there to see the young ladies ; but this might not be true. My mother shook her head and sighed, and then she told me I had better go and look after my little sister. And, somehow or other, I hated Mr. Welby. I shivered when he patted me on the head, and I threw his sixpences into the gutter. Nothing could have induced me to like Mr. Welby, and my mother was very angry with me when I said he was an ugly, disagreeable person. She said she was a persecuted, unhappy woman, and nobody took her part.

I can see her now, with her dark brown hair falling in curls upon her shoulders, sitting rocking herself to and fro before her pier glass, with little Alice rolling at her feet, and myself sitting by her and wondering at all the mysteries of her toilette. She was a pretty woman ; frivolous, dark, piquant. She sat before her glass for hours, and dressed her hair in a dozen ways, and asked me how I liked mamma best, with flowers in her hair or without.

At these times I often fondled and kissed her, but there was no warmth in her embrace. She seemed to receive all my love as a sort of tribute. There were occasions when she would chat with me, and appear to give me her confidence ; but her talk was filled

with complaints of my father's neglect: and then a cloud seemed to come upon me, and presentiments of evil. For many days after that night when my father sent me to bed, there was a sort of quiet warfare going on between my unhappy parents. One night, however, the storm burst furiously, and that long after I was a-bed. I heard my mother say she had been deceived—her husband was a drunkard and a beggar. My father rejoined that his wife was a frivolous, silly woman, who thought more about the fashion of her ribbons than the regulation of her household. Oh, how I prayed to heaven that peace would come to these people, my parents; how I buried my head in the pillows and sobbed, and longed to throw myself between them and help them to forgive each other.

Several days passed after this, and I regularly accompanied my father to the factory. Sometimes he would sit in his little room for hours, looking vacantly at the drawings that were scattered about; and I heard him sigh, so sadly. And then the whirling wheels without, would get into my brain, and nearly drive me mad. One day Mr. Welby came in and gave my father a newspaper, which he read, and then handed to me.

"Take that to your mother, George," he said; "and say I shall be home presently."

I went home and gave my mother the paper. It recorded the fact that Mr. Newbolde had invented a new system of winding, and had patented other improvements in machinery, which would, no doubt, bring him fame and fortune.

"Oh, yes; I know all about it," my mother said. "Mr. Welby told me of it. Your father ought to be very much obliged to Mr. Welby for his kindness."

Mr. Welby again! How I hated that man! I, with my infantile instinct, how I disliked this oily, smiling villain—for villain he was. When my mother had gone to market on Saturday morning I used to sit with little Alice on the hearth, playing at building palaces of cards; and I taught her to say "nasty Mr. Welby," until Susan, our nurse (who used to have a policeman in the back kitchen on the sly), said she would tell my mother.

"If you do, I'll tell her about the policeman," I said, on one occasion.

"Do, and he shall lock you up; but you may tell her, if you like. I don't care for your ma, for that matter. She's nothing so wonderful."

Susan said this with an air of confidence and contempt that

irritated me to desperation, and I flung Alice's little shoe at her, just as Mr. Welby called. Susan told him all about it, and he laughed and patted my head, and said I was a brave little fellow. Alice stammered out "nasty Mr. Welby," and this seemed to amuse him mightily. Before he went he whispered to Susan, and gave her something; and it was in my mind to go straight to my father and tell him, though I had not the remotest idea why I should do so, or what the effect of it would be.

How clearly all these little incidents come back to me now! I interpret them with a bitterness which will nauseate my cup of life to the last.

How slowly and wearily the time dragged on it boots not now to say! It was varied in my life by a hard struggle to understand Mr. Birch's views of arithmetic at the day school, and by long lonely rambles in the meadows outside our old fashioned town. I had no companions except now and then such as forced themselves upon my society, and insisted upon doing battle with me occasionally. Through the mists that have long since gathered about those early years I can see myself standing before some giant of a youth (who would fight me, whether or no), and receiving my punishment like a man. There were times when I came off conqueror, and then I remember I almost felt sorry that my adversary was beaten; for I had a peculiarly soft heart in those days, despite the adamant character of the district generally.

It was not a desirable place to be brought up in, Elmsfield. The boys were bullies and the men were brutes. At least, that was my boyish experience. The girls were fit companions for the boys; and the women,—well, I did not know very much about the women, thank goodness. And even now I may do the Elmsfielders an injustice generally. If I do, they will forgive me on account of my juvenile prejudices; for as a man I know them not. They never understood me, no more than they understood anyone else who was born with sensibilities. They made game of my long black hair and my clean white stockings (my mother was proud of her son), and they objected to my going about alone, and having pet corners by the brook, and finding out the best places for violets and primroses. And, I fear me, my father did not understand me, though he always treated me kindly; and I loved him more than ever because he was so good to Alice—little toddling Alice, with her merry blue eyes and her rosy dimpled cheeks.

Oh! if my father could only have given up going to that hotel; and if he had not been so angry when my mother upbraided him;



and if my mother had been more persuasive in her manner and less fierce in her condemnation, perhaps our household would have been a happy one ; and I might not have had this story to tell.

Alice was five years old, and I was eleven, when the first really great trouble of my life came upon me. The misunderstanding between our parents increased to such an extent that hardly a day passed without what Susan used to call a regular row ; and a new element of bitterness was the introduction of Mr. Welby's name into the family disputes. Even to a boy of my years it was pretty clear that this kind of perpetual warfare must have some violent ending. Impressed with Sunday school and other advice, I religiously prayed for peace, but peace came not ; and when sometimes I went out, which was very seldom, to a neighbour's house where there were no "regular rows," and the children were happy and not afraid, the home to which I returned seem to chill all my better feelings and fill my heart with a blank despair, until little Alice trotted up to me, and pulled my hand, and climbed upon my knee, and buried her dear little face in my neck.

At length the end came. One day my mother was specially kind to Susan and myself. There was a circus in the town, and she gave permission for Susan to take me to see the riders. When we were ready to go she took me in her arms and kissed me—kissed me so tenderly, so fondly, that it seemed as if an angel had come down specially from heaven with an answer to my prayers. There were tears in her eyes, too, when we left her, and the expression of her face seemed to steal into my heart and make it ache ; but this soon passed away in the joy of her fervent kiss, and the new sensation of being sent out to be amused and made happy.

In latter days I have been to see the riders, that my memory of dishonour and my title to vengeance might not expire. I have been there to take my turn, as it were, upon the wheel—to be broken on the wheel of my own memory, to suffer and grow strong.

You have sat, no doubt, my friend, and seen the clown tumble, and you have laughed with the little ones as I laughed in my early days ; but now, if I were to see that scene again, as I may do, memory would fill my ears with mingled sounds of sobs and laughter.

Oh, that night years ago ! Whilst I was clapping my hands together with childish glee at the tricks of Mr. Merryman, Fate was preparing for me such a future as few could have lived through and retained their reason. Don't look at me as though I had not achieved that triumph. They think me mad, I dare say ; but I am as sane as

you are, quite as sane ; and you shall have ample proof of that, one day. Better go on with my story? You are right ; I will.

When we reached home the house was in disorder, the fires had gone out, the candles were not lighted, and all the place was still as death. I remember taking hold upon Susan's gown and asking her what was the matter. She made no reply ; but lighted the candles, went to my mother's room, which was strewn with papers and opened drawers. There was a letter on her dressing-table for my father. I learnt this afterwards.

Little Alice was fast asleep in her cot in the next room.

"Mamma,—where is mamma?" I cried.

"Don't make a noise," said Susan. "She is gone away."

Whilst her son was enjoying the quips and cranks of the clown, and falling into a passion of juvenile love for the young lady who sprang through paper hoops and leaped over yards of blue silk ; whilst little Alice was asleep and dreaming of angels, perhaps, and that wonderland which I tried sometimes to make her comprehend in my simple reading of our fairy books ; whilst my father was smoking his pipe and thinking out that great invention of his, which should make his family rich ; whilst the moon was calmly shining upon Elmsfield, my mother was deserting her home, her husband, and her children for ever,—deserting all, perjuring her soul, blackening the innocent names of her children, for a villain.

The whole town rang with the news next day. Mrs. Newbolde had eloped with Mr. Welby.

It was a pitiable sight to see my father, who had alternate fits of rage and sorrow, of weeping and cursing, of sad sobriety and wild drunkenness, which lasted for many days. In the intervals I carried little Alice to that walk by the river, and we sat and looked into the murmuring waters, and listened to the song of the factory. Despite all our troubles and strange griefs, which we hardly understood, the river flowed on as before, the wheels flashed in the factory windows, the birds sang, the sun shone, and the world was not altered in the least, except when we were at home, and here the change was great ; not that we had enjoyed any very great happiness there, only that we remembered days of calm and quiet, and some happy times when father was at home and mother pleasant and talkative ; we remembered a few sunny hours when the whole household turned out into the fields to gather buttercups and daisies ; we remembered a few warm, loving, tender caresses ; but after that night at the circus a dull, heavy, indescribable gloom settled upon our house, culminating a few weeks afterwards in a terrible catastrophe.

Susan was sure something was going to happen. There had been funerals in the candle, death-ticks in the cupboard, a dog had howled all night for a week ; and with these and other signs of death the woman had frightened me into a condition quite ready to receive the horrible news which was brought to us one morning after my father had been out all night.

"Mr. Newbolde's found drowned in the river," said the blunt messenger, "and they've took him to a public house to hold an inquest on him."

He had fallen into the river whilst on his way home from the factory, they said, and the verdict was accidental death. I never saw him. It was thought best that I should not, and my brightest memory of him is therefore but little disturbed. I only think of the active, noble-browed, strong-limbed gentleman who carried me on his shoulders up the factory stairs into that little room where he planned and drew those wonderful designs for the net-makers. But my memory instantly wanders to an old church, in which I sit a mourner in a great black pew, looking up at our Saviour rising from the dead, and wondering if God is really good and kind and merciful.

Oh, what a terrible life mine has been ! what an awful life it is ! I am the wandering Jew, the outcast, the vagrant, the gin drinker, the vagabond, the madman if you will, with a terrible mission. I am waiting until I meet Welby, or some one dear to him,—not her, not her ! When he crosses my path, as cross it he must, there will be a fearful retribution. The day is coming—sooner than he thinks, much sooner.

But I wander. Our house and all the furniture was sold, and some neighbours took Alice to mind and sent me to work—to work in that same factory where he had worked, and for years I crossed that bridge daily, and for years saw my poor father lying in the water. I could not shut out the picture ; it would come up in the rippling river, in sunshine and in shadow, in calm and in storm, at morning, noon, and night. I know now why it was sent to me, that my vengeance should not slumber.

One day little Alice was taken ill, and at night she died with her head on my shoulder. She would let no one else touch her. "Where is mamma?" she said. "Fetch mamma, Georgy." Even with the tears in my eyes, I felt my soul swelling with wild ungovernable rage against Welby, and I vowed over that poor little dead body to take vengeance on him.

From this time there are strange blanks in my life, the years come and go in my memory like glimpses of light on a stormy day. I do

not seem to remember them well, all my mind is fixed upon that past time. I seem to see myself, as if I were looking into a glass, wandering about the world, toiling, working, labouring and waiting for a coming day. I used to search and hunt for that man, trusting to my vengeance as a divining rod; but I do so no longer. Fate will bring him here to me in London. All the world meets again in London; we shall meet; he and I will meet. Oh, never fear my friend, the reckoning will come. He is old, and may be dead, you say? No, that is not so. She may have gone, she, poor misguided, unhappy soul, and Heaven forgive her! but he is alive, and his hair is grey, and his face is thin, with lines of care in it. I have seen him in dreams, and I know where I shall meet him again for the last time. On that bridge at midnight, crouching and stealing by, creeping in the shadow because he fears a ghost, slinking away from me who am the image of my dead father, his injured friend. I see him now; there he goes, crouching, bending, quivering, clinging to the wall, dodging the extended arm, and the glaring eyes of the avenger whom he takes for the drowned man's spirit.

Stand aside, I say—he is coming. I am the Divine instrument of vengeance, it is entrusted to me to slay that human serpent and fling it out into the dark waters. Stand aside, I say—I am dangerous—I am Death.

"No, no," said the keeper, seizing him by the arm. "You are George Newbolde; be quiet, there's a good fellow, here are your flowers."

Weak and exhausted, the madman threw himself into the keeper's arms, clutched a handful of wild flowers (which, I was told, always pacified him), and I slipped away with his terrible story in my heart, and too sad for tears.

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# BY ORDER OF THE KING.

(*L'Homme qui Rit.*)

A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY: BY VICTOR HUGO.

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## PART II.—BOOK THE SECOND.

(*Continued.*)

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### CHAPTER IX.

ABSURDITIES WHICH FOLKS WITHOUT TASTE CALL POETRY.

**T**HE pieces written by Ursus were interludes—a kind of composition out of fashion now-a-days. One of these pieces, which has not come down to us, was entitled, “Ursus Rursus.” It is probable that in it he played the principal part. A pretended exit, followed by a re-appearance, was apparently its praiseworthy and sober subject. The titles of the interludes of Ursus were sometimes in Latin, as we have seen, and the poetry frequently in Spanish. The Spanish verses written by Ursus were rhymed, as was nearly all the Castilian poetry of that period. This did not puzzle the people. Spanish was then a familiar language; and the English sailors spoke Castilian even as the Roman sailors spoke Carthaginian (see Plautus). Moreover, at a theatrical representation, as at mass, the Latin, or any other language unknown to the audience, is by no means embarrassing to them.

They get out of the dilemma by adapting to the sounds familiar words. Our old Gallic France was particularly prone to this manner of being devout. At church, under cover of an *Immolatus*, the faithful chanted, “I will make merry;” and, under a *sanctus*, “Kiss me, my sweet.”

It was found necessary that the Council of Trent should put an end to these familiarities.

Ursus had composed expressly for Gwynplaine an interlude, with which he was pleased. It was his best work. He had thrown all his soul into it. To give the sum in the product is the greatest

triumph any one can achieve. The toad who produces a toad makes a grand success. You doubt it? Try, then, to make one.

Ursus had greatly polished this interlude. This bear's cub was entitled, "Chaos Vanquished." A night-effect. At the moment when the curtain drew up, the crowd, massed around the green box, saw nothing but blackness. In this blackness three confused forms moved in the reptile state: a wolf, a bear, and a man. The wolf did the wolf; Ursus, the bear; and Gwynplaine, the man. The wolf and the bear represented the ferocious forces of Nature—unreasoning hunger and savage obscurity. Both rushed on Gwynplaine. It was chaos combating man. No form could be distinguished. Gwynplaine fought enfolded in a winding-sheet, and his face was covered by his thickly-falling locks. All else was shadow. The bear growled, the wolf gnashed his teeth, the man cried out. The man was down; the beasts overwhelmed him. He cried for aid and succour; he hurled into the unknown an agonised appeal. He gave a death-rattle. To witness this agony of the prostrate man, scarcely now distinguishable from the brutes, was appalling. The crowd looked on breathless; in one minute more the wild beasts would triumph, and chaos would re-absorb man. A struggle—cries—howlings; then, all at once, a silence.

A song in the shadows. A breath had passed, and they heard a voice. Mysterious music floated, accompanying this chant of the invisible; and suddenly, without anyone knowing where or how, a white cloud arose. This whiteness was a light; this light was a woman; this woman was a spirit. Dea—calm, fair, beautiful, formidable in her serenity and sweetness—appeared in the centre of a luminous mist.

A profile of brightness in the dawn. She was a voice: a voice, light, profound, indescribable. She sung in this new-born light; she, invisible, made visible. They thought they heard the hymn of an angel, or the song of a bird. At this apparition the man, starting up in his ecstasy, struck the beasts with his fists, and overthrew them.

Then the vision, gliding along in a manner difficult to understand, and therefore the more admired, sang these words in Spanish sufficiently pure for the English sailors who were present:—

"Ora! llora!  
De palabra  
Nace razon.  
De luz el son."\*

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\* Pray! weep! Reason comes from words. Song creates light.

Then, looking down, as if she saw a gulf below, she went on,—

“ Noche, gnita te de alli !  
El alba canta hallali.” <sup>b</sup>

By degrees, as she sang, the man raised himself more and more ; and from lying he was now kneeling, his hands elevated towards the vision, his knees placed on the beasts, who lay motionless, and as if thunder-stricken.

She continued, turning towards him,—

“ Es menester a cielos ir,  
Y tu que llorabas reir.” <sup>c</sup>

And, approaching him with the majesty of a star, she added,—

“ Gebra barzon ;  
Deja monstro  
A tu negro  
Caparazon.” <sup>d</sup>

And she put her hand on his brow. Then another voice arose, more deep, and, consequently, still sweeter—a voice broken and enwrapt with a gravity both tender and savage. It was the human chant responding to the chant of the stars. Gwynplaine, still kneeling in obscurity, his head below Dea, and on the vanquished bear and wolf, sang,—

“ O ven ! Ama !  
Eres alma,  
Soy corazon.” <sup>e</sup>

And suddenly from the shadow a ray of light fell clearly on Gwynplaine. Then, through the darkness, was the monster fully exposed.

To describe the commotion of the crowd was impossible.

A sun of laughter rising. Such was the effect. Laughter springs from unexpected causes, and nothing could be more unexpected than this termination.

Never was any sensation comparable to that produced by the ray of light striking on this mask, at once ludicrous and terrible. They laughed, all around, this laugh. Everywhere : above, below, behind, before, at the uttermost distance ; men, women, old grey heads, rosy-

<sup>b</sup> Night ! go away ; the dawn sings hallali.

<sup>c</sup> Thou must go to heaven, and smile, thou that weapest.

<sup>d</sup> Break the yoke ; throw off, monster, thy dark clothing.

<sup>e</sup> O, come, beloved one ! thou art soul, I am heart.

faced children; the good, the wicked, the gay, the sad. Everybody. And even in the streets, those who saw nothing, hearing the laughter, laughed also. The laughter finished in clapping of hands and stamping of feet.

The curtain dropped, Gwynplaine was recalled with frenzy. From that time the success was enormous. Have you seen "Chaos Vanquished?" They ran after Gwynplaine. The listless came to laugh, the melancholy came to laugh, the evil consciences came to laugh—a laugh so irresistible, that it seemed almost like a malady. But there is a pestilence from which men do not fly, and that is the contagion of joy. The success, it must be admitted, did not get beyond the populace. A large crowd means a crowd of nobodies. They could see "Chaos Vanquished" for a penny. Fashionable people never go where a penny admits them.

Ursus thought a good deal of his work, which he had brooded over for a long time. "It is in the style of one Shakspeare," he said, modestly.

The juxtaposition of Dea, added to the indescribable effect of Gwynplaine. This white figure, by the side of the gnome, represented what might have been called divine astonishment. The audience regarded Dea with a sort of mysterious anxiety. She had in her aspect the dignity of a virgin and of a princess, not knowing man, and knowing God. They saw that she was blind and felt as if she could see. She seemed to stand on the threshold of the supernatural. The light that beamed on her seemed half earthly and half heavenly. She had appeared on earth, moving as they move in heaven in the radiance of morning. She found a hydra, and formed a soul. She had the air of a creative power satisfied, but astonished, at the result of her creation; and they fancied they could see in the divine surprise of that face, the expression of desire for the cause, and wonder at the result. They felt that she loved this monster. Did she recognise that he was one? Yes; since she touched him. No; since she accepted him.

This depth of night and this glory of day united formed in the mind of the spectator a clear obscure in which appeared endless perspectives. How much of divinity existed in the germ, in what manner the penetration of the soul into matter was accomplished, how the disfigured is transfigured, how the deformed becomes heavenly, all these glimpses of mysteries, made part of an almost cosmical emotion—the convulsive hilarity produced by Gwynplaine. Without going too deep, for spectators like not the fatigue of seeking below the surface, something more was understood than



was perceived. And this strange spectacle had the transparency of an avatar.

As to Dea, what she felt cannot be expressed by human words; she felt in the midst of a crowd, and knew not what a crowd was. She heard a murmur, that was all. For her the crowd was but a breath. Generations are bygone breaths. Man respire, aspires, and expires. In this crowd Dea felt alone, and shuddered as one suspended over a precipice.

All at once, in this trouble of innocence in distress, prompt to accuse the unknown, in her dread of a possible fall, Dea, serene notwithstanding, and superior to the vague agonies of peril, but inwardly shuddering at her isolation, found confidence and support. She had seized her thread of safety in the universe of shadows; she put her hand on the powerful head of Gwynplaine.

Joy unspeakable! she places her rosy fingers on this forest of crisp hair. The curls touched give an idea of softness. Dea touched a lamb which she knew to be a lion. All her heart poured out an ineffable love. She felt out of danger, she had found her saviour. The public believed that they saw the contrary. To the spectators the being loved was Gwynplaine, and the saviour was Dea. "What matters," thought Ursus, to whom the heart of Dea was visible; and Dea reassured, consoled, and delighted, adored the angel whilst the people contemplated the monster, and endured, fascinated also, though in an inverse sense, that dread Promethean laugh. True love is never weary. Being all soul it cannot cool. A brazier becomes covered with cinders; not so a star. These exquisite impressions were renewed every evening for Dea, and she was ready to weep with tenderness whilst the audience were in contortions of laughter. Those around her were but joyful; she, she was happy.

The effect of the gaiety due to the sudden shock caused by the rictus of Gwynplaine was evidently not intended by Ursus. He would have preferred more smiles and less laughter, and more of a literary triumph. But triumph consoles. He reconciled himself every evening to his excessive success, as he counted how many piles of farthings made shillings, and how many piles of shillings made pounds, and besides, he said, after all, now that the laugh is forgotten and "Chaos Vanquished" has reached the depths of their minds, something of it will remain there.

Perhaps he did not altogether deceive himself; the foundations of a work settle down in the public mind. The truth is, that this populace, attentive to this wolf, this bear, to this man, then to this music, to these howlings governed by harmony, to this night

dissipated by dawn, to this chant releasing the light, accepted with a confused, dull sympathy, and with a certain emotional respect, this dramatic poem of "Chaos Vanquished," this victory of spirit over matter, ending with the joy of man. Such were the vulgar pleasures of the people.

They sufficed them. The people had not the means of going to the noble matches of the gentry, and could not, like lords and gentlemen, bet a thousand guineas on Helmsgail, against Phelim-ghe-madone.

## CHAPTER X.

## AN OUTSIDER'S VIEW OF MEN AND THINGS.

MAN has a notion of revenging himself on that which has pleased him. Thence the contempt felt for the comedian.

This being charms me, diverts, distracts, teaches, enchants, consoles me, flings me into an ideal world, is agreeable and useful to me. What evil can I return him for this? Humiliation. Disdain is a blow at a distance. Let us strike this blow. He pleases me, therefore he is vile. He serves me, therefore I hate him. Where can I find a stone to throw at him? Priest, give me yours. Philosopher give yours. Bossuet, excommunicate him. Rousseau, insult him. Orator, spit pebbles from your mouth on him. Bear, fling thy stone. Let us cast stones at the tree, break off the fruit and eat it. Bravo! and down with him! To repeat poetry is to be infected with the plague. Playactor, go! Let him be pilloried for his success. Let him achieve his triumph with hisses. Let him collect a crowd, and create for himself a solitude. It is thus that the wealthy, termed the higher classes of society, have invented for the actor this form of isolation, applause. The crowd are less brutal. They neither hated nor despised Gwynplaine. Only the meanest caulker of the meanest crew of the meanest Indiaman, anchored in the meanest English seaport considered himself immeasurably superior to this amuser of the "scum," and believed that a caulker is as superior to an actor as a lord is to a caulker.

Gwynplaine was therefore, like all comedians, applauded and kept at a distance. Truly, all success in this world is a crime, and must be expiated. Who obtains the medal has its reverse also. For Gwynplaine there was no reverse. In this sense, both sides of his medal pleased him. He was satisfied with his applause, and content with his isolation. In Applause, he was rich. In Isolation, happy.

To be rich in this low estate meant to be no longer wretchedly

poor, to have no holes in one's clothes, nor cold at one's hearth, nor emptiness in one's stomach. It is to eat when hungry, and drink when thirsty. It is to have all things necessary, comprising the power of giving a penny to a poor man. This indigent wealth, enough for liberty, was possessed by Gwynplaine. So far as his soul was concerned, he was opulent. He had love. What more could he want? He wanted nothing.

You may think that had the offer been made to him to remove his deformity he would have grasped at it. Yet he would have refused it emphatically. What! to throw off this mask and regain his former face, be the creature he had been perchance created, handsome and charming? He never would have consented to it. For with what could he have supported Dea? what would have become of that poor child, that sweet blind girl who loved him? Without this rictus, which made him a clown without parallel, he would have been a mountebank, like any other; a common athlete, a picker up of pence between the chinks of the pavement, and Dea might probably not have had bread every day. It was with deep and tender pride he felt himself the protector of this helpless and heavenly creature. Night, solitude, nakedness, feebleness, ignorance, hunger, and thirst—seven yawning jaws of misery—were raised around her, and he was the St. George fighting the dragon. He triumphed over poverty. How?

By his deformity. By his deformity he was useful, helpful, victorious, grand. He had but to show himself, and money poured in. He was a master of crowds; and sovereign of the mob. He was able to do everything for Dea. Her wants he foresaw; her desires, her tastes, her fancies, in the limited sphere in which wishes are possible to the blind, he fulfilled. Gwynplaine and Dea were, we have already shown, Providence to each other. He felt himself raised on her wings, she felt herself carried in his arms. To protect that which loves you, to give what is necessary to her who shines on you, there can be nothing sweeter. Gwynplaine had this supreme happiness, and he owed it to his deformity. This deformity had raised him above all. By it he had gained the means of life for himself and others; by it he had gained independence, liberty, celebrity, internal satisfaction, and pride. In this deformity he was inaccessible. The Fates could do no more beyond this blow in which they had spent their force, and which he had turned into a triumph. This lowest depth of misfortune had become the summit of Elysium. Gwynplaine was imprisoned in his deformity; but with Dea, it was as we have already said, to live in a dungeon in paradise. A wall existed between them and living men. So much the better. This wall

protected whilst it enclosed them. What could affect Dea, what could affect Gwynplaine, with such a fortress around them? To take from him his success would be impossible. They would have had to deprive him of his face. Take from him his love. Impossible! Dea could not see him. The blindness of Dea was divinely incurable.

What harm did his deformity do Gwynplaine? None. What advantage did it give him? Every advantage.

He was beloved, notwithstanding this horror, and perhaps for its cause. Infirmity and deformity had been by instinct drawn towards and coupled with each other. To be beloved, was it not all? Gwynplaine thought of his disfigurement with gratitude. He was blest in this stigma. With joy he felt that it was irremediable and eternal. What a blessing that it was so! Whilst there were highways and fair grounds, and journeys to take, the people below, and the heavens on high, they would be sure to live, Dea would want nothing, and they should have love. Gwynplaine would not have changed faces with Apollo. To be a monster was to him another form of happiness. Thus, as we said before, destiny had given him all, even to overflowing. He who had been rejected had been preferred. He was so happy that he pitied the men around him. He compassionated the rest of the world.

It was, notwithstanding, his instinct to look about him, because no one is always consistent, and a man's nature is not always theoretic. He was delighted to live within an enclosure; but from time to time he lifted his head above the wall. Then he retreated again with more joy into his loneliness with Dea, after having made comparisons. What saw he around him?

What were these living creatures of which his wandering life showed him all the specimens, each day replaced by others. Always new crowds, always the same multitude, ever new faces, ever the same miseries. A jumble of ruins. Every evening all social misfortune came and made a circle round his happiness.

The Green Box was popular.

The low price attracted a low class.

Those who came were the weak, the poor, the little. They went to Gwynplaine as they went to gin. They came to buy a pennyworth of forgetfulness. From the height of his platform Gwynplaine passed these unhappy people in review. His spirit was enwrapt in the contemplation of all the successive apparitions of intense misery. The human physiognomy is modelled by conscience, and by the tenor of life, and is the result of a crowd of mysterious excavations. There was not a suffering, not an anger, not a shame, not a despair, of which

Gwynplaine did not see the wrinkle. Those children's mouths had not eaten. That man was a father, that woman a mother, and behind them, their families might be prophesied to be going to ruin. This face, already marked by vice, was on the threshold of crime, and the reasons were plain; ignorance and indigence. That other one showed an imprint of original goodness, obliterated by social pressure, and turned to hate. On the face of this old woman he saw famine. On that of the girl prostitution. The same fact against which the girl had the resource of her youth, the sadder for that!

In this mass there were arms but no tools; the workers asked but for work, but the work was wanting. Sometimes a soldier came and seated himself by the workmen, sometimes a pensioner; and Gwynplaine perceived that spectre, war. Here Gwynplaine read want of work, man-farming, servitude. On certain brows he saw an indescribable ebbing back towards animalism, and that slow return of man to beast, produced on those below by the dark pressure of the happiness of those above.

There was an aperture in all this gloom for Gwynplaine. He and Dea had a loop-hole of happiness; all the rest was damnation. Gwynplaine felt above him the thoughtless trampling of the powerful, the rich, the magnificent, the great, the elect of chance. Below he distinguished a mass of the pale faces of the disinherited. He saw himself and Dea, with their little happiness, which was so immense, between two worlds. That which was above went and came, free, joyous, dancing, grinding under foot; on high was the world which walks, below the world which is walked upon.

It is a fatal circumstance, and indicating a profound social evil, that light should crush the shadow!

Gwynplaine thoroughly grasped this dark evil.

What! a destiny so reptile! Shall a man drag himself along in this manner—with such adherence to dust and corruption, with such vicious tastes, such an abdication of right, or such abjectness that one feels inclined to crush him under foot? Of what butterfly is, then, this earthly life the grub?

What! in that crowd which hungers and ignores, everywhere, and, above all, the quarry of crime and shame; the inflexibility of the law producing laxity of conscience, is there no child that attains to maturity unstunted; no virgin who grows up but for sin; no rose that blooms, but for the slime of the snail?

His eyes sought everywhere, with the curiosity of interest, the depths of this obscurity, where died away so many useless efforts, and where struggled so much weariness, families devoured by society,

morals tortured by laws, wounds gangrened by penalties, poverty gnawed by taxes, wrecked intelligence swallowed up by ignorance; rafts in distress covered with the hungry, with feuds, with dearth, with death-rattles, with cries, with disappearances.

He felt the vague oppression of that keen, universal suffering. He saw a vision of the foaming wave of misery dashing over the crowd of humanity.

He was safe in port, and watching the wreck around him. Sometimes he took his disfigured head in his hands and dreamed.

"What folly to be happy! How one dreams!" arose in his mind. Absurd notions crossed his brain.

Because formerly he had succoured an infant, he felt within him a desire to succour the whole world. The mists of reverie sometimes obscured his individuality, and he lost his ideas of proportion so far as to ask himself the question, "What can be done for the poor?" Sometimes he was so absorbed in his subject as to express it aloud. Then Ursus shrugged his shoulders and looked at him fixedly. Gwynplaine continuing his reverie.

"Oh! were I powerful, would I not aid the wretched? But what am I?—An atom. What can I do?—Nothing."

He was mistaken. He could do much for the wretched. He could make them laugh; and, as we have said, to make people laugh is to make them forget. What a benefactor on earth is he who bestows forgetfulness!

## CHAPTER XI.

### URSUS THE POET DRAGS ON URSUS THE PHILOSOPHER.

THEN Dea entered. He looked at her, and saw none but her. This is love. One may be carried away for a moment by the importunity of some thought. The one woman beloved arrives, and all that belongs not to her presence speedily fades away, without her dreaming that she effaces in us a world.

We will relate a circumstance. In "Chaos Vanquished," a word, *monstro*, addressed to Gwynplaine, displeased Dea. Sometimes, with the smattering of Spanish everyone knew at that period, she took it into her head to replace it by *quiero*, which signifies, I will it. Ursus tolerated, not without some impatience, this alteration in his text. He would have liked to say to Dea, as in our day, Moessard to Vissot, *Tu manques de respect au repertoire* (you are wanting in respect to the repertory).

"The grinning man."

That was the form which had led to the celebrity of Gwynplaine.

His name, Gwynplaine, scarcely known at any time, had disappeared under this nickname, as his face had under his grin.

His popularity was like his visage—a mask.

His name, however, could be read on a large placard in front of the Green Box, which offered to the crowd this narrative composed by Ursus :—

Here you may see Gwynplaine abandoned at the age of ten years, on the night of the 29th of January, 1690, by the villanous Comprachicos, on the borders of the sea at Portland. The little boy has grown up, and is called now,—

#### THE GRINNING MAN.

The existence of these mountebanks was as an existence of lepers in a leper-house, and of the blessed in one of the Pleiades. It was every day a quick transition from an outside and noisy exhibition, to the most complete seclusion. Every evening they made their exit from this world. They were like the dead who vanished on condition of being reborn next day. A comedian is a revolving light, appearing for one moment, disappearing the next, and existing for the public but as a phantom or a light, according as he is absent or in their presence, as his life circles round. To the exhibition succeeded claustration. When the performance was finished, whilst the audience dispersed, and the hearty rounds of satisfaction of the crowd was lost in the distant streets, the Green Box shut up its platform, like a fortress its drawbridge, and all communication with human beings was cut off. On one side the universe, on the other this caravan; and this caravan contained liberty, clear consciences, courage, devotion, innocence, happiness, love—all the constellations.

The seeing blindness and the deformed beloved sat side by side, —hand pressing hand, temple touching temple,—and exalted above earth, talking in a low voice.

This compartment in the middle served two purposes—for the public it was a theatre, for the actors an eating room.

Ursus, always delighted to make a comparison, profited by this diversity of destination to liken the central compartment in the Green Box to the arradach in an Abyssinian hut.

Ursus counted the receipts, then they supped. In love all is ideal. To eat and drink together when one loves admits of all sorts of sweet promiscuous touches, made by stealth, by which a mouthful becomes a kiss. They drank ale or wine from the same glass, as they might drink dew out of the same lily. Two souls in an agape

have the grace of two birds. Gwynplaine waited on Dea, cut her bread, poured out her drink, and got too close.

"Hum!" cried Ursus, and he turned away, his scolding finishing in a smile, notwithstanding his efforts.

The wolf supped under the table, inattentive to every thing which did not concern his bone.

Fibi and Vinos shared the repast, but gave little trouble. These



vagabonds, half savage, remained bewildered, and spoke in the gipsy language to each other.

At length Dea re-entered the women's apartment with Fibi and Vinos. Ursus chained up Homo under the Green Box; Gwynplaine looked after the horses, the lover having become a groom, as if he had been a hero of Homer's, or a paladin of Charlemagne's. At midnight all slept, the wolf excepted, who, from time to time, alive to his responsibility, opened an eye. The next day, in the morning, they met again. They breakfasted together, generally on ham or tea. Tea was introduced into England in 1698. Then Dea, after the Spanish fashion, took a siesta, according to the advice of Ursus, who



considered her delicate, and slept some hours, whilst Gwynplaine and Ursus did all the little jobs of work, without and within, which their wandering life made necessary. It was rare that Gwynplaine wandered out of the Green Box, except in desert places and solitary wastes. In cities he only went out at night, concealed by a large slouched hat, so as not to exhibit his face in the street.

They could only see the uncovered face in the theatre.

The Green Box had little frequented the cities. Gwynplaine at twenty-four had never seen larger towns than the Cinque Ports. His renown, however, was increasing. It began to rise above the populace, and to percolate in a higher sphere. Amongst the admirers of, and runners after strange foreign curiosities and prodigies, it was known that there existed somewhere, leading a wandering life, sometimes here, sometimes there, an extraordinary monster. They talked about him, they sought him, they asked where is he? The grinning man was becoming decidedly famous. A certain lustre was reflected on "Chaos Vanquished."

So much so, that, one day, Ursus, being ambitious, said,—  
"We must go to London."

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## PART II.—BOOK THE THIRD.

### *The Beginning of the Future.*

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE TADCASTER INN.

LONDON at this period had but one bridge—London-bridge, with houses built on it. This bridge united London to Southwark, a suburb which was paved with flint pebbles taken from the Thames, divided into small streets and alleys, jammed together, and having, like the city, a great quantity of buildings, houses, dwellings, and huts of wood, a pell-mell mixture of combustibles, where fire might take its pleasure—1666 had proved it.

Southwark was then pronounced Soudric, now it is pronounced Sousouorc, or near it; indeed, an excellent way of pronouncing English names, is not to pronounce them. Thus, for Southampton, say, Stpntn.

This was the time when "Chatham" was pronounced *je t'aime*.

The Southwark of that time resembles the Southwark of to-day about as much as Vaugirard resembles Marseille. It was a suburb—it is a city. Nevertheless, it gave a great impetus to navigation. The long old Cyclopean wall was studded with rings, to which were anchored the city barges. This wall was called the Effroc wall, or the Effroc stone.

York, when it was Saxon, was called Effroc. The legend related that a Duke of Effroc had been drowned at the foot of the wall. Certainly the water there was deep enough to drown a duke. In the deepest water there was six good fathoms. The excellence of this little anchorage attracted sea vessels, and the old Dutch tub, called the Vograat, came to anchor at the Effroc stone. The Vograat made the crossing from London to Rotterdam, and from Rotterdam to London, punctually once a week. Other barges went twice a day, either for Deptford, Greenwich, or Gravesend, going down with one tide and returning with the next. The voyage to Gravesend, though twenty miles, could be accomplished in six hours.

The Vograat was of a model which can no longer be seen now, except in naval museums. This tub was almost a junk. At that time, when France copied Greece, Holland copied China. The Vograat, a heavy hull with two masts, was partitioned perpendicularly, so as to be water-tight, having a narrow room in the middle of the ship, and two decks, one fore and the other aft. The decks were raised as in steam vessels of the present day, which had this advantage, that by this arrangement, in foul weather, the force of the wave was diminished, and the inconvenience of exposing the cargo to the action of the sea was avoided. From the absence of any parapet, nothing arrested the progress of any one on board from falling over. Thence, frequent falls and losses of men, which have caused this model to fall into disuse. The Vograat went straight for Holland, and did not even stop at the stairs at Gravesend.

An old ridge of stones, rock rather than masonry, ran along the bottom of the Effroc stone, and practicable at all tides, facilitated going on board the ships fastened to the wall. This wall was, at several distances, furnished with steps. It marked the south point of Southwark. A heap of rubbish at the top permitted the passengers to rest their elbows on the summit of the Effroc stone, as on the parapet of a quay. From that point the Thames was visible; on the other side of the water London ended. There was nothing but fields.

Up the river from the Effroc Stone, where the Thames bent nearly

opposite the palace of Saint James, behind Lambeth House, not far from the walk called then Foxhall (Vauxhall, probably), there was, between a pottery where they made porcelain, and a glass-blower's, where they made ornamental bottles, one of those unenclosed back spaces covered with grass, called formerly in France *cultures* and *mails*; and in England, bowling-greens. Of bowling-green, a green carpet on which to roll a ball, the French have made *boulingrin*.

Folks have now-a-days this green space inside their houses, only it is put on the table, and is a cloth instead of turf, and is called billiards.

It is difficult to see why, having boulevard (*boule-vert*), which is the same word as bowling-green, the French should have given themselves *boulingrin*. It is surprising that a person so grave as the Dictionary should have all these useless luxuries.

The bowling-green of Southwark was called Tarrinzeau Field, because it had belonged to the Barons Hastings, who are Barons Tarrinzeau and Mauchline.

From the Lords Hastings the Tarrinzeau Field passed to the Lords Tadcaster, who had made a speculation of it, in the same manner that, at a later date, a Duke of Orleans made a speculation of the Palais Royal. Afterwards this Tarrinzeau became waste ground and parochial property.

Tarrinzeau Field was a kind of permanent fair ground, covered with jugglers, athletes, mountebanks, and music on platforms; and always full of "fools, who came to look at the devil," as Archbishop Sharpe said, which means to go to the play.

A great many inns, which took in and sent the public to these outlandish exhibitions, opened on this place, which kept holiday all the year round, and thereby prospered. These inns were simply stalls, inhabited only during the day. In the evening the tavern-keeper put into his pocket the key of the tavern and went away.

Only one of these inns was a house, the only dwelling in the whole bowling-green, the caravans of the fair ground having the power of disappearing from one moment to another, in consequence of the absence of stability, and of the vagabondage of all mountebanks.

Mountebanks have no roots to their lives.

This inn, called the Tadcaster Inn, after the name of its former owners, was rather an inn than a tavern, rather a hotel than an inn, and had a carriage entrance, and rather a large yard.

The carriage entrance, opening from the court on to the field, was

the legitimate door of the Tadcaster Inn, which had, beside it, a small bastard door, by which folks entered. Who says bastard, says preferred. This lower door was not the only one through which there was a way. It opened into the tavern, properly so called, which was a large taproom, full of tobacco smoke, furnished with tables, and low in the ceiling. It was lighted by a window on the first floor, to the iron bars to which was fastened and hung the sign of the inn. The principal door, barricaded and bolted for good, remained shut.

It was necessary to cross the tavern to enter the courtyard.

There was at Tadcaster Inn a master and a boy. The master was called Master Nicless, the boy Govicum. Master Nicless—Nicholas, without doubt, which the English habit of contraction had made Nicless, was a miserly widower, and one who respected and trembled at the laws. As to his appearance, he had bushy eyebrows and hairy hands. The boy, aged fourteen, who poured out drink, and answered to the name of Govicum, had a large, merry face, and an apron. His hair was cropped close, a sign of servitude.

He slept on the ground floor, in a hut into which they formerly put a dog. This hut had for a window a bull's-eye looking on to the bowling-green.

The Green Box had arrived in London. It was established at Southwark. Ursus had been tempted by the bowling-green, which had this excellence, that the fair was never-ending, even in winter.

To see the dome of St. Paul's was a pleasure to Ursus.

London, take it all in all, has some fine things in it. It was an act of bravery to dedicate a cathedral to St. Paul. The true cathedral saint is St. Peter. St. Paul is suspected of imagination, and in matters ecclesiastical imagination means heresy. St. Paul is only a saint by extenuating circumstances. He only entered heaven by the artistic door.

A cathedral is a sign. St. Peter signifies Rome, the city of dogmas. St. Paul signifies London, the city of schism.

Ursus, whose philosophy had arms so long that it embraced all, was a man who appreciated these shades of difference, and his attraction towards London arose, perhaps, from a certain taste for St. Paul.

The large court of the Tadcaster Inn had fixed the choice of Ursus. The court seemed to have been made for the Green Box. It was a ready-made theatre. It was square, and built upon three sides, with a wall over against the front of the house. Against

this wall they placed the Green Box, which could enter the courtyard, thanks to the large dimensions of the grand entrance. A large wooden balcony, roofed over, and supported on posts, on to which the rooms of the first storey opened, was fastened to the three fronts of the interior façade of the house, making two right angles.

The windows of the ground floor formed the boxes, the pavement of the court made the pit, and the balcony made the balcony. The Green Box, reared against the wall, had before it a theatrical house. It resembled greatly the Globe, where they played "Othello," "King Lear," and "The Tempest."

In a corner behind the Green Box was a stable.

Ursus had made his arrangements with the tavern keeper, Master Nicless, who, in consequence of his respect to the laws, would not admit the wolf without making him pay dearly for it.

The placard, "Gwynplaine, the Grinning Man," taken from its nail in the Green Box, was hung up close to the sign of the inn. The sitting-room of the tavern had, as we know, an inside door which opened into the court. By the side of this door was constructed off-hand, by means of an empty barrel, a box for the money taker, who was sometimes Fibi, and sometimes Vinos. It was managed much as at present. Who entered paid. Under the board of the Grinning Man was hung a piece of wood, painted white, on two nails, on which was charcoaled in large letters the title of Ursus' grand piece, "Chaos Vanquished."

In the centre of the balcony, precisely opposite the Green Box, in a compartment which had for its entrance a window down to the ground, had been reserved between two compartments a space for the nobility. It was large enough to hold, in two rows, ten spectators.

"We are in London," said Ursus. "It is necessary to be prepared for the gentry."

He had furnished this box with the best chairs of the inn, and had placed in the centre a grand arm-chair of best Utrecht velvet, with a cherry-coloured pattern, in case some alderman's wife should come.

The representations began. The crowd immediately entered; but the compartment for the nobility remained empty. With that exception the success became so great, that no mountebank memory could recall its parallel. All Southwark ran in crowds to admire the Grinning Man.

The merryandrews and mountebanks of Tarrinzeau field were aghast at Gwynplaine. A sparrow-hawk flapping his wings in a cage of goldfinches, and feeding in their seed-trough, this was the effect. Gwynplaine ate up their public.



Besides the small fry, the swallows of swords and the grimace makers, there were on the green real representations. There was a circus of women, ringing from morning till night a magnificent peal of all sorts of instruments,—psalteries, drums, rebecks, micamons, timbrels, reeds, dulcimers, gongs, chevrettes, bag-pipes, German horns, English eschaqueils, pipes, flutes, and flageolets.

They had under a large round tent some tumblers, who could not have equalled our present tumblers in the Pyrenees—Dulma, Bordenave, and Meylonga—who from the peak of Pierrefitte descend to the plateau of Limaçon, which is nearly perpendicular. There was a travelling menagerie, where was to be seen a performing tiger, who lashed by the keeper, tried to snap at the whip and swallow the lash. This comedian of jaws and claws was himself eclipsed.

Curiosity, applause, receipts, crowds, the Grinning Man took all. In the twinkle of an eye it was done. Nothing was to be thought of but the Green Box.

“‘Chaos Vanquished’ is ‘Chaos Victor,’” said Ursus, appropriating to himself half the success of Gwynplaine, and taking the wind out of his sails, as we say in nautical phrase. The success of Gwynplaine was prodigious. Notwithstanding this, it remained local. It is difficult for a celebrity to pass over the water. It took a hundred and thirty years for the name of Shakspeare to penetrate from England into France. The water makes a wall; and if Voltaire—a thing which he very much regretted too late—had not made a short ladder to Shakspeare, Shakspeare at the present hour might still be on the other side of the wall in England, captive to insular glory.

The glory of Gwynplaine did not overpass London Bridge. It was not as yet large enough to find an echo in the great city. At least not during the first period. But Southwark might suffice to satisfy the ambition of a clown. Ursus said,—

“The money bag of receipts grows visibly bigger.”

They played “Ursus Rursus” and “Chaos Vanquished.”

Between the acts Ursus exhibited his power as an engastrimist, and executed marvellous ventriloquism. He imitated every cry which occurred in the assembly—a song, a cry, startled by its resemblance, the singer or the crier himself; and occasionally he copied the acclamations of the public, and whistled as if he had within him a heap of people.

These were remarkable talents. Besides this, he harangued, and might be seen, like Cicero, selling his drugs, attending sickness, and even healing the sick.

Southwark was captivated.

Ursus was satisfied with the applause of Southwark, but by no means astonished.

"These are the ancient Trinobantes," he said.

Then he added,—“I must not confound them for delicacy of taste, with Atrobates, who peopled Berkshire, or the Belgians who inhabited Somersetshire, nor with the Parisians who founded York.”

At each representation the court of the inn, transformed into a pit, was filled by a ragged and enthusiastic audience. It was composed of watermen, chairmen, coachmen, and bargemen, and sailors just come ashore, spending their wealth in feasting and women. There were felons, ruffians, and blackguards, who were soldiers condemned for some fault in discipline to wear their red coats, which were lined with black, inside out, and from thence the name of blackguard, which the French turn into *blaqueurs*. All these flowed from the street into the theatre, and poured back from the theatre into the tap. Empty tankards did not decrease their success.

Amongst the people which it is usual to call the dregs, there was one taller than the rest, bigger, stronger, less poverty-stricken, broader in the shoulders; dressed like the common people, but not ragged.

Admiring and applauding all to the skies, making way with blows from his fists, having a disordered periwig, swearing, crying out, joking, not being dirty, and, when necessary, blackening an eye and paying for a bottle.

This connoisseur, being fascinated, had adopted the Grinning Man.

He did not come every evening, but when he came he led the public—applause was raised into acclamation—success went up, not to the friezes, for there were none, but to the clouds; and there were plenty of those. Even these clouds (seeing that there was not a roof) wept sometimes over this masterpiece of Ursus.

So much enthusiasm made Ursus remark this man, and caused Gwynplaine to observe him.

It was a great unknown friend they had there!

Ursus and Gwynplaine wished to know him; at least, to know who he was.

Ursus one evening, in the side-scene, which was the kitchen-door of the Green Box, having, by chance, Master Nicless near him, showed him the man mingled with the crowd, and asked him,—

“Do you know that man?”

“Without doubt.”

“Who is he?”



"A sailor."

"What is his name?" said Gwynplaine, interrupting.

"Tom-Jim-Jack," answered the hotel-keeper.

Then, in redescending the steps at the back of the Green Box, to enter the inn, Master Nicless let fall this profound reflection, so deep that it went altogether out of sight,—

"What a pity that he should not be a lord. He would be a famous scoundrel."

Otherwise, though installed in the tavern, the group in the Green Box had in no way altered their manners of living, and held to their isolation. Excepting a few words exchanged now and then with the tavern-keeper, they mingled not with any inhabitants, either passengers or with those who were permanent in the inn; and contrived to live amongst themselves. Since they had been at Southwark, Gwynplaine had made it his habit, after the performance and the supper both of the family and the horses—when Ursus and Dea had gone to bed in their respective departments—to breathe a little the fresh air of the bowling-green, between eleven o'clock and midnight.

A certain vagrancy in our spirits impels us to nightly walks, and to sauntering under the stars. There is a mysterious expectation in youth. It is for this we like to go out in the night, without an object.

At this hour there was no one in the fair-ground, except a nodding drunkard, making staggering shadows in dark corners. The empty taverns were shut up, the lamps put out in the lower room of Tadcaster Inn, where, scarcely twinkling, in some angle a solitary candle lighted a last reveller. An indistinct glow gleamed through the window-shutter of the half-opened tavern, and Gwynplaine, pensive, content, and dreaming, happy in a haze of a divine joy, passed and repassed before the half-open door.

Of what was he thinking? Of Dea—of nothing—of everything—of depths.

He did not wander far from the Green Box, held, as by a thread, near to Dea. To take a few steps away from it was sufficient for him.

Then he returned, found all the Green Box asleep, and slept himself.

CHAPTER II.

CONTRARIES FRATERNISE IN HATE.

SUCCESS is not liked, especially by those whom it overthrows. It is rare that the eaten adore the eaters.

The Grinning Man had decidedly made a hit. The mountebanks around were indignant. A theatrical success is a siphon—it pumps the crowd and makes emptiness around it. The shop opposite was lost. The increased receipts in the Green Box made a corresponding decrease in the receipts of the surrounding shows. In short, the entertainments, popular up to that time, stood still. It was like a low watermark, showing in an inverse sense, but with perfect concordance,—the increase here, the diminution there. All theatres know the effect of tides: they are high with one only on the condition of being low with another. The nests of foreigners who exhibited their talents and their tumult on the neighbouring platforms, seeing themselves ruined by the Grinning Man, were despairing, yet dazzled. All the grimacers, all the clowns, all the merryandrews envied Gwynplaine. How happy he must be with the snout of a wild beast! The buffoon mothers and dancers on the tight-rope, who had pretty children, looked at them with anger, and pointing out Gwynplaine, would say,—“What a pity you have not a face like that!” Some beat their babes with fury at finding them beautiful. More than one, had she known how, would have fashioned her son’s face in the Gwynplaine style. The head of an angel, which brought no money, was not worth that of a lucrative devil.

Gwynplaine was a bird which laid golden eggs! What a marvellous circumstance! This was the only cry in all the caravans.

The mountebanks, enthusiastic and exasperated, looked at Gwynplaine and gnashed their teeth. The rage that admires is called envy. Then they howled! They tried to disturb “Chaos Vanquished;” made a cabal, hissed, scolded, shouted! This gave a motive to Ursus to make field harangues to the populace, and for his friend Tom-Jim-Jack to use his fists in the re-establishment of order. These pugilistic marks of friendship brought him still more under the notice and regard of Ursus and Gwynplaine. It was at a distance, nevertheless, because the group in the Green Box sufficed to themselves, and held aloof from the rest of the world, and because Tom-Jim-Jack, this leader of the mob, seemed a sort of superb lackey, without a tie, without a friend; a smasher of windows, a

manager of men—appearing, disappearing—hail-fellow-well-met with everyone, and companion of none.

This raging envy against Gwynplaine did not decrease by opposition, nor by the friendly efforts of Tom-Jim-Jack. The outcries having miscarried, the mountebanks of Tarrenzeau field fell back on a petition. They addressed themselves to the authorities. This is the usual provision against a success that is irksome; we first try to stir up the crowd and then we petition the magistrate.

To the merryandrews were united the reverends. The Grinning Man had struck a blow at the preachers. The empty space was not only in the caravans, but in the churches. The churches of the five parishes in Southwark had no longer a congregation. Folks went out before the sermon to go to Gwynplaine. "Chaos Vanquished," the Green Box, the Grinning Man, all the abominations of Baal, deadened the eloquence of the pulpit. The voice crying in the desert, *vox clamantis in deserto*, was not content, and willingly called to aid the government. The clergy of the five parishes complained to the Bishop of London, who complained to her Majesty.

The complaint of the merryandrews was based on religion. They declared it to be insulted. They pointed out Gwynplaine as a sorcerer, and Ursus as an atheist. The reverend gentlemen invoked social order. Setting orthodoxy on one side, they rested on the cause and the fact that acts of parliament were violated. It was the cleverer course. Because it was in the time of Mr. Locke, who had been dead but six months—28th October, 1704—when scepticism, which Bolingbroke had imbibed from Voltaire, had begun. Wesley came later to restore the Bible, as Loyola had to restore the papacy.

After this fashion the Green Box was breached on two sides; by the merryandrews, in the name of the Pentateuch, and by chaplains in the name of police regulations, the reverend gentlemen holding for the commission of highways and the mountebanks for heaven. The Green Box was denounced by the priests as an incumbrance, and by the jugglers as sacrilegious.

Had they any pretext? Had any cause been given? Yes. What was the crime? This: they had a wolf. A dog was allowable; a wolf forbidden. The wolf in England is an outlaw. England admits the dog which barks, but not the dog which howls,—a shade of difference between the courtyard and the forest.

The rectors and vicars of the five parishes of Southwark recalled, in their petitions, numberless parliamentary and royal statutes putting the wolf beyond the protection of the law. They moved for something like the imprisonment of Gwynplaine and the execution of

the wolf, or at any rate for his expulsion. The question was one of public interest. There was the risk for the passengers. And, to crown all, they appealed to the Faculty. They cited the opinion of the eighty London doctors, a learned body which dates from Henry VIII., who have a seal like the State, who elevate rich people to the dignity of being under their jurisdiction, who have the right to imprison those who infringe their law and contravene its ordinances, and who, amongst other useful regulations for the health of the citizens, have put beyond doubt this fact acquired by science; if a wolf sees a man first, the man becomes hoarse for life. Besides, he may be bitten.

Homo, then, was the pretext.

Ursus heard from the hotel-keeper these menaces. He was uneasy. He feared these two claws—the police and the justices. To be afraid of the magistracy,—it was enough to be afraid,—it is not necessary to be guilty. Ursus had little desire for contact with sheriffs, provosts, bailiffs, and coroners. His desire to make their acquaintance amounted to nothing. He had as much curiosity to see the magistrates as the hare has to see the greyhound.

He began to regret that he had come to London. “‘Better’ is the enemy of ‘good,’” murmured he apart. “I thought the proverb was ill-considered. I was wrong. Stupid truths are true truths.”

Against the coalition of powers—the merryandrews taking in hand the cause of religion, and the chaplains indignant in the name of medicine,—the poor Green Box suspected of sorcery in Gwynplaine, and hydrophobia in Homo, had but one thing in its favour—but one of great power in England—municipal inactivity. It is to the letting things take their course that Englishmen owe their liberty. Liberty in England behaves much as the sea that surrounds England. It is a tide. Little by little manners surmount the law. A frightful legislation is swallowed up by the force of custom. A ferocious code of laws is yet visible under the transparency of universal liberty. This is England.

The Grinning Man, “Chaos Vanquished,” and Homo might have against them mountebanks, preachers, bishops, the House of Commons, the House of Lords, Her Majesty, London, and all England, and rest quiet, so long as Southwark permitted.

The Green Box was the favourite amusement of this suburb, and the local authorities seemed indifferent. In England, indifference is protection. So long as the sheriff of the county of Surrey, to the jurisdiction of which Southwark belongs, did not interfere, Ursus breathed freely, and Homo could sleep on his two wolfish cars.

So long as this hatred did not come to acts of violence, it increased success. The Green Box was none the worse. On the contrary; it got abroad in the public mind that it contained something mysterious. Hence the Grinning Man became more and more popular. The public follow with gusto the scent of anything contraband. To be suspected recommends. The people adopt by instinct that which the finger menaces. The thing which is denounced is like the savour of forbidden fruit; we are in a hurry to eat it. Besides applause, which irritates some one, especially if that some one is in authority, is sweet. To make, whilst passing a pleasant evening, an act of kindness to the oppressed, and of opposition to the oppressor, was agreeable. They protected at the same time that they were amused. We may add that the theatrical caravans of the bowling-green continued to howl and to cabal against the Laughing Man. Nothing could be better for his success. Enemies make a useful noise, which give point and vitality to the triumph. A friend is sooner weary of praising than an enemy of abusing. To abuse does not hurt. Enemies do not know that. They cannot help insulting us; and in this consists their utility. They are unable to hold their tongues, and thus keep the public awake.

"Chaos Vanquished" drew even greater crowds.

Ursus kept to himself what Master Nicless had said of intriguers and complaints in high places, and did not tell Gwynplaine, so as not to trouble the ease of his acting by any extraneous thought. If evil was to come, he would know it soon enough.

*(To be continued.)*

## IN MEMORIAM.

**T**HE summer fades into the falling year,  
The forest sheds her canopy of green,  
Vanish the myriad forms of insect life,  
And leaflets flutter to a nameless grave ;

Thus too, the prime of manhood disappears,  
And manhood's glory sinks into decay,  
And all the thousand graces of the soul,  
Ephemeral as leaf or insect, die.  
Yet ever and anon Time's fleeting sands,  
The golden shower of opportunity,  
Caught by the forethought of a master-mind,  
Are moulded into such immortal acts,  
As do to men eternally declare  
The counsels of their great artificer.

The style and worth of such a high-souled Earl—  
In green old age, and full of honoured years,  
Gathered to God—from these brief presents learn.

Write him upon the scroll of lasting fame  
A knight, of pure and spotless ancestry,  
Whose bright escutcheon never knew the stain  
Of infamy or wrong. The very soul  
Of courteous chivalry, and gentle grace.  
A peer, whose noble mien reflected back  
The lustre of his stately birth, the while  
It seemed so fitted to his pride of place,  
And that same pride beseemed his mien so well,  
'Twere hard to say whether to high estate  
Such princely virtues rather were allied,  
Or that estate were but the sequence due  
To virtues worthy of so true a prince.

Write him a statesman in the purple born,  
By no ambition raised to curule chair,  
No subtle forger of wild fantasies,  
No loud-voiced moulder of seditious words.

His the true gift of conscious eloquence  
 With noble language gracing noble thoughts,  
 That bowed the listening senate to his will,  
 Truth on his lips, persuasion on his tongue.  
 A faithful counsellor and guide to her,  
 Who God-anointed sits upon the throne,  
 The doughty champion of her ancient Church ;  
 A ruler sage, an upright minister,  
 Who, free from party prejudice and greed,  
 Knew but one aim—his country's greatest good.  
 A gracious spirit, generous to all ;  
 The friend of poverty, distress, and pain.

Write him a scholar, elegant, refined ;  
 A rugged age's sweet interpreter,  
 Reviver of its legendary lore,  
 Who tuned anew those sacred strings, that erst  
 Swept by the wizard's hand, in magic thrall  
 Held spell bound all the chivalry of eld.  
 By virtue of an in-born poesy  
 He moved 'mid lettered men an honoured chief,  
 And lent to their high calling the renown  
 Of birth and talent. No dull pedant he,  
 That claimed no title save ancestral fame,  
 But from a long and honourable line  
 Of loyal statesmen, and of warrior sires,  
 Showed high credentials in a generous vein  
 Of polished learning and of quaint research.

Last, write him father of a son, who sure  
 (If aught of presage from his earlier deeds  
 May shadow forth the future) shall renew  
 His father's virtues with his father's name.  
 Like him, though dowered with every gift that wealth  
 Or high degree or native worth can give,  
 Prize but as instruments of good to man,  
 Each circumstance of earthly power. Like him,  
 Move nobly on in his exalted sphere,  
 Himself confessing, and by all confessed,  
 Steward of God's rich bounty to mankind ;  
 His life a grateful country's honest pride,  
 His death a wailing nation's bitter woe.

## THE PRINCE CONSORT'S FARMS.

**I**T was only on that cheerless Sunday, when the Prince Consort's name first passed from our litany, that England seemed to awake to a full and abiding knowledge of what she had lost. None had more reason to mourn him than the agriculturists. He had united himself more closely with them that very autumn by becoming the President of the Royal Agricultural Society, and taking the chair at the first council meeting in the session of 1861-2. Agriculture held a high place among the subjects to which that broad heart and piercing intellect had been applied. Those who knew him best, said that you could not take a country ride with him and fail to see that his mind was ever at work, thinking out some useful problem on farm stock, land, or tree. The last person, Mr. Menzies, who sought an interview with his Highness, by appointment, and was obliged to be denied, brought him his notes and drawings for a history of Windsor Forest. In his six farms he took especial delight, and each new invention and mode of culture was tested there without fear or favour. He also determined that they should be the neutral ground, on which farm stock, whose merits are so magnified or depreciated by local prejudice, should have an impartial trial, as well as the head centre, to which the first agriculturists of all nations should freely resort and exchange minds on food for the million, and the labourers' welfare.

The history of the six farms, including those at Osborne and Balmoral, has been done so fully and so ably by Mr. Chalmers Morton, that it is beside our purpose to enter into descriptions of soils, farm buildings, and *modes of cropping*. We may simply say, that the four farms in "the royal county" comprise 2400 acres, of which 700 are arable. In the full enjoyment of a little freedom from "the desk's dull wood," we saunter down the elm avenue towards the Shawe Farm on a sunny day in October. The stream of London visitors has just set in for the day. Some are toying in the shade, or sitting down to apply themselves betimes to their provision baskets. Others make a point of sallying into the open park, to test the full meaning of "Beware of the red deer in October," and the rest charter flies, and start in high holiday spirits for a drive in the



Forest. We answer a question to the best of our ability as to the whereabouts of "the hoak of 'Erne the 'Unter," and then gladly turn aside to the Shawe Farm, so full to our minds of old recollections of Cold Cream, Alix, and the gold medal pigs.

Her Majesty has a private sitting-room adjoining Mr. Tait's (the manager's) house, round which are hung pictures of prize cattle, pigs, and horses, which have nearly all been bred on the Royal Farms. They are by Herr Keyl, a very skilful farm-yard artist; and, in fact, we have rarely seen a prettier composition of the kind than the white Smithfield heifer, with a robin sitting on the wire fence. There are from eighty to a hundred shorthorns in the biggin, and forty to fifty of them are in milk. The dairy produce is all required for the Castle and the farm; and when the Court is at Balmoral, 120 lbs. of butter are forwarded weekly. A dozen Alderneys are also kept as cream stainers; and the great object has always been to retain the whole badger colour, as there is a better foreign sale for them. This, however, was found impossible of attainment as long as the Alderneys were tethered head to head with the shorthorns, and kept the roan and flecked colours perpetually in their eye. They are imported at an average of from 20 gs. to 25 gs., and increase considerably in size with the rich grass, besides growing rather lighter in their colour. No forcing can make them more than half fat, when their milking prime is over, and seldom more than 10*l.* can be got for them at the butcher's. In the height of the grass one or two of them have yielded sixteen quarts per day.

Cold Cream and Alix, two shorthorn cows of the famous Earl of Dublin milking strain, which were purchased for 100 gs. each at the Fawsley sale, have given as much as from thirty to thirty-five quarts apiece at two milkings. These two cows have made the herd; but, instead of the usual system of "Bates upon Fawsley," bulls of the Booth blood, and direct from Warlabay, have been used. Prince Alfred, Fitzclarence, Lord Hopewell, British Prince, &c., were here in turn, up to the time of the sale in 1867, and since then England's Glory has been in residence. The cross hit very fairly. Cold Cream had ten calves—three bulls and seven heifers—and they and their produce have already made 165*l.* 10*s.*, while those left may be very fairly valued at 450*l.* The old cow never had twins, and the highest price for any of her descendants was Mr. M'Intosh's 150 gs. for Duchess. Alix has survived her, and has just had her sixteenth calf in her sixteenth year. Two sets of twins have been her lot; and she has so far had eight heifers, but they have not sold for the same prices as Cold Cream's, and have only realised 72*l.*, with 600*l.* still to the

good. Still her granddaughter, Alexandrina, won the first two-year-old heifer prize at the Leicester Royal, though, from lack of a calf, she failed to qualify. She was by Prince of Saxe Coburg, a rough, useful bull of half Booth blood. There is a good foreign demand for the spare shorthorns, about a score of which are annually made steers. Some have gone to Mexico, and ten heifers and two bulls recently departed for Austria. The biggin can accommodate sixty cows standing face to face. Its stalls are 9 ft. by 6 ft., and furnished with iron troughs, divided into three compartments for food and water; and a raised platform, flagged with asphalt, and formed with slabs of Penryn slate, runs down the centre of the building. Old Alix was there, still giving upwards of twenty quarts; but Cold Cream had gone to the butcher. Some purchases have been recently made from Mr. Fowler of the Prebendal Farm, Aylesbury, who has been very successful with the "Bates upon Fawsley" cross.

The foreign cattle which Her Majesty has received from Eastern kings and rajahs are tied up with the rest. Three zebus stand side by side; the bull, which is grey, being the smallest of the lot. His Platonic consorts are both white, and one of them has its horns erect, and the other lying back, almost flush with the forehead. They do not seem to have a trace of vice about them as they gaze at you with their mild eyes, and stretch out their chocolate noses to be patted. A Bramah bull, from Mysore, stands near them, and seems about the size of a very minute Shetland trick pony. He is most courteous in his solitude; and, at the words, "*Salaam, Joe!*" down he drops on his knees. His hump is said to be porous, like a tongue. In a time of great drought it will shrivel, and then swell again when the rains descend. We believe it is the same with the zebus. The Alderney bull is in the next box to the Swiss one, which puts the *Rans des Vaches* and all its associations of happy vales and hills at a discount, with its pot-belly and its head like a bushel. A tawny lion-coloured African, which looked like a fusion of West-Highlander and Alderney, and was sent to Her Majesty, with two cows, by the King of Portugal, has died. The calves have nothing but skim milk after the first two or three days; and the loveliest little black-and-white nosed Alderney we ever saw had no exception made in its favour. There are no Ayrshires kept upon the farm.

The dairy, which is not a bow-shot from Frogmore, has thus been described:—"It is Italian in style, and built of brick, with an arcade, and window settings in Bath stone, and surmounted by a perforated parapet and cornice. The royal arms are wrought in panels, also of the same stone, on the north front; and the roof is constructed of

blue and red tiles. Its windows are filled with stained glass, set off by a border of May blossoms, primroses and daisies inside, and medallion likenesses of the Prince Consort and the Royal Family above bas-reliefs of the seasons; and milking, poultry feeding, the vintage, and hop-picking line the walls. The cream bowls are placed on white marble tables, with reservoirs of blue encaustic beneath, and two fountains of majolica ware, with designs of a Triton rising out of a shell, which is supported by a heron among some bullrushes, are the other chief features of a building, which may fairly challenge 'the Duchess's Dairy' near Belvoir's sweet vale."

About two hundred Cheviot draft ewes are purchased direct from the Sutherlandshire hills, which ensures a freedom from foot-rot. Half of them are crossed with Southdown and the rest with Leicester rams, and the lambs are sold from the teat to the Windsor butchers about June. At one time only Leicester rams were used, but as the taste for "the black foot" crept in among a mutton-eating population, the Southdown was introduced, and, although they gain in quality, there is a reduction of about 4 lbs. in the dead weight of the lambs. The ewes are bought by character at the great Inverness market, and come by sea to London. It is very seldom that more than one crop of lambs is taken from them, and then they come to hand very quickly for the butcher.

The farm has another strong Scottish proclivity, as its cart-horses are all Clydesdales. Briton, bred by Mr. Finlay (the well known "Wainman" of Scotland in the pig way), began them, and was purchased by the Prince Consort for 250 gs., after he had won a first at the Highland Society, which he followed up with a first at the Chelmsford Royal. Six out of the twenty-five Clydesdales on the farm are brood-mares, and the colts are always sold for sires, many of them to New South Wales and the River Plate. The Don, which came as a yearling from the Donside, and won a second prize at the Bury Royal, is the present sire, and may be seen working quite quietly with a mare by his side at the plough. He is big enough for anything, and yet not like those weightier monsters round which the Scots cluster at the Highland and Agricultural Society, whose great straddling hind legs, which they duly transmit to their descendants, are found most inconvenient in ridging up. The Don's days at Windsor are numbered, as he has just been sold for 300 gs. to go abroad.

The pigs are a great point at the Home Farm, and "the Prince's breed" of small whites has made itself a great name with gold medals at the Smithfield Club, and countless prizes at Birmingham and the

Royal. Earl Ducie, Mr. Wiley, and Mr. Brown of Cumberland's sorts, form the ground-work of the breed ; and since then Mr. Tait has resorted for a cross to Lord Radnor's. None of them are sold, be the age however tender, under five guineas. The whites are kept at Frogmore, whose ten-acre meadow has been the fruitful mother of many a litter, and the Berkshires at the Shawe steading. Both are a good source of profit, and in some years as much as 700*l.* to 800*l.* have been made by the sale of the whites. The sows stand training best for shows, and now the showing is almost entirely confined to Christmas. Harry Tindall, the late pigman, was a great character, and you generally met him at the portals of his domain, with a scrubbing brush in one hand and a paper of soft soap in the other, with a face—to use a favourite Northern expression—“as grave as a mustard-pot.” His suckers began with sharps and pollards at five weeks, and from eight weeks to twelve they had barley meal and milk, with a handful of grey peas, “just to pick their teeth with ;” and his favourite time was from six to eight months, as “they can do anything at that age.” As November drew on, his nightly vigil began with the four pigs which were put up for the older class at Smithfield. Of course they had been consistently blind for months, but they grunted their gratitude as he sat up with them, night after night, ever at hand to give them a friendly turn, or prop their noses with a roller as a safeguard against apoplexy. A critic once suggested that his charges had never had eyes, but Harry dropped on his knees instantly, opened the eyelid amid the mass of overhanging adipose matter, and confuted the sceptic for ever. He generally bestowed names upon them ; but once there was one so far ahead of the rest, that he would only do *her* that honour, and the name selected was “Sophy.” In the show-yard he was quite a consulting surgeon as to cases of apoplexy. He was always for instant death, and operated at once with his trusty knife—seemingly rather pleased than otherwise if it was a dangerous pen. In an evil hour he accepted a place elsewhere, and the gentleman gave up his gigantic pig plans the very next year. His successor has done remarkably well ; and Harry is back again and working on the farm, and only gazing from afar on the scene of his old triumphs.

Black Norfolk turkeys, grey Dorkings, and Aylesbury ducks are all reared on the farm, and those which are not used at the Castle are sold to poulterers and fancy breeders. The hen-house is constructed on very useful principles. A fountain plays all day to furnish fresh water, and large heaps of sand are put down specially for rolling in.

A ride of about two and a half miles from the Home Farm brings us to the Flemish, the settlement of the Hereford cattle. It is, like the Norfolk, under the charge of Mr. Brebner, who has been for five-and-twenty years in the Royal service. The homestead was built at an expense of about 5000*l.*, from red brick dug on the spot. It is doubtless one of the most complete steadings of the day, both as regards ventilation and general arrangements, and more especially in its granary arrangements. Up to the end of 1867 the winnings of this farm with Herefords at the Royal, Birmingham, and Smithfield Club Shows, amounted to 400*l.* for twenty-nine prizes, many of them firsts, exclusive of gold and silver medals. Among the winners was the Birmingham cup ox, which beat all the other bullocks in the yard. Brecon was the first Hereford bull that the Prince Consort ever purchased, and his son Maximus was a Royal winner. The beautiful Adela, bred by Lord Berwick, took a first by the side of Maximus at Battersea, and hence Lord Bridport did not regret when he heard such praises of the yearling heifer, that the rule had been broken through that year of exhibiting no store stock unless home-bred.

Prince Leopold is one of the last of these winners, with two Royal seconds; and there he is hard by the barn, low and lengthy, and with what breeders call a "rare pair of breeches," or legs well fleshed up the thigh. He is by Rea's Deception, a great heifer getter, who died well at 22 cwt. dead weight. We meet him again in the covered shed, side by side with three other bulls; and such is the good effect of keeping bulls cheerful, and able to see everything going on, and receiving a friendly scratch on the poll, instead of glaring and lowing in a lonely, half-dark place, aggravated by every sound they hear, that the three can be walked out together by one man. Three bullocks are in their sheds, one of them very promising for Christmas; and a Prince Arthur heifer is also being developed on oilcake. In the stable, thanks to Fowler's steam plough, nine horses had taken the place of fourteen, some by Clydesdales out of Suffolk mares. There were very few pigs about, but in 1867 no less than twenty-two Berkshire sows pigged within eight days of each other, and 165 suckers were running about the stack garth at one time. Between this and the Norfolk Farm they have had as many as 223 Berkshires at one time, most of them with a strain of Joyce's blood. Farmers are only just beginning to breed pigs again, and well they may, as the pork-butchers say that they can hardly get a pig for love or money six miles round Windsor.

The Berkshire pigs are excellent for the consumer, and work well

for themselves when they are turned into the fields. The late Mr. Philip Pusey (brother to the Regius Professor) was one of their most enthusiastic admirers; and Hewer, Throckmorton, and Bailey, in England; and Joyce, in Ireland, are names which stand very high as breeders of them. They are good, hardy doers, and full of lean sandwich meat. The great thing is to get them with plenty of good, soft hair; and if they only have that, they will always keep their tails well. Reading market is one of the best marts for them, and they change hands there in large numbers every market day. They are good mothers, but many good breeders do not care to have more than three litters from them, as they become heavy and careless after that time, and the litters prove rather unsorty as well. They can be forced easily up to fourteen score at ten or twelve months old. In many of the straw yards on the Berkshire, Hampshire, and Wiltshire Downs, they do the straw treading instead of bullocks. We refer to those farms whose occupiers have no lease and very little capital, and who do not do much more than half farm their hill land. In fact, some of them hardly use any cake, and actually plough in the straw. They give their pigs barley, wheat meal, skim milk, and peas; but their main dependence is upon damaged foreign corn from Gloucester and Bristol, which agents sell by sample at the different markets. It is mixed with boiled roots and served up *warm*, which answers well with a pig. This is a point upon which Professor Voëlcker has always laid great stress. Beans are very seldom used, as the fat produced by them has a tendency to boil out, and the meat is often hard.

There is a sort of ivied gable end in the field fronting the buildings, which tells of some old manor house; and half a mile away, on the hill, is the tower of Cranbourne, among rich oak and hazel copses, and the old gables of St. Leonards. The Hereford herd are in the meadow—Adela with a heifer calf by Deception, but no longer in the holiday time of her beauty when she took two Royal firsts; Agnes, a good second at Leicester, and with all the size and substance of Rea's stock; Maud, the dam of one of the bulls; and Princess Mary, full of quality, but small, and never shown since she was the first calf at Plymouth Royal. Despite these reputed shortcomings in this respect, Mr. Brebner has found Herefords milk to twenty quarts, and considers that there are fewer cases of barrenness with them than with any other breed he knows. Hard by the road stands a scarlet oak, surrounded by a palisade, and an inscription on a tablet tells us that it was "Here the Prince Consort finished his last day's shooting, November 23rd, 1861."

The way to the Norfolk Farm lies through some fields, where

Fowler has been busy at work smashing up a stiff clay stubble, nine to ten inches deep. Now we have passed through the grey paling and boundary, we are in the fine natural pathways of the Forest once more ; across Queen Anne's Ride, round Holly Bush Corner, and past Poets' Lawn. Holyrood day is over, and so is the fern harvest, which is managed in the Forest very much as the gamekeepers direct. On the Home Farm alone 400 loads are stacked annually, and used for litter. The Prince Consort's workshops are another feature of the ride, and it is there that all the sawing and mechanical work for the Royal farms is done. Then we pass Her Majesty's schools, which have at present sixty boys and fifty girls, all clad in Scotch plaid, with a blue ribbon in the cap and bonnet. They must be born within the limits of Windsor Parks, and their education combines gardening and housewifery in the morning, with sound English instruction in the afternoon. The day is short, so we do not care to look at the great vine at Cumberland Lodge, and do not even linger among the hunters and harriers ; and soon the oak belts and thick laurel hedges herald the old Norfolk Farm. There is quite an air of antiquity about the faded thatch, the green moss tinge upon the red moss, where the house-leek clings, and the granary, with its lattice-roofed window, its wooden steps, and rusty saddles, to an eye fresh from Bridgewater tiles and polished engines, and all the modern appurtenances of the Flemish. The former has been in the hands of the Crown since the days of "Farmer George," and he seldom spent a day at Windsor without a drive to it through the Forest. Few reviews, as it was said at the time, either of Life Guards or Scots' Greys, were more to his taste than that of the long, wealthy, yellow line of stacks, which had been marshalled there during his summer sojourn at Weymouth.

The Norfolk Farm lies on a low, clay subsoil, which is not adapted for young sheep ; and hence it is not the practice to buy in lambs or to breed them. Its flock consists of 300 Hampshire Down one-shear wethers, which are bought and gradually fattened off. The Devon cattle are not in such force as usual. They have numbered a hundred, whereas now they are down at sixty odd. The Zouave was the first winning bull that Mr. Brebner brought out at The Royal ; and The Colonel, Ilex, Prince Alfred, Crown Prince, &c., have all kept up the charter. They are now rather full of bulls which took prizes either in their own or previous owners' hands. One bull, bred by Mr. Turner, was first at the Plymouth Royal ; and another, bred by Mr. Farthing, a double first at the Bath and West of England and the Leicester Royal Shows. Among the homestead females we meet

Adela, which was second at Leicester; and the gay and snug Rosa, which was first as a calf at Manchester. Prince Arthur also holds his court, and one out of three bullocks, under Christmas high pressure, is a beauty. Mr. Brebner considers that the Devons prove earlier, and have more good internal fat than other cattle. About fifty head of bullocks, of the three different sorts, graze in the Park. We had not time to go on to the Rapley Farm, where Galloways are the beasts in possession; and we turned home once more by the conservatory and the little chapel in the Forest. At length we wind round the craggy base of the Royal Statue—"Patri Optimo Georgius Rex"—whose outstretched finger is said to point to the place of his royal birth; and so, as the twilight gathers in, and the stags' rutting bellow at the distance alone breaks the silence, we drop down the great elm avenue to Windsor once more.

H. H. D.



# THE CHRISTIAN VAGABOND.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE CHAPEL OF EASE OF AGE.\*

**H**OW old was he, in that company of the aged, that Dame Rebecca implored Sister Ursula to put back the lapping frill of her nightcap, that she might strive, with her dim sight of ninety years, to make out his face and figure. He had had the ancient force and frame; and still, although there was infinite weariness in his face, and lassitude in the movement of his stoutly set limbs, he appeared of a race and build whereof we see only rare examples in these later days of an enervating civilisation. Dame Rebecca was the eldest by nine years of the old dames who were gathered about the Vagabond; and she had been, for a year or two, a curious sight to the visitors whom Sister Ursula brought to her bedside. The constant wonder of the sisterhood was—would Dame Rebecca see a century out? They could find no ailment in her. She had neither cough nor craze. Only the lamp gave a pale light—as a beacon seen from afar. The old lady seemed to speak and look from a mighty distance; and the face was not capable of much change of expression. It was sweet and placid: lighted coldly—as with the flickering of a corpse-candle. The wrinkles had lost their depth by dint of stealing one upon the other, until the human mask was broken up like the ancient glaze on jars old-fashioned mothers prize. The colour was solid yellow, white at points or nearly so; but nowhere suggesting the movement of blood beneath.

As she looked, supported in the bed by Sister Ursula, Dame Rebecca held forth her hand to the Vagabond. It was of sallowness colour, and so thin and frail, the Stranger took it in his ample palm

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\* "What is age?

But the holy place of life, the chapel of ease  
For all men's wearied miseries."—MASSINGER.

with the utmost gentleness. And then he bent forward and placed his lips quietly upon the wrinkled brow of the dame, saying:—

“Peace be with you, my sister; you have journeyed far.”

As the Vagabond withdrew his touch from hand and brow, Dame Rebecca’s face beamed with a passing light; and she sank back upon her pillow. The quiet fingers of Sister Ursula played tenderly about the venerable head, smoothing every fold of the clothes—while from the poor mouth, broken out of all shape, came murmurs of something that seemed to be of the far away.

And while the Vagabond looked steadfastly upon the old, old plaything of Time before him, marking all the wonders the years had wrought, without being able to lay an icy finger upon that human heart; he said, as to himself, unmindful wholly of the silent host of the aged who had gathered about him:—

“It is a good face. Smooth the brow: plump the cheeks, and pass a Spring’s rosy finger over them: set the dew and crimsons of youth upon the lips; remount the pearly portals of speech, and wake girlhood’s music in the alabaster throat. Nay, but it must have been a good face. The barely covered skeleton proclaims it. Lady of Charity,” the Vagabond continued, laying his hand on the flannel sleeve of a pale figure that hardly reached his belt, at its full height, and without drawing his eyes for an instant from the placid face of Dame Rebecca, “Lady of Charity, your sister hath a noble countenance, as she waits in the antechamber, to pass. She should have garnered, in the almost complete century she has spent under the stars, a profitable round of experiences. That she has suffered I know; for sorrow has scalded every pore of the comely face. It is reverence-worthy by its burden.”

Stealing to the bed-side near Sister Ursula, the Lady of Charity lifted a finger, and inclined her ear.

The eyes of the Vagabond passed from the sleeper to the watcher; from the Sorrow ending upon the bed to the living Beauty, strong and gentle—too humble to meet approbation in the eyes of men, and too earnest to be feeble. She was so light that her movements made no noise. The spirit was held to the earth by a thousand threads of sympathies, and not by a single fleshly tie. Not a woman to be wed, save for the sweet example of a perfect mother. And yet beautiful as a woman is, at her best and highest—and, something more. No feature to commend, still less any to condemn. An expression that resented praise; and, if aught so gentle could command, compelled worship; a voice, gladdening to the ears, and glorifying to the heart, as the melodies to which a hermit sips in summer woods; an eye,

under the melting holiness of which anger dropped his arm, and unclosed his hand ; and curses sweetened to kisses. But the brush disgraces the Lady of Charity—for never pure, enraptured nun in voluntary prison lying comfortless, saw a brighter presence in his dreams. And still she stood, her flannel robe flowing from over the radiance of her head to confused graces of rippling lines about her feet. “She sleeps,” Sister Ursula presently said, softly and dutifully, by the ear of the Lady of Charity.

Sister Charity—chief sister under the roof which at that moment covered the Christian Vagabond—dropped her lily hand within her flannel folds, and smiled towards the Vagabond—raising her eyes no higher than his girdle. It was then that, for the first time that day, she spake.

“She sleeps !” No softer nor more plaintive note has the nightingale. Sweeter beseeching the sick child has not, than the Lady of Charity bore in her modulation of two simple words.

Sleep, seldom closer in its portraiture of death, fell upon the wasted image of God. Was it worth the trouble of waking again in the antechamber now that all the limbs were composed, and that the spirit's wings were stirring the air ?

“Death never had such a counterfeit before,” the Vagabond said. “A baby's hand would stay the poor heart : but yet, patiently it beateth onward to the appointed number. Ninety-eight years passed ! I cannot tell why I should be so drawn to this bed—I who have seen every aspect of death, and have rested coin enough upon the closed eyes of sisters and brethren to tell a modest man's fortune. I am as one dreaming that I am dreaming ; and, all at sea, my brain is on the stretch for some derelict fancy—some treasure-galleon once sighted, and now sunk.”

Fifty weird, old faces were turned towards the Christian Vagabond, as he spoke to the air by Dame Rebecca's bedside. Some looked devoutly, some wonderingly, many vacantly, and others interlaced their hands in a neighbourly way ; and, albeit frightened, could not forbear from chattering under their breath, as the habit of their life-stage is.

“You know her story, Sister Charity ?” the Vagabond asked, moderating and warming his voice and manner.

The Lady of Charity moved from the bed lest her tongue should disturb the sleeper ; and bowing, as she passed the Stranger, bade him follow her. But first she did the honours of her house.

It was a holy kingdom, wherein all the inmates—or nearly all—had passed the allotted span of life : and all things were adapted to

the easy use of palsied men and women. There were contrivances by which the man who had only one valid limb could make it serve him to the utmost. By happy art, the whisper was borne far off to the attentive sister. The old men knew not, under that roof, when the east wind blew. The windows laughed with flowers. Song-birds gladdened the covered galleries where Age sate echoing idly the strains and laughter of youth. There were suites of rooms of various temperatures, about which the guests of the Lady of Charity could travel, taking a season to their liking. No dull, soul-saddening round of sameness in ward and uniform, and food, and hours of sleeping and rising, oppressed the spirits of the guests. They were free to go and come. Only the divine witchery of the eye and lips of her, whom they christened "The Lady," and whom the sisters called simply—albeit she was chief—Sister Charity, kept the house full, and drew supplicants to the gate.

Every morning when the hour of solitude was over—an hour which sisters and guests alike gave up to peace with God and prayer, each according to his own heart and the example he had been taught to follow—the gates were thrown open, and, through a grove of olives, the poor without, paced to the chamber in which the Lady of Charity sate to receive them; but so many were infirm, that it was seldom the Lady kept her seat, for to the first aching creature who limped she gave her chair, and would not be refused. The many whom she could not shelter, she sent away blessing her. Her holy handmaids bound their limbs, cloaked them against the winter, put comforts in their baskets, and were they very feeble or in grievous plight, would accompany them home. "The Lady" kissed her poor as she dismissed them, giving them good counsel, and sustaining them with hopeful words. It was part of the duty of her sisterhood to follow them, and mark their conduct in their daily lives. "The best come to me the first," the Lady said every day. "I wish I could take all." And when she had to chide—as chide she must and could at times—she put the force of her reproach in the deeper gentleness of her voice, and smote to the wrong-doer's heart with the genuine tears which a story of sin called into her eyes.

"Leave me, to-day," she would sob to an old woman who had been found yesterday quarrelling with her neighbours, or besotted, or doing an unhandsome action, "leave me: it is too painful to see you. But come back to me soon, and let me kiss you, and some day put you among my best, that I may smooth your pillow, and wipe your feet, and hold your last cup to you, if I may be here when you are called."

The guilty would bow the head, and rain tears upon the Lady's hand, and implore forgiveness ; but she could not be comforted, and would not forgive, till she had seen the repentance.

It was a plain chamber where the poor had daily audience of the Lady of Charity, vaulted from the four corners by two pairs of drooping wings, sculptured in white marble, the two years' handiwork of a guest who died over the last feather of the fourth wing.

The Vagabond, following in the footsteps of "the Lady" and her two attendant sisters, made a mighty stir in the open galleries. Ancient men turned in their arm-chairs, or wheeled themselves forward, or paused in their gossip and shaded their weak eyes, to see the noble figure of the Stranger.

And, in truth, the Christian Vagabond was a man to behold wonderingly. He was, it has been already observed of him, of the ancient form and frame—as conceived by Michael Angelo, and wrought with his mighty wrist. Far, very far—so far, none could count his years—beyond his lusty prime, he still stood erect, and the muscles played along his bare arm as he grasped his staff some inches from its crown; and the silent colonnades rang when it struck the marble pavement, beating time to his progress as the Swiss does in cathedral aisles. His head was massive as that of Jove, thatched about and bearded with crisp white hair; with here and there an under-shadow of iron grey. His chest was bare and bronzed as his face. Stout sandals braced his feet, and his body and limbs were loosely wrapped in blue coarse cloth that was old, but would not wear out; cloth spun by strong fingers, and woven at a giant's loom. A leather wallet completed his outer man. By him, as she glided, the Lady of Charity was the lily by the oak—as the flower to the wall—the plume to the helmet. His shadow, when he gallantly stooped towards her ear, to talk with her of her sacred domain, wholly covered her. Yet he was as gentle as his hostess. All his strength was given to good uses. His beaming eyes were perhaps a little dimmed by his extraordinary age, but they were not chilled. He spoke with a strong chest. His words vibrated when he subdued his voice, and the rumblings of muffled strength sounded within him. Each was valiant as the other, and as full of force: the lily hand *perdu* in the sister's flannel and the gnarled fist that gripped the ringing staff: the voice of nightingale, and the lungs that could gossip through the storm!

At a low door in the eastern gallery the Lady of Charity stood, and motioned the Christian Vagabond to pass within. At this oment a cripple horrible to behold, so twisted and degraded from e proper human form was he, shuffled towards the Lady, and

peered, as it seemed, out of a tumbled mass of clothes, into her face. She bent and kissed the forehead beaded with pain.

"Creep gently, for she sleeps," the Lady said; and the cripple wriggled and contorted himself blithely away.

It was the refectory of the Lady and her holy handmaids.

"Here," the Stranger said, his solemn words thrilling in the empty room, "here, Lady of Charity, I am at home."

"Be welcome," said the Lady. "After your wanderings through the world, and over the graves of many generations, we, who have prayed so often to the good God, between whose thumb and forefinger, you once said, the world is held, as though it were an orange, to keep you safe in his bosom; are happy to see you at our board, and to give you rest under our rafters."

The Christian Vagabond bowed, and answered, "God, Sister Charity, lady of this good work—God is good to all of us—beyond our deserts."

"We will strive still to be thankful more and more. Let us eat," the Lady of Charity answered. The sisters assembled, and two spread the feast.

The board was of white deal. The platters were of wood. The cups were of horn. Upon each platter was a white napkin, folded severely square. Brown pitchers, full of water, were at the corners of the table. The dainties!

Let the fastidious take a lesson! The serving sisters of the day appeared, bearing two brown dishes heaped with bread. The broken crust—the cast-aside morsels—of the Lady of Charity's guests, were the *pièces de résistance* of the feast. Such bones and scraps as the fastidious would not give their dogs, were placed before the holy women of their guest. The little mouths were sorely tried, at times, with very tough and ugly leavings; but the lady said they had never found a morsel that had resisted them.

"Soften and flavour the crust to the poor with the salt tears of pity," the Christian Vagabond said, after one or two unsuccessful bites at a particularly stony corner of bread; "and it is meat and wine to them."

"And crusts and scraps make wholesome meals," Sister Charity observed, looking brightly round at the happy company. "God gives us health to eat the things our poor old guests have not the strength to break nor swallow; so that when all our dear old people are served, we eat in peace and thankfulness the hard food they have rejected."

"It is well, Sister Charity," the Stranger said; "and it is, I bear witness, health-giving. When I have feasted, as in the busy work

they feast, I have suffered illness; but I have sung to the lark, I have laughed with the summer wind, and smiled with the flowers, when I have broken my fast on road-side berries and a crust, and taken my stirrup-cup with my nose in the bubbles of the brook. Nay, but fasting is healthier than dainty feasting. A little hunger will never make men ill. It gives rest to the body, and a spring to the mind."

The sisters listened to the words of the grave Stranger who had come, his holy renown preceding him, within their gates; and they were delighted when, in one of the pauses of his conversation with the Lady, she said, in her sweetest voice of beseeching,—

"I have promised my sisters to beg that—now, at length, after so many years of praying for your safety and watching for your coming, you have passed our threshold, and examined our little account of honest work permitted us in the holy service of Him to whom we all belong,—I have promised you will instruct us with some passages of your travels."

The Christian Vagabond's face had an extraordinary earnestness and penetrativeness in it while he listened to the Lady of Charity's request; and when he was about to answer her, under the anxious eyes of the sisterhood, he laid his hand upon her sleeve so impressively, that her arm could hardly bear the strong man's pressure. He recollected the Lady's weakness and his own force, and was at once gentle as an infant.

"I am rough, good Lady of Charity; the bluff winds and drenching skies, and sleep in the open air, have made me so. But of my travels we will talk, if they should prove interesting to you, presently. You will remember that I asked all that you may tell of the story of Dame Rebecca."

The Lady of Charity was beginning,—

"So much as I may and should tell to him who is called the Christian Vagabond, I——"

The cripple, whom the lady had kissed at the refectory door, rolled, or scrambled, with a great clatter, into the room.

"The Lady must come! The Lady must come!" the creature cried, shrilly.

The Lady of Charity passed out, followed by the Christian Vagabond, to the Chamber where Dame Rebecca lay.

Round about, among the disordered chairs, old women were kneeling. Sister Ursula was at the bedside, kneeling also, with the hand of Dame Rebecca clasped in hers.

Sweet, far beyond human sweetness, was the white face of the

Lady, as she threaded through the bowed waiters in the antechamber, who were praying for one who had just passed through.

The Christian Vagabond's footsteps were as light as those of the Lady of Charity. His grand head, shaded by sorrow, bent forward from the foot of the bed.

"It was so like death some hours ago: it is death now, and now more like the dream of memory I had than ever."

The Christian Vagabond, kneeling with the rest, towered over the sobbing women; and the prayer that worn companion of human sorrows spake, comforted them.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CHAMBER OF CHRIST.

It is the glory of the house. It has a southern aspect. The prayers of the household are upon it when the sleeper is within. White as the mountain top its linen is, and the air is balmy from sweet funeral jars of the flowers of the field. "PEACE AND WELCOME" are in marble letters upon the door-step. "BY THE LORD'S LEAVE" overhead, in letters massed in solid gold.

"Have a room in your house for Jesus Christ when he comes," St. Chrysostom said. "Be sure you receive the stranger cordially, with joy, with liberal hand and heart. Say of the chamber, here is the little place I have reserved for my Divine Master. He will not despise it, poor though it be. Yea, Jesus is in the street, in the guise of a stranger who approaches. It is night: he prays a lodging. The most miserable shelter will be grateful warmth to him. Refuse him not. Beware lest you be cruel or inhuman."

"Many, exercising hospitality, have received angels unawares," St. Paul speaks in the ear of him who is draping the couch in the chamber of Christ. St. John the Almoner called his poor guests his lords, albeit he was Patriarch of Jerusalem. Was the Host ever more excellently cradled than when borne by St. Exupère, Bishop of Toulouse, in a basket—all the gold and silver of his cathedral having been sold to solace the poor?

The chamber abounds in the brightness of an ever-anxious charity. The roses nod through the open lattice. It is at this window the birds are fed on winter mornings. The robin knows it. The swallows build in its corners. The bees murmur with a deeper hum of content on the petals of its flowers. Nay, the discreet and tender moon slants her light so that it shall gently reach the sleeper, nor for



an instant molest his slumbers. Rose-crowns of virtue have shaded the brows of the maidens who have spun the flax for the linen ; and Christian heroes have thrown the shuttle to make the sheets for the chamber of Christ. The plumb and line by which the walls were kept straight directly prone to heaven were held in the sober hands of Truth—of Truth the Martyr ! The rafters pressed the shoulders of good men ; and holy carpenters drew and fixed them together, while laughing children held the nails open in their pinafores. The days were happy when the building of the chamber of Christ was proceeding : happiest was that on which the eldest beggar of the town was raised upon the shoulders of rejoicing saints to crown the roof with a bunch of olive ! There was a mighty discussion over the building. There were those who willed a towering dome, that the guest, waking, might see, far as human hands could permit him, towards heaven : a crystal dome to be fashioned by Patience, Faith, and Learning, in one mass, out of the sands of the Red Sea.

“ Let the window be broad and easy, that it may lie open on sweet-breathing nights and on fresh mornings,” was the counter-proposition, “ and the guest’s eyelids may open upon the very gates of heaven.”

“ No palace-chamber, but a plain, good room, with radiant Welcome for rich furniture,” was another opinion.

“ I’d build it with walls rough-hewn from the rock, and thatch it with the blossoming heather of the wild solitudes, in which holy men are wont to set their footsteps, pondering the goodness and the might of God.” This from an archbishop.

“ Italy and Greece should yield the gems of their quarries to make the four walls. The chamber should be so spacious that, pacing its length, the stranger might say his Paternoster easily. The grandest artisans the world has seen should labour, and for long, on its furnishing ; and through the pierced wall farthest from the couch, Mozart should float to the waking ears of the guest.” A far outlying village priest, in rusty black gown, gave this counsel.

In the end, the good men who gave their advice on the original building of the chamber of Christ, parted friends, but not agreed. The chamber had never been built, it may be, had not the very humblest of the holy host remained behind, and, in silence deep as that which Death compels in any chamber where he enters, begun the work. Somehow the stones fitted which the lowly, willing hands brought together. The oaken beams were without flaw, and could be accommodated one to the other ; nay, the door shouldered afar and brought to close the chamber, fitted the way like the cabinet

work of Paris. The labour came to an excellent end, albeit the wise and great doctors had departed on their separate ways, and were far off when the beggar was hoisted to the roof.

The chamber of Christ has been built in many nooks and corners of the world since, with plumb and line in pocket, the host of venerable doctors parted. St. Ambrose has sold his sacred vessels; St. Hugues, Bishop of Grenoble, has made away with his pastoral ring for the work. The poor whom Charlemagne gathered to the chamber of Christ within his palace, he called his masters, so sacred a place was the poor guests' room to him. In the morning the guest has gone forth in the last suit of the host, who remained naked; a lamb voluntarily shorn in the faith that the wind would be tempered to his case. Vainglorious builders also have been by the score, who have raised chambers of precious stones, from scaffold poles of substantial gold. Vanity has been of the building committee. The work has sometimes not prospered, with the treasures of Peru for concrete foundation. Nor has the humble work of common sandstone, although the cement has been mixed ere now in an archbishop's mitre. The rain and wind have conspired against the builders who have lifted the trowel to the sound of trumpet, and have been artisans of Christ in vanity.

That which humility has put together; the chamber struck with barbaric blows out of the rock; the cavern torn in the earth with the nails of Piety, her whole heart in the pain and waste of the effort; these have endured. The sleep of the guest has been perfect: although the chamber has been on a morass, and the lizard sole painter of the walls.

Of these chambers the Christian Vagabond had seen many, in many lands. Dressed by savage men, with poles and skins, who knew not that it was Christ's chamber they were putting together for the tall, grey stranger, with the mild face, and the greasy staff, whose breast was tawny as theirs! Nay, in the blue and white north it had been built of snow and bell-shaped, by puny men who could understand with the Guest only the language of the heart which God has made one for all human eyes;—the one primeval, everlasting, silent utterance.

"It was once a single broad leaf, in the torrid East, which dusky arms held over my head, when I had swooned and fallen in the long rank grasses of a fever-land," the Christian Vagabond said, speaking to the Lady of Charity and her sisters, gathered in the refectory, to eat again of the waste of the poor, when all their weary, aged guests were folded in rest for the night.

“But I have feasted to-day, Sister,” the Vagabond said, glancing at the beechen bowls in which a few scraps were left. “I have been with those who have lived on the refuse of a hospital, the leper’s bitter crust ; and have drunk from the cup which the most loathsome of the afflicted had used. We have, sisters, just eaten like St. Louis. Had we banqueted more richly there would have been one more hungry creature in the world to-night. My eyelids are heavy ; for I have mastered some leagues this day ; and the stars last found me crawling into the chamber (a tent of rags—an over-windy one to an old man) with gipsy faces around me, bidding me sleep well. The east wind was blowing gustily over the common ; and I was not quite well pegged down. So that there is an ache courses from left shoulder to wrist, and——”

The sisters had risen. Each lit her taper. The Lady of Charity bowed to her guest, who rose to his full height, and bore his left arm firm across his chest, while he returned the salute of his hostess, then followed her to the outer corridor.

It was no stately nor dull procession to the chamber of Christ. Through the spacious corridors, surrounded by the taper-bearing sisters as by a swarm of fire-flies, and with the Lady of Charity, whose taper was taller than the rest, and who bore fresh leaves of the lily, leading the way, the ancient Pilgrim with the still lofty step went on his way to rest, his staff ringing, under the vigour of his wielding, upon the marble.

“To-morrow, Sister, I shall beg to hear somewhat of the poor soul that sped just now.”

“I know of her sorrows only,” the Lady answered.

Over the chamber’s inscription a lamp was slung, and gave forth a lustrous white flame that shone through every night of every year—for the chamber was always ready. When the Stranger had reached the threshold, the Lady of Charity held forth the tall taper to him. The door of the chamber was closed with some somewhat faded lily leaves laid athwart the panel and the jamb, upon burnished hooks.

“The chamber has been empty, to our grief,” the Lady murmured, as she raised the withered lilies and passed them to Sister Ursula.

The door fell open, and while the Christian Vagabond passed within, Sister Charity, in gentle and devout voice, her sisters repeating after her, their heads bent, said,—

“By the Lord’s leave. The Lord be with you.”

Whereupon the Stranger, holding the taper high above him, answered,—

"The Lord's blessing be upon this house, and upon all His creatures, this night."

He withdrew to the chamber and closed the door; and, gently rustled, the crisp new lily-leaves the Lady of Charity lay upon the burnished hooks, for the sole fastening of the chamber of Christ.

The Vagabond paused within, listening to the retreat of the sisters; and it seemed to him like the sweep and murmur of heavenly wings passing along the galleries.

He bent himself in meditation and prayer, seeking forgiveness for the past, and strength and true direction for the future. As with stiffened limbs he rosé, he heard a rougher hand than Sister Charity's lifting the lily-leaves at the door.

A hideous old man—whose presence instantly poisoned the air of the chamber, whose tatters were foul, whose face was full of gloomy misery—stood forward. The door closed behind him, and silver voices at his back said,—

"By the Lord's leave. The Lord be with you."

The lily-leaves rustled upon the burnished hooks again, and the feathery murmurs died once more along the galleries.

The Christian Vagabond had a knee upon the couch. He was weary and in pain; but he turned and bowed to the new guest, saying,—

"All men are welcome in this chamber."

The hapless wretch could neither hear nor speak. But the tears rolled and tumbled about his rugged cheeks, while the Vagabond bathed his sore feet, and put away his loathsome clothes. He wrapped him in flannels, and then took him in his brawny arms—the child of misery is light as a feather—and spread him upon the couch, and covered him, and blessed him while he fell asleep.

Then the wanderer took his blue woollens about him, and stretched his limbs at the foot of the bed, upon the wholesome rushes, in the Chamber of Christ, under the roof of the Lady of Charity.

*(To be continued.)*



## “BY THE SEA.”

**H**AST night I watched the old year die—  
A wind swept once across the sky,  
That seemed to me his parting sigh—

The tolling ceased. Then weirdly gay,  
The bells rang forth across the bay—  
Stealing a sea-charm on their way,

An echo from the hollow caves—  
A thrill of music from the waves,  
Where some that hear, shall find their graves!

These changeful bells, I whispered, sure  
Most like some cunning overture,  
Give foretaste what we must endure!

O young babe year, that yet shall grow  
To work us either weal or woe—  
'Tis strange that men should hail thee so!

O dread, mysterious volume sealed—  
What fateful words lie there concealed—  
Not till the end to be revealed—

O ship that sails the unknown sea!—  
We guess not what thy freight may be—  
What storms—what shipwreck—none foresee!

N. P.

## THE TRUE STORY OF MRS. SHAKSPERE'S LIFE.

**A**LTHOUGH it cannot be denied that the improved taste and higher moral sense of the more educated classes, both in England and America, have completely driven the plays of William Shakspeare from the stage, yet this advance is unfortunately more than counterbalanced by the enormous increase of cheap editions of his works, daily issuing from a corrupt and venal press ; thus bringing the unreflecting populace and guileless youth of both countries again under the power of that brilliant and seductive genius, from which it was hoped they had escaped.

In order still further to ensnare and allure the thoughtless, these cheap editions are too often garnished with biographical notices of the author's life ; described in garish and attractive language ; and the editors of these dangerous works, not content with exalting to the skies a genius only too likely to enchant and enthral the unwary, endeavour to blind the judgment of the unthinking reader by unblushingly repeating as truth the fulsome adulation lavished upon Mr. Shakspeare by the boon companions of the tavern wherein he was accustomed to seek oblivion of the dark thoughts by which his soul was haunted, in the wildest excesses of maddening intoxication.

Thus it is upon the authority of his fellow rioters that we are repeatedly told that he was a

“ Gentle spirit, from whose pen  
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow.”

“ The man whom Nature's self had made  
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate  
With kindly counter, under mimic shade ;  
Our pleasant Willy.”

*Truth to imitate!* we shall presently see with fell intent. Again,—  
it has been said :

“ A gentler shepherd nowhere may be found.”

Such is the magic of genius even when the life of its possessor is known to have been one of lewd and unallowed riot, that it is a

fact that this poet's personality, fate, and happiness, have had an interest for the whole civilized world, which we will venture to say was unparalleled. It is within the writer's recollection how, in the obscure mountain town where she spent her early days, the life of William Shakspeare had penetrated, and the belief in the *gentleness* of "fancy's child" was universal.

All this while it does not appear to occur to the thousands of unreflecting readers that they are listening merely to the story of his fellow mummers, and that the one witness whose evidence would be best worth having, *has never spoken at all*. Nay more, this witness, this unhappy but devoted *wife*, who was a being possessed of an almost supernatural power of moral divination, and a grasp of the very highest and most comprehensive things, that made her lightest opinions singularly impressive, has been assumed to have been unworthy of her accomplished husband; and the artless Mr. Moore, in his life of the lately-unmasked demon, Lord Byron, thus alludes to this angelic woman:—"By whatever austerity of temper or habits, the poets Dante and Milton may have drawn upon themselves such a fate, it might be expected that the 'gentle Shakspeare' would have stood exempt from the common calamity of his brethren. But amongst the very few facts of his life that have been transmitted to us, there is none more clearly proved than the unhappiness of his marriage."

It was of this one witness, whose faithful lips were sealed by affection, and of her terrible existence while her husband was rioting in London, shut up in the lonely country home made hideous to her by her knowledge of the dark and guilty secret hidden within its walls, that the poet was evidently thinking when he wrote the awful lines:—

*"But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul;" . . . .*

but she remained silent, even to her own parents, whose feelings she magnanimously spared.

The veil which has hitherto covered this dark history may now be withdrawn. The time has come when the truth may be told. All the actors in the scene have long disappeared from the stage of mortal existence, and passed, let us have faith to hope, into a world where they would desire to expiate their faults by instituting—did not the lapse of time unfortunately render all scientific investigation useless—a *coroner's inquest upon the remains* which, several centuries

earlier, *would* have been found beneath a certain crab, and a certain mulberry tree, in the vicinity of Stratford-upon-Avon.

From the height at which he might have been happy as a most successful dramatist, and the husband of an almost divine woman, Mr. Shakspeare fell into the depths of secret criminal homicide, assisted, in the later part of his career, by a blood relation;—discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilised society.

From henceforth this damning, guilty secret, became the ruling force in his life; holding him with a morbid fascination, yet filling him with remorse and anguish and insane dread of detection. His various friends, seeing that he was wretched, pressed marriage upon him.

In an hour of reckless desperation he proposed to Anne Hathaway. The world knows well that Mr. Shakspeare had the gift of expression, and will not be surprised that he wrote a very beautiful letter. It ran thus:—

“To the celestial, my soul's idol, the most beautified Anne Hathaway. In her excellent white bosom, these:

Doubt that the stars are fire,  
Doubt that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar,  
But never doubt I love.

Oh, dear Anne, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, oh most best, believe it. Thine ever, most dear lady, while this machine is to him,

“WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.”

The woman who had already learned to love him, fell at once into the snare. Her answer was a frank, outspoken avowal of her love for him; giving herself to him heart and hand. The treasure of affection he had secured, was like a vision of a lost heaven to a soul in hell. But he could follow his own maxim, he could

“Look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under it.”

Before the world, therefore, and to his intimates, he was the successful *fiancé*, conscious all the while of the deadly secret that lay cold at the bottom of his heart.

Not all at once did the full knowledge of the dreadful reality into which she had entered come upon the young wife. She knew vaguely from the wild avowals of the first hours of their marriage, that there was a dreadful secret of guilt; that Mr. Shakspeare's soul was torn



with agonies of remorse. In one of her moonlight walks near the crab-tree, which, from Mr. Shakspeare's being so frequently seen near it, tradition,—though unsuspecting of the dreadful truth,—has connected with his name, there came an hour of revelation; an hour when, in a manner which left no kind of room for doubt, she beheld her husband interring the corpse of one of those unfortunate minor playwrights, whom he had a morbid passion for destroying, after purloining the plots of their inferior dramas, which his genius then rendered immortal,—and saw the full depth of the abyss of infamy which her marriage was expected to cover, and understood that she was expected to be the cloak and the accomplice of this villany. It was to their lonely country house in Warwickshire, that the victims were one by one enticed by him, when he returned there from the wild orgies of his tavern life in London; and there can be no doubt that a dark suspicion of the dreadful truth had flashed across the mind of the unhappy Robert Greene, when he wrote his dying exhortation to his friends, warning them against the "painted monsters" of whom Shakspeare's troop was composed; "yes, trust them not: for there is among them *an upstart crow*, beautified with our feathers, that *with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide*," &c.; and even Dr. Johnson, though he appears to have been too careless or too obtuse to penetrate farther into the mystery, admits that "he fled to London from the terror of a *criminal* prosecution."

The hasty marriage of a youth scarcely nineteen with a woman of twenty-six, is thus explained. He required an accomplice, a cloak; a gentle uncomplaining wife to dwell in retirement in the lonely country house this London roisterer was compelled to maintain at a distance from the scene of his dramatic triumphs.

We have said that the young wife now beheld the full depths of the infamy her marriage was to cover. It was then that he bade her in his own forcible and terrible words:—

"look thou down into this den  
 And see a fearful sight of blood and death.  
 . . . . .  
 All on a heap like to a slaughtered lamb  
 In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.  
 . . . . . this fell devouring receptacle  
 As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.  
 . . . . . Look for thy reward  
 Among the nettles at the *elder tree* (\*)  
 Which overhangs the mouth of this same pit."

\* The reason of the substitution of an *elder tree* for a crab tree in the drama, is obvious. Even the morbid dwelling on his own crimes which impelled him con-

The evidences of an agonised conscience are so thickly strewn throughout his works, that we might almost quote at random:—

“I, as *his host*  
That should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself.”

“Oh, my offence is rank, it smells to Heaven,  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon it.”

“Now doth he feel  
His *secret murders* sticking on his hands.”

“Better be the dead  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace.”

“And all our yesterdays  
Have lighted fools to dusty death.”

“What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood.”

“Oh wretched state,  
Oh bosom black as death,” &c., &c.

Anyone who reads the tragedies of “Macbeth,” “Hamlet,” “Titus Andronicus,” &c., with this story in his mind, will see that it is true.

Many women would have been utterly crushed by such a disclosure: some would have fled from him immediately, and exposed and denounced the crime. Mrs. Shakspeare did neither. She would neither leave her husband nor betray him; nor would she for one moment justify his sin, and hence came thirty-two years of convulsive struggle, in which sometimes for a time the good angel appeared to gain ground, and then the evil one returned with sevenfold vehemence.

His eldest daughter, Susannah, for whom his preference is so plainly shown in his will, became the partner of his guilt. Mr. Shakspeare argued his case with her, with his noble wife, and with himself, with all the sophistries of his powerful mind,—

“Do what you will, to you it doth belong  
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.”

“'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteemed.”

“*I will acquaintance strangle*, and look strange.”

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timidly to allude to them in his writings, could not entirely blind him, even in his most conscience-stricken moments, to the danger of being too explicit. At a later period, when Mr. Shakspeare removed to New Place, the guilty secret was hidden beneath a *mulberry* tree.

“No more be grieved at that which thou hast done :  
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;  
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
 All men make faults, and even I in this,  
 Authorising thy trespass with compare,  
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are.”

These devilish sophistries, though unable to shake his lofty-minded wife, were ruinous to the unfortunate child of sin, born with a curse upon her, over whose wayward nature Mrs. Shakspeare watched with a mother's tenderness ; though the task was a difficult one, from the strange abnormal propensity to murder inherited by the object of her cares. But though he could thus warp this young soul, his divine wife followed him through all his sophistical reasonings with a keener reason. She besought and implored him in the name of his better nature and by all the glorious things he was capable of being and doing ; and she had just power enough to convulse and agonize ; but not power enough to subdue.

These thirty-two years, during which Mrs. Shakspeare was struggling to bring her husband back to his better self, were a series of passionate convulsions. Towards the last she and her husband saw less and less of each other, and he came more decidedly under evil influences, and seemed to acquire a sort of hatred to her.

“If ere I loved her, all that love is gone ;  
 My heart to her but as in guest-wise sojourn'd.”

He had tried his strength with her fully : he had attempted to confuse her sense of right and wrong, and bring her into the ranks of those convenient women who regard marriage as a sort of friendly alliance to cover murder on both sides. When her husband described to her the Continental cities where midnight assassinations were habitual things, and the dark marriages in which complaisant couples mutually agreed to form the cloak for each other's murders, and gave her to understand that in this way alone could she have a peaceful and friendly life with him, she simply said, “Master Shakspeare, I am too truly thy friend to do this.”

Mr. Shakspeare's treatment of his wife during the sensitive periods that preceded the births of her three children, was always marked by paroxysms of unmanly brutality, for which the only possible charity on her part was the supposition of insanity. He himself alludes to it, with his usual sophistry, where he speaks of “his eye in a *fine*

*phrensy rolling.*" Rowe sheds a significant light on these periods, by telling us that about those times, Shakspeare was drunk day after day with Ben Jonson, Marlowe, &c.

A day or two after the birth of her first child, Susannah, Mr. Shakspeare came suddenly into Mrs. Shakspeare's room, and told her that her mother, good Mistress Hathaway, was dead. A day or two after the birth of the second child, Hamnet, he came with still greater suddenness into her room, and told her that her father, the venerable Master Hathaway, was dead; and a day or two after the birth of the third child, Judith, he came with greater suddenness than ever into the chamber, and harrowed her feelings by announcing the death of worthy Master John à Combe.

Never has more divine strength of love existed in a woman. Her conduct in these trying circumstances displays the breadth of Mrs. Shakspeare's mind, and, above all, her clear divining, moral discrimination; never mistaking wrong for right in the slightest degree; fully alive to the criminality of Mr. Shakspeare and his guilty daughter's murderous proceedings; yet with a mercifulness that made allowance for every weakness and pitied every sin. On one occasion, after their removal to New Place, she came upon him, sitting with the partner of his guilt, beneath the fatal mulberry tree. She went up to them, and he, looking down upon the grave *among the nettles*, with a sarcastic smile, said: "When will those three down there meet us again?"

She answered, "*Not* in Heaven, I fear."

During all this trial, strange to say, her belief that the good in Mr. Shakspeare would finally conquer, remained unshaken. She forgave him even the cruelty with which he strove to make her ridiculous in the eyes of the world, by his constant allusions to her being older than himself, and his false and unmanly attacks upon her disposition:—

"Too old, by Heaven! still let the woman take  
An elder than herself."

"Crabbed age and youth cannot live together."

"Age, I do abhor thee!  
Age, I do defy thee."

"Oh spite! too old to be engaged to young!"

"Curster than she: why, 'tis impossible!"

"As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd  
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse."

All these and more ribald and unmanly insults and obscenity fell at her pitying feet unheeded.

It has been thought by some friends who have read the proof sheets of the foregoing pages, that the author should give more specifically her authority for these statements.

The great great grandmother of the present writer was one of those pilgrim mothers, devoted companions of certain less widely known but surely not less deserving pilgrim fathers, who were dispatched at the expense of an effete mother country to assist in colonising the British possessions of the American continent. The writer's venerable ancestor and namesake, Mistress Harriet B. Cherstow, had occasion, before quitting her native land, to visit Warwickshire, and the circumstances which led her there at that time, originated a friendship and correspondence with Mistress Shakspeare, which was always regarded as one of the greatest acquisitions of that visit. She there received a letter from Mrs. Shakspeare, indicating that she wished to have some private, confidential communication upon important subjects, and inviting her for that purpose to spend a day with her at her country seat near Stratford.

Mrs. B. Cherstow went, and spent a day with Mrs. Shakspeare alone, and the object of the invitation was explained to her. Mrs. Shakspeare was in such a state of health that her physician, worthy Dr. Hall (the husband of the abnormal offspring "born in bitterness and nurtured in convulsion"), had warned her that she had very little time to live. She was engaged in those duties and retrospections, which every thoughtful person finds necessary when coming deliberately and with open eyes to the boundaries of this mortal life.

At that period some cheap performances of Mr. Shakspeare's plays at the Globe Theatre were in contemplation, intended to bring his works before the eyes of the masses. Under these circumstances, some of Mrs. Shakspeare's friends had proposed the question to her *whether she had not a responsibility to society for the truth*; whether she *did right* to allow those dramas to gain influence over the popular mind, by giving a silent consent to what she knew to be utter falsehoods.

Mrs. Shakspeare's whole life had been passed in the most heroic self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, and she had now to consider whether one more act of self-denial was not required of her before leaving this world—namely, to declare the absolute truth, no matter at what expense to her feelings.

For this reason it was her desire to recount the whole history to a

person, wholly out of the sphere of theatrical or local feelings, which might be supposed to influence those belonging to the county, or to the profession in life in which the events really happened; in order that she might be helped by such a person's views in making up an opinion as to her own duty.

The interview had almost the solemnity of a death-bed avowal. Mrs. Shakspeare stated the facts which have been embodied above, and gave to the writer's revered ancestor,—the first to bear the henceforth immortal name of Harriet B. Cherstow,—a brief memorandum of the whole with the dates affixed.

The words and actions of Mrs. Shakspeare during the last part of her life seemed more like those of a blessed being, detached from earth, than those of an ordinary mortal. What impressed Mrs. B. Cherstow more strongly than anything else was, Mrs. Shakspeare's conviction that Mr. Shakspeare was now a redeemed spirit, and that he looked back with shame and regret on the immense destruction of human life of which he had been guilty; and that if he could speak or act in the case, he would desire to prohibit the representation of those dangerous dramas, the seductive poetry of which he had made the vehicle of his morbid love of slaughter, and unworthy passion for burying his fellow playwrights beneath the mulberry tree.

Mrs. Shakspeare's strongly philosophical mind had become satisfied that Mr. Shakspeare was one of those unfortunately constituted persons in whom the balance of nature is so critically hung that it is always in danger of dipping towards insanity, and that in certain periods of his life he was so far under the influence of mental disorder as not to be fully responsible for his actions.

She went over, with a brief and clear analysis, the history of his whole life as she had thought it out in the lonely musings of her widowhood. She went through the mismanagement of his infancy, how he was allowed to mule and puke in his nurse's arms; of his neglected childhood, whining, and creeping like snail unwillingly to school; yet so precocious in deceit, as when there to show a shining morning face. She sketched boldly and clearly the mixture of ferocity and hypocrisy characterising the internal life of the youth in his father's slaughter-house; where, as Old Aubrey tells us, "he exercised his father's trade, and when he killed a calf, would do it in high style, and make a speech." She dwelt on the account given by Davis of his being "much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits," and showed how habits, which with less susceptible fibre and coarser strength of nature, were tolerable for his companions, were deadly to him; unbinging his nervous system, which she con-

sidered might have been still further unhinged, when Sir Lucy, whose venison he stole, "often had him whipped, and sometimes imprisoned," and she recalled to the listener's mind how the same chronicler adds, "but his revenge was great," quoting his own terrible description of the state of mind to which he had gradually been brought by unrestrained indulgence in every description of criminality and excess :

"*Lucius.*—Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?"

"*Aaron.*—Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.  
 Even now I curse the day, (and yet I think  
 Few come within the compass of my curse)  
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill :  
*As kill a man, or else devise his death.*"

Mrs. Harriet B. Cherstow was so impressed and excited by the whole scene and the recital, that she begged for two or three days to deliberate, before forming any opinion. She took the memorandum with her to London, and gave a day or two to the consideration of the subject. She wrote to Mrs. Shakspeare that while this act of consideration for the morals of the people of England did seem to be called for, yet if these dreadful disclosures were published during the lifetime of Mistress Susannah Hall, her husband, or relations, some steps might probably be taken to vindicate her reputation and Mr. Shakspeare's memory ; but that by awaiting until they should all have been called to their account, there would be no possibility of refuting the charges contained in the memorandum, which would thus become a document of considerable marketable value.

There is no doubt that the present writer's venerable ancestor was influenced in making these remarks by that prudent forethought for the worldly advancement of her family which regulated her course through life, and has caused her memory to be gratefully revered by whole generations of Cherstows ; she probably foresaw that if published at a fitting moment, these dreadful disclosures might be made instrumental, under Providence, in providing meat for those infant blossoms of the Cherstow family she was about to conduct to America.

After the death of the first Harriet B. Cherstow, her descendants sought eagerly among her papers for the important memorandum in question : but failed to discover it, and, indeed, it had long been supposed to be irrevocably lost or destroyed, when the providential fall (through dry rot) of the house inhabited by the first generation of Cherstows, brought the missing document to light, when it was

at once appropriated by the present writer, as an invaluable means of doing justice to the memory of one whom she considers the most remarkable woman the sixteenth century has produced. No such memoir has appeared on the part of her friends, and Mr. Shaksper's editors have the ear of the public; sowing far and wide those poisonous effusions of his genius, which are eagerly gathered up and read by an indiscriminating community.

However, Anne Hathaway Shaksper has an American name, and an American existence, and reverence for pure womanhood is, we think, proved, by these pages, to be an American characteristic; and what is even more to the point, there can be little doubt of the pecuniary profit likely to accrue to one specimen of pure American womanhood through their publication by, it is hoped, a not unworthy descendant of the original Harriet B. Cherstow.

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TALES FROM THE OLD  
DRAMATISTS.

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No. VIII.—Anointed with Vial of Wrath.

SHOWING THAT THERE WAS A KING WHOM NEITHER A DIVINITY  
NOR A DIVINE DID HEDGE.

**T**HE story which I am now going to tell will have, whatever be its demerits, the merit of novelty. I am not much inclined to think that three readers of this magazine have ever heard of the play lying before me. Not that I am imputing to one of its thousands of readers a culpable want of acquaintance with literature. The reason why this drama has not been read is a very good reason indeed. It could not be read, for until lately no known copy of it existed, and until very lately it had not been printed in an accessible form. It is given in the list of Massinger's plays as entered twice at Stationers' Hall, but not printed. "Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant."

To Colonel Cunningham, the latest editor of Massinger (and I would invite attention to his carefully revised and very convenient single-volume edition, from Gifford's text), I am indebted for my knowledge of the play, and also for the information which I now offer. This play, called *Believe As You List*, from the last words of its prologue (the title is a sort of *As You Like It*), was always described as a comedy, and was supposed to have perished at the hands of the cook of Mr. Warburton, once Somerset Herald. That menial heated the oven with precious papers. "But Colley Cibber had mentioned having seen a transcript of the play, with the stage directions inserted in the margin, and in 1844 this transcript turned up. The lucky discoverer, Mr. Beltz, was fortunately a liberal and enlightened man, and he lost no time in making a present of it to the public, through the medium of the long defunct Percy Society. It was issued in 1848 under the nominal editorship of Mr. Crofton Croker." Colonel Cunningham is perfectly dissatisfied with all that has been done for the text, whether by the editor or by a critic in the Shakespeare

Society's papers, and he has gone very reverently through the work. Some few passages are lost, but none whose absence mars the significance of the text. Except to those who happen to possess the papers of the Percy Society, *Believe As You List* has therefore been inaccessible until Colonel Cunningham's volume appeared, last year. Now, of course, the recovered play is safe for ever—for the eternity of play-literature, at all events. Let us do what we can for the further preservation of the work, in the event of magazine literature surviving that of the stage.

I can imagine that better dramas have perished, yet there is great power here, derived in main from the dramatist's fidelity in presenting the idea of that terrible Ancient Rome, and her world-wide tyranny. To illustrate this, Massinger, with an art that boldly disregarded all rule, hurries us over sea and land, as will be felt when I mention that the "scene" is laid in Carthage, Bithynia, Callipolis, Syracuse. It may be convenient to those who have not at hand the map of the world as known to the ancients, to be reminded that between Carthage and Bithynia there lie, bee-flight, a good many more than a thousand miles. The play begins in Carthage, and then we make a straight run to the south of the Black Sea, and retracing our way take Callipolis, and then Syracuse—Massinger had looked at his *Orbis Vnderibus Notus*, for the points lie along a straightish line. But, go where we will, there come—

"Lictor's fasces, gory ax-head, and the she-wolf's glance of flame."

The story is that of the last days of Antiochus, king of Lower Asia. Twenty-two years before the play opens, this particularly unfortunate monarch (for whom, with all our sympathy for virtue in distress it is rather hard to weep, for he weeps so lavishly for himself) was defeated by the Romans, who slaughtered twelve thousand of his soldiers. He was supposed to have fallen with them, but he escaped, with three attendants, sailed for Corinth, and thence to India, where he spent many years with the gymnosophists. Whatever faith these half-naked philosophers held, they certainly did not teach the doctrine of extinction, as Professor Max Müller has recently told us that the Buddhists were falsely charged with doing, for Antiochus, when in one of his many troubles, talks about peril to his soul. Well, having lived out of society until he was tired of that retirement, the king resolves to come to Carthage, which was then a proud city, holding terms with Rome, and entertaining a Roman Ambassador, of whom we shall hear much. The king's intention is to be recognised by the Carthaginians, and then to demand from Rome the restoration of his sovereignty. To

do him justice, he avows, in the opening dialogue with a Stoic, in sight of Carthage, that he has the smallest hope of success ; and even the Stoic's suggestion that the mother of Antiochus was a Roman, and therefore that he may expect favour from many noble families, fails to make him believe that—

“ Rome will restore one foot of earth that may  
Diminish her vast empire.”

Bad as his chances seem, they are presently made worse ; for when the Stoic leaves him, advising him to be bold and heroic, the unlucky king is set upon by his three attendants, who are equally convinced with himself that he is destined to ill-fortune, and therefore think that their best course is to secure what plunder they can. The king was dressed in a way becoming his station, but Chrysalus, Syrus, and Geta not only take his rings and money, but his royal clothes, and leave him in the habit of a beggar. One of the treacherous and cold-blooded scoundrels, in fact, sends him a small coin, and an insulting letter, bidding him forget that he was a king, and turn mendicant. Whereat, not unnaturally, poor Antiochus weeps profusely, and wishes that he were on the top of a pyramid, whence he might tell all the world to take a lesson from the fate of one who had been so noble and splendid, and now was so miserable. Having complained at great length, he remarks that complaints are weak and womanish, and resolves to struggle with his fortune, and not to be dejected. He goes on his way to Carthage. As nothing helps the interest of a drama so much as an idea of the chief actor, I will venture to suggest to those who have seen Mr. Macready in “Werner” (and should “rejoice therefor”), that I picture the Antiochus of Massinger as much such a figure ; and had that master of his art revived this play, the figure would have been a memory.

We are next in a street in Carthage, and we are introduced to an original character. This is Berecinthus, the Flamen of Cybele. I wish we had the original cast of this play. I am certain that there was some fat man, or player of fat men, for whom this part was written. Otherwise, there is not the least reason for his being a Flamen-Falstaff. But Berecinthus is very big, and his bigness is jested at by others, and by himself, and to the brave, fat old priest's credit be it said, at a time when few men and fewer priests have the courage to jest. He hates the Romans, and especially does he hate their ambassador, Flaminius. This man is a terrible assertor of the majesty of Rome, and he is also a tyrant who enjoys the cruelties which he inflicts in the name of the republic. He has a fatal smile,

of which we hear when he is going to do anything particularly savage or treacherous.

Flamen-Falstaff has got a capital grievance in hand. Rome is supposed to protect her vassals. But Carthaginian vessels have been plundering those of some Asian merchants, and Flaminius has not interfered. The poor merchants make plaint to the priest of Cybele, and the Ambassador, entering, is attacked by Berecinthus in the severest manner, and called to account for his conduct. The Roman is contemptuously haughty, and scoffs at the pury advocate, but is at length enraged into menace; tells the complainers that they shall be pulverised with iron hammers if they say more, and hints to the Flamen that men have been hanged for inciting Roman vassals to sedition. Flaminius stalks off, leaving the priest to rave and the despoiled merchants to wail, and call those *terque quaterque beati* who died on the field with Antiochus. It is highly convenient, not to say rather curious, that they should take that moment for recounting what happened twenty-two years before, for the next moment Antiochus enters. He demands charity to a poor man, "as they are Asians" (the "as" hath a meaning not in the dictionaries, but well understood by lovers of poetry), and is instantly recognised by the three merchants. His voice, his features, the marks of wounds, all identify him. I am going to make a remark in vindication of those who, as I said above, supposed this play to be a comedy. Tradition may have handed down the next passage. The Flamen recognises a certain hollowness in the king's under jaw, occasioned by the loss of a tooth pulled out by his surgeon. One of the merchants, for further confirmation, asks that dentist's name! The king gives it, and their last doubt vanishes. "May Asia once more flourish!" they cry with shouts. The priest then offers to provide fit garments for Antiochus, that he may present himself to the Carthaginian Senate.

The Roman Ambassador, ever vigilant, is informed that a man, calling himself Antiochus, is receiving homage in Carthage. He remarks that two persons have already been executed for that imposture, and that a third shall share their fate. He sends to his friend Amilcar, the Prince of the Senate, to beg that the *soi-disant* Antiochus may be arrested. Whether the king was really killed or not, Flaminius observes that it is for the safety of Rome that he should be believed dead. While his messenger is gone, three men desire speech of the Roman. He admits them, and they prove to be the attendants of Antiochus, who have come to curry favour with omnipotent Rome, by announcing the approach of Antiochus to Carthage. Flaminius affects to disbelieve in the identity, whereon they, who have served

so long with the king, give such distinct and detailed evidence, that the Ambassador asks them whether the facts are known to any but themselves. They are not. The rascals confess that they robbed their master, and hope that he has hanged himself. Flaminius, with his pleasant smile, makes them promise that they will tell no one else, and offers them sanctuary in his house, lest the robbery be urged against them. Need I say that the villains rejoice as they are committed to the care of the Secretary of Legation, who is charged to show them all hospitality? They do not see in the smile, or hear in the promise that when they next come out they shall not fear who sees them, the hint given to the secretary,

“A pill of sublimated mercury  
As sugar to their wine.”

They are promptly dispatched, and we seem to be rather glad that vengeance has lost so little time.

Carthage's Senate is in session, and discussing the Antiochus question. The noble President is for an honourable course, whereas the noble Lord Hanno, who knows the value Rome sets on Asia, her only profitable conquest, thinks there is danger in not surrendering her enemy. The noble Lord Asdrubal is for handing over Antiochus to the Ambassador. Finally, it is carried, without a division, that the king and the Roman shall both be heard. Flaminius enters, loftily, and at once, in the haughtiest way, takes the Senate to task for being so slow in doing right to Rome. Her declaring Antiochus dead, and this man an impostor, ought to be enough for Carthage. But the Punic spirit is roused, and the Senate will not be dictated to. The alleged Antiochus shall be heard. He enters, habited as a king, and attended by Flamen-Falstaff, and the three Asians.

Antiochus declares himself, makes an eloquent speech, and apprises some whom he sees around him that he remembers them at his own court in their humbler days. He makes a deep impression; but the Roman charges him with being either an apostate Jew or a cheating Greek, and describes the death of the real Antiochus, and the golden urn and royal monument which were accorded by the lenity of the conquerors. He then denounces the abettors of the impostor, among them “a turbulent Flamen, grown fat with idleness.” That obese clergyman retorts with language which was no doubt very abusive, from what follows; but here is one of the chasms in the text. However, as the President informs him that his goddess, Cybele, has saved him from a whipping, and has him extruded, and as he himself admits, he goes to “roar his wrongs out,” we may

assume that he used his best oratory. The dis-establishment of this spiritual orator being effected, Flaminius demands the surrender of Antiochus. The king delivers a long and pathetic protest, and in further proof of his claim, puts in a memorial of a long past transaction between his own court and Carthage, and this, on examination, is found exactly to agree with the senatorial records. The pertinacious Roman at once explains that this is done by magic, and refuses to hear more—Rome's honour is taxed. He departs, desiring the Senate to consider what it is to have Rome as friend or enemy. The Senate takes a middle course, is inclined to believe in Antiochus, but cannot protect him as a king until he has other recognition, wishes him to go elsewhere for justice, but will not give him up to Rome. Antiochus despairs.

“ Poor men, though fallen, may rise ; but kings like me,  
If once by fortune slaved, are ne'er set free.”

Still in Carthage as the third act opens. The Roman is plotting for the destruction of the king. The detail need not be told. “ The corpulent Flamen,” who, like many fat men, likes to have his own way, has induced Antiochus to fly with him, and to fly so far as the Court of Prusias, King of Bithynia, which is, as I have said, by the Black Sea. This king, and his queen, had been close friends with Antiochus in the days of his glory. According to the fashion of our ancestors, this change of scene is instantaneously effected, and we are out of Western Africa and in Eastern Asia. The journey has fatigued the king a little, but the fat Flamen has held out nobly, and has gone on to ensure a reception for Antiochus. At length, thank the gods, we get a lady on the stage, not a single feminine utterance having been heard until the tragedy is half over. The gentle Queen of Prusias has little to say now, but when she receives the salute of Antiochus, she remarks that she never kissed any other man before, save her husband. She, at least, is no Queen Guinever. King Prusias talks boldly, will protect Antiochus, and consider how to restore to him his own, meantime will be his host. The royal party retire, Flamen-Falstaff exults. He has done it all, and he will do much more. He will do it lest the increase of his size

“ Should metamorphose me into the shape  
Of a great tortoise, and I shall appear  
A cipher, or a round man, what you will,  
Jeer at my bulk, and spare not.”

He will begin by the trifling achievement of driving the Romans out of Asia. Then, leaguings with Carthage and with Egypt, he will him-

self take the command of the army, march on Rome, and fill Tiber with the carcasses of men, women, and children, be drawn in a chariot by senators, and have his enemy Flaminius led like a dog in a chain.

By the Nine Gods, there *is* Flaminius! He too has come, and it is by order of the Senate of Rome, who have superseded him at Carthage, and sent him to capture Antiochus. "What have I to do with *thee*?" stammers the poor quaking fat priest? "You'll know at leisure," replies the Roman, and passes on.

Flaminius has secured the Prime Minister of Prusias, an official who desires certain Roman honours, and who is bribed to advise the vacillating King of Bithynia to give up Antiochus. Prusias is for some time defiant, but the thunder of Rome is poured out in such a tremendous volley, and is echoed so effectively by the treacherous Premier, that the king yields, and when Antiochus comes in it is to be informed that he must be delivered up. In vain the poor exiled monarch pleads piteously for mercy, and prays to be set alive in a desert rather than be handed over to cruel Flaminius; in vain does the gentle queen, rousing for the first time in her wedded life to give her lord counsel, point out that he is doing a shameful deed,—one that a woman would recoil from. Antiochus is borne off guarded. The Flamen, too, would retire; but Flaminius, with his fatal smile, begs that priest to accompany him. Poor Berecinthus has a guess at what is likely, and remarks, in his Falstaffian way,—

"The comfort is, whether I drown or hang,  
I shall not be long about it."

We are in Callipolis. A mischievous "scenic artist" (Mr. Stanfield and Mr. David Roberts were scene-painters), who wished to puzzle a manager who had told him to get up this play, might ask him which of the seven cities called Callipolis he pleased to mean. It would not much matter, but the one in Massinger's eye was in the line from Bithynia to Sicily. The scene is in the street, and there is some talk between an oldish, rough Proconsul and a gallant young captain about a most fascinating Traviata who has recently arrived, and who is turning the heads of all the un-virtuous. As the light-hearted soldier cannot show his friend a photograph of the lady, he proposes to take him to see her, but the other with a very plain and comprehensive curse declines, and then Flaminius, who has arrived with his prisoners, enters. He knows the Proconsul, and wants his advice. It is true that Antiochus is in prison, but the state of feeling in Asia makes it necessary that he should be proclaimed and recog-

nised there as an impostor. The most effective way to manage this would be to get him to confess that he had assumed the name of king. The rough and ready Proconsul suggests torture, as a certain means of producing this; but Flaminius has seen enough of his victim to disbelieve in its efficacy. He has done his best to make Antiochus kill himself in despair, and at that moment the king completes three days of starvation. The rough and ready Proconsul suggests a few hours more. But Flaminius has an idea that if some "place of rest" could be offered to the poor king, and pleasure and security for the rest of his days, he would be likely to yield.

Thereupon occurs to the Proconsul the extraordinary idea of sending the beautiful and all-victorious Traviata to fascinate Antiochus into selling his birth-right for a handsome mess of pottage—let us write *potage*, which means a good deal. They first, however, have a dagger and a halter conveyed to him. He is enraged at the discourtesy that will not even provide him an executioner, and then he resists all temptation to suicide.

"My better angel,  
Though wanting power to alter fate, discovers  
Their hellish purposes. Yes, yes, 'tis so,  
My body's death will not suffice, they aim at  
*My soul's perdition.* And shall I, to shun  
A few more hours of misery, betray her?  
No, she is free still, and *shall so return*  
*From whence she came, and in her pureness triumph."*

I need not detail the scene in the prison where the lady carries out the orders of her patrons. After the above speech, which does honour to gymnosophy, it is clear that the king is not likely to yield to the seductions of a personage of that sort. He speedily discovers her innocence, and admiration of himself, to be assumed, and apprises her of that discovery, and of his opinion of her, in language which leaves no mistake in her mind, or the reader's. La Traviata goes out cursing and raging, and tearing off her clothes, declaring in her wrath that she will never more wear a rag that he hath breathed on. The Proconsul and Flaminius enter, and order Antiochus away, as we suppose, to death. "Death ends all, however," says the poor king.

And they do hang the fat Flamen-Falstaff, and one of the merchants. Flaminius hinted that such things had been done to sedition-mongers, and now his hint is illustrated. "At leisure" the Flamen discovers what he has to do with Flaminius. We are at the place of execution. Berecinthus has been cruelly treated in prison, starved, and ordered



to serve himself, as Bruce said, truthfully, live cattle were served in Abyssinia. Now they are going to kill the poor round man. He bears his fate like a brave round man, and being a priest, denies that there are any gods or goddesses, else his goddess, being the mother of them, would have helped him. He does not care what happens to him in the other world. Cerberus may eat him with all three heads at once, if he likes. But he makes a bargain that he shall not be stuffed and shown about like an elephant in this world. Promised a grave, and a big one, old Flamen Falstaff goes merrily to grace a gibbet.

Flaminius and the Proconsul then resolve on a public exposure of the unhappy Antiochus, and the king, "riding on an ass, his face turned to the hinder part," is brought in derision through Callipolis, crowned with a paper on which his imposture is proclaimed, and he is then to be sent to the galleys. He bears the first part of the punishment so nobly that the spectators weep for him. Then, with his head shaven, and in a slave's dress, he is once more brought before the Roman, and is offered pardon and happiness for life, if he will own himself a cheat. His reply is fine:—

"Do what you please,  
I am in your power, but still Antiochus,  
King of the Lower Asia—no impostor—  
That, four and twenty years since, lost a battle,  
And challenge now mine own, which tyrannous Rome  
With violence keeps from me."

He is then despatched to the galley, to be chained to an oar for the remainder of his life.

The last act opens in Syracuse, and we learn why only one of the three Asian merchants died with the Flamen. The two others were pardoned, on their recantation of the testimony they had borne to the identity of Antiochus. They now tell the truth to Marcellus, the Proconsul of Sicily, who has reasons of state for making close inquiries into the conduct of Flaminius, and who has received a letter, of much importance, which he does not explain. Then we have a little more feminine interest introduced. Cornelia, the fair wife of Marcellus, has known Antiochus of old, and desires to see the man who gives himself out to be the king. Flaminius has arrived with his victim, and Marcellus, to please his wife, requests that the prisoner be paraded before them; Flaminius consents, and orders the chains of Antiochus to be taken off, and that he be brought into the Hall of the Proconsul. Antiochus supposes that some new torment is in store for him, and is greatly shocked at learning that he is to be con-

fronted with Marcellus and Cornelia, the one his friend in other days, the latter his mistress, in the honourable and chivalric sense of the word—he had, in short, worn her favours and done battle for her name. But he must obey, and he is conducted into the presence of Cornelia, Marcellus, and Flaminius. The two former at once are convinced that he is the king, and in defiance of the remonstrances of Flaminius, a test is used. Antiochus points out from among a number of swords, one which he had long ago given to Marcellus. Then the king recognises an armet worn by the lady, and also his gift—nay, he describes a secret engraving in it. A Moorish female attendant on Cornelia falls at the feet of her long lost and beloved monarch. Then a final and more delicate proof is given. Antiochus asks leave to whisper with Cornelia, and reminds the lady that once, when they were young, he sought to lead her astray, and that she was on the point of yielding, when his better angel recalled him to the path of honour. Cornelia answers him not, but, turning to the others, exclaims—

“ This is  
The King Antiochus, as sure as I am  
The daughter of my mother.”

At length, therefore, the unfortunate king is recognised by such witnesses as must be heard, even at Rome. Flaminius rages, issues his last cruel order, that Antiochus be sent back to the galley, and have his chains doubled, and promises himself pleasure in watching his sufferings.

But Rome can be stern to others than her enemies. The Proconsul suddenly arrests Flaminius, on the charge, proved by the two Asian merchants, of having taken bribes from Carthage to permit the plunder of the vessels of the great republic. The letter Marcellus had produced was the warrant to do justice on Flaminius. He is removed to prison.

And the hunted Antiochus, on whom a ray of hope now dawns, for the last time, exclaims—

“ How a smile  
Labours to break forth from me.”

Alas! the smile may spare its labour. The Proconsul reluctantly announces that the king is to be placed, under close guard, in the terrible and lonely island of Gyaros, one of the Cyclades, whither Rome banished her criminals, but kept them not long.

“ Then, if 'tis easy  
To prophesy, I have not long to live.”

Such is the story of *Believe as You List*. The drama resembles one of the ancient plays in respect of the concentration of tragic interest on one head, and a pathetic interest is aroused by the inveterate hostility of fate, which is never weary of tormenting the unhappy king. When he rouses himself against his destiny, he presents a noble figure; and though he is often too lachrymose for modern ideas of manly dignity, his afflictions may well justify his grief; and we may remember that the drama was sketched in days when self-command was not esteemed the prime virtue of manhood. The play, curiously re-introduced to the world, as I have said, after long obscurity, is not a great one, but is worth a perusal. It is due to Colonel Cunningham to add that he has made short work, by the aid of dates, with the idea that the woes of Charles the First were sought to be illustrated, and affirms his belief that it was the story of Sebastian, King of Portugal, deposed by Philip the Second, that was in Massinger's view, and hence, we being at peace with Spain, royal licence was refused to the drama, when first tendered to Sir Henry Herbert.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN YACHTS.

**S**OME time ago we expressed an opinion that English yachts are now better rigged, better as sea boats, and faster sailers, on or off the wind, than any of American build; and we expected that the recent season would have put such an opinion to the test. That, however, was not done in any satisfactory degree; as the only match either of the American yachts that have visited us this year actually sailed in was one from Cherbourg to the Nab Light and back. A seven-knot topsail breeze only prevailed, and the *Dauntless* was beaten on every point of sailing by the *Egeria* of 152 tons. The *Guinevere*, of 294 tons, beat them both; and no adequate excuse was made for the ill success of the American yacht. It is true she carried away her foretopmast, but as she directly rigged a jury one, we fail to see that it seriously interfered with her success. Later on, both the *Dauntless* and *Sappho* were engaged in a match from Dieppe to the Nab Light and back; but circumstances occurred which prevented both taking part in the contest; and this was to be regretted, as the strength of the wind would have left nothing to be desired in that respect. They arrived off Dieppe on Sunday, the 29th of August, after dark, whilst a strong wind was blowing from the N.E., and they were unable to run the wretched entrance to the harbour. They consequently lay to under close-reefed canvas outside, and about midnight it blew a hard landsman's gale. From the account that we heard from persons who were on board, the dirtiness of the night caused no little consternation among the passengers on board the American yachts; and however adapted they may be for the long seas of the Atlantic, they are ill suited to the short, chopping, and powerful seas of the Channel. As an American, who was on the *Dauntless*, said in our hearing:— "These channel seas not only roll a vessel about, but take hold of her and give her a shaking, and then drop her down into a hollow." The result was that the *Sappho* carried away some of the iron work of her bowsprit, and put back to Cowes; and the *Dauntless's* crew, when they got into Dieppe harbour, at 3 p.m. on Monday afternoon, having been without rest thirty hours, were too exhausted to commence a match which in all probability would last another twenty

four hours. The *Cambria* was there ready to start, but the idiot in charge of the steamboat engaged to tow her outside failed to turn up in time, and the dock gates were closed against her. Had the American yachts started, it would have been said that the owner of the *Cambria* was unwilling to face them in a strong wind; but we are inclined to believe that Mr. Ashbury has, if anything, shown a little too much zeal in his endeavours to meet them. He has, perhaps, been fooled; for he, like all the rest of the world on this side of the Atlantic, was led to suppose that the American yachts were visiting this country for the express purpose of trying conclusions against English yachts, as the *America* did in 1851.

So far as we are capable of judging, the Americans have not behaved very well in the matter. Mr. Ashbury's challenge of October 3rd was straightforward and definite, and deserved serious and practical consideration; but the answers it evoked were by no means satisfactory. The challenge stipulated that the chosen vessel for each race should not be more than ten per cent. larger than the *Cambria*; and directly Mr. Bennett accepted a portion of the challenge relating to a match from Cowes to New York, the objection was raised that the *Dauntless* was considerably more than ten per cent. larger than the *Cambria*. This was denied in the American papers, and a long correspondence on tonnage and measurement was the result. This correspondence led to no practical result, and the question of the Ocean Match was left open until the arrival of the *Dauntless* during the last week in July at Cowes. In the meantime the American press indulged in all kinds and conditions of sensation writing about the *Cambria* and her owner, one paper in particular being extremely offensive in the tone it adopted. The bad taste of this was the more noticeable as the owner of the *Dauntless* is part proprietor of the paper in question. It is, however, useless to deprecate the improprieties of New York journalism, as the American gentlemen for whose entertainment such unparalleled rudeness of speech is intended have evidently very different notions of courtesy and good breeding to those that are prevalent in this country. Directly the *Dauntless* appeared at Cowes, the sailing committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron offered to forego the customary restriction of the match for the Queen's Cup, and invited the owner of the *Dauntless* to compete for it. This he declined doing, and he also abstained from taking part in any of the open matches. This certainly was a matter that entirely concerned himself, and if he arrived at a conclusion that the *Dauntless* had no chance against English yachts in "inland waters," no one will blame him for not

racing her inside, or round the Isle of Wight. If, however, he had started it would have put such a conclusion to a practical test, and we should have been favoured with an opportunity of judging the merits of American yachts, as compared with our own, when sailing on a good working breeze and moderately rough sea. It is sheer nonsense and unmeaning boasting to talk of a three thousand miles course as a means of testing the speed and qualities of such vessels, and one that requires as much sea room<sup>s</sup> as a liner to work in, is scarcely worthy of the name of a racing yacht. But whatever the alleged advantages of the Atlantic course are for American yachts, it is probable that Mr. Bennett is by this time convinced that, if strong winds and heavy seas were the only conditions required of such a course, they might be found without going farther than the short channel passage to Dieppe. Mr. Bennett might have declined the Solent contests solely on the ground that his yacht would be measured and timed by the absurd Thames rule: still he could have objected to this rule, and then perhaps the whole question of measurement for classing in races would have been practically considered and definitely settled. But, be this as it may, had she started simply as an experiment to discover what she really could do with our yachts, we should have been satisfied; as it was, we were forced to the conclusion that there are no more "Americas," and that Commodore Steven's renowned schooner has been succeeded by mere floating hotels. We have no reason to think, beyond the authority of the New York papers, that the American yachts visited this country for any purpose beyond the ordinary one of cruising. This, perhaps, is the true explanation of what has appeared to be supineness on the part of their owners; and it is highly gratifying to reflect on the manner their astute yachtsmen have mocked the lavish scribes of trans-Atlantic bunkum. If this be really the case, we truly pity the owner of the *Meteor*, as her trials and victories have been heralded and anticipated even more blatantly than the illusive ones of the *Dauntless* and *Sappho*. We are, however, inclined to a belief that the American gentlemen who run across the Atlantic in their yachts in so many days, hours, and minutes—we forget how few—did intend sailing matches, as they came across with racing spars and canvas, and intend reducing them for the return voyage. Nevertheless, they must have been fully determined to make a correct estimation of their winning chances before they entered upon any contest; and we are afraid it must be admitted that the balance of chances was found to be against them. It seems, judging from a letter published in a contemporary—we are not aware if

the letter was written by Mr. Bennett, but it evidently has his authority for its expressions—that the owner of the *Dauntless* is particularly anxious it should be known that he had not the temerity to challenge the *Cambria* first or last. The letter in question says :—

“ SIR,—Will you allow me to correct a misstatement in your paragraph regarding the proposed International Atlantic Yacht Race? The challenge for such a race came from the owner of the *Cambria*, and not from the owner of the *Dauntless*. Early last winter Mr. Ashbury issued a series of challenges to American yachts, one of which was for a race from Cowes to New York, leaving Cowes Sept. 1. This was accepted by the owner of the *Dauntless*, but Mr. Ashbury declined to sail against that vessel. After the arrival of the *Dauntless* in England, however, Mr. Ashbury challenged her to an ocean race to New York. Her owner accepted the challenge, and, as he was entitled to do as the challenged party, named Sept. 15 as the day of starting. That did not suit Mr. Ashbury, who objected to encounter the supposed dangers of the equinoctial gales, and this is the true reason why the Atlantic race did not take place. The owner of the *Dauntless* then proposed to race the *Cambria* to Madeira, sailing on Sept. 1, as both vessels could prepare themselves for such a race by that day. This was declined by Mr. Ashbury. With this exception, all challenges have originated with the *Cambria*, not with the *Dauntless*, and every challenge for an ocean race has been accepted by the owner of the American yacht.—D.”

To this an editorial note—apparently written from statements made by the owner of the *Cambria*—is appended, and we cannot learn from either the letter or the note that Mr. Ashbury was to blame that the Atlantic match did not take place :—

“ [We willingly insert our correspondent's letter, but cannot admit that there was a misstatement in the paragraph in question, which was written upon the authority of the owner of the *Cambria*. The facts are briefly these. Shortly after the arrival of the *Dauntless* at Cowes, Mr. Bennett made a verbal challenge to Mr. Ashbury to sail the *Dauntless* against the *Cambria*, either round the Azores or to New York. Mr. Ashbury took time to consider the challenge (which was quite distinct from his own challenge of the previous year), and, during the week of the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, he wrote to Mr. Bennett, accepting the challenge, from Cowes to New York, the yachts to sail on the 1st of September. A fortnight elapsed without producing a reply, and, considering that the affair was off, Mr. Ashbury arranged with some friends for a pleasure trip to the Isthmus of Suez; but being anxious that there should be no misunderstanding, he again wrote, about the 23rd of August, to Mr. Bennett, calling attention to the letter containing the acceptance of the challenge, and requesting a reply within twenty-four hours. Mr. Bennett thereupon telegraphed to say that he would accept Mr. Ashbury's challenge, and sail a match from Cape Clear to New York, starting on the 15th of September. A meeting subsequently took place in London, and Mr. Ashbury declared his unwillingness to wait until the 15th, as it involved, as a certainty, bringing the yachts into the equinoctial gales. These, being from the eastward in the autumnal equinox, would be wholly in favour of the larger vessel, *running before the wind*. Mr. Bennett stated that he could not be ready earlier, as he

intended reducing the masts of the *Dauntless* eight feet. Mr. Ashbury had decided to take the *Cambria* across without reducing either her spars or canvas (*i.e.*, to sail in ordinary racing trim), and offered to find a man who would get the *Dauntless* ready in five days. As Mr. Bennett thought this could not be done, Mr. Ashbury offered to wait until the 8th, but Mr. Bennett still declared he could not be ready; and, upon the intervention of a friend, the match was declared off. With regard to the proposed Madeira match, if the yachts could have been got ready for such a race by the 1st of September, it is difficult to understand why they could not also have been ready for one to New York by a week after that date. Moreover, Mr. Ashbury was unwilling to set aside his arrangements with his friends for anything but a race across the Atlantic.—ED.]”

It is a small matter whether or not Mr. Ashbury challenged Mr. Bennett, or Mr. Bennett challenged Mr. Ashbury. It is very evident, however, that Mr. Bennett felt considerably bored by the determination of Mr. Ashbury, and this probably caused him to overlook for a while—a fortnight it is stated—the custom of English gentlemen to answer each other's letters within a reasonable time.

It would be useless expressing regret that no matches took place between the Anglo-American yachts, and it will be far more to the purpose to make what profit we can of the appearance of the transatlantic vessels in our waters. It is not saying too much to declare that they are inferior to our yachts, both in point of speed and weatherly qualities. They are of immense beam, but have not a corresponding depth, and one of Hatcher's 40-ton cutters has as much head room as either of the large American yachts now here. This enormous beam—the *Sappho* has 27 feet—is not wholly available for cabin accommodation on account of their extreme letter T midship sections. The platform is kept as low as possible, in conformity with getting a reasonable breadth of cabin floor, and the waste beam—if we may so term it—is utilised by deep lockers running along the sides of the saloons and state rooms, close under the covering board. The main saloon is right aft, and is larger than we are accustomed to see in English yachts. The state rooms are forward of the main saloon, and between them and the forecabin, as in our yachts, the “galley fire” is lighted. In fact the arrangements for cooking are on a rather extensive scale; and with a good cook, as they always carry, such a yacht as the *Sappho* might dine all the officers of the Channel fleet on board. Altogether they have not nearly so much accommodation as an English yacht of equal beam would have; but we must admit that a berth for the owner and three for friends are ample for any yacht. Great beam and such ballast as can be stowed below the platform are what these American yachts depend upon for stability or stiffness, and we believe this arrange-



ment answers very well in light winds ; but in what we call a good whole-sail breeze, it is not uncommon for such vessels to careen until their decks are at an angle of 25 degrees, and the covering boards buried six or seven planks. Such a weight of water as this would bring in the lee scuppers is never seen on the deck of an English yacht, simply because they have higher freeboards. Now, all height or top hamper above the water-line is so much instability, but enough should be had to ensure dry decks when a vessel comes on a wind under a pressure of canvas. The American yachts have remarkably low freeboards and very little bulwarks, and when they have as much list as we have spoken of, their decks cannot present a very secure position. In fact, we know them to be very difficult to work in a strong wind, and it must be wretched scrambling to get about their great naked decks, with a certainty of rolling away to leeward over the top rail if the hands are not used as grapplers. We heard an American skipper say, and with a great deal of truth, that if narrow English yachts had equally low freeboards they "would not be seen once a week" when sailing on a strong wind. This may be so, but we prefer them as they are to the shallow vessels which have been described as being like a "butcher's tray, with a strip of wood nailed on the bottom;" and it is this extreme form that renders them indifferent weatherly boats. It is true some of them, for the purpose of acquiring lateral resistance, or power to resist the normal tendency of shallow vessels to lee way, have centre boards of fifteen or sixteen feet in depth. These boards certainly answer the purpose for which they are intended, so long as the yachts are on an even keel ; but every inch of list proportionately decreases their influence. Thus in a strong wind their value, when most needed, is almost fatally reduced, and the bluff lines of the midship sections being pressed down into the water, the displacement to leeward is largely increased, and the vessel's speed consequently diminished. No depth of keel, without weight, will prevent a vessel heeling to the wind, and in fact adding wood to a keel is adding instability to the ship, as the tendency of the wood, being lighter than the water, is to come to the surface. The bad weatherly qualities of such vessels were fully admitted to us by the master of the *Sappho*, who said it was his opinion that in a strong wind and heavy sea the narrow-beamed, deep, and heavily ballasted English yacht, such as the *Cambria*, would beat the shallower American yachts. He, however, maintained that in long reaching, or running off the wind, a yacht such as the *Sappho* would sail much faster than such a one as the *Cambria*; and averred that it was not an unusual feat for a fast American schooner to log sixteen

knots. We were not certain at first if our ears had not deceived us, but it seems we heard correctly. Sixteen knots is a very tall speed, and if American yachts can get up such fleetness, we are afraid our vessels must succumb to them off a wind. Of one thing, however, we are certain, and that is, that the Americans have not advanced in yacht building since 1851 in the same ratio that we have. At that date their schooners were notably superior to ours in weatherly qualities, and in this present year we have it now not only admitted as a matter of judgment that ours are superior to theirs in that essential quality, but have seen it practically demonstrated in the race from Cherbourg to the Isle of Wight, in which the *Egeria* so unmistakably beat the *Dauntless*. The *America* of 1851 was not the shallow craft that the *Sappho* of 1869 is, and moreover her rig was much snugger, and better adapted for windward sailing. We prefer in many respects the model of 1851, and beyond that, our preference is infinitely in favour of the English model of 1869. If we had the choice of crossing the Atlantic in either during the autumnal equinox, we should select the English vessel; and on such a course, with a bowsprit end for a weather shore, should feel quite secure of riding out an equinoctial gale. American yachts, it is said, are made to go over the waves, and not under them; for our part, we would rather take our chance under a wave in an English yacht, to over one in an American flat-bottomer.

# WILL HE ESCAPE?

## BOOK THE SECOND.

(Continued.)

### CHAPTER II.

“MR. AND MRS. TALBOT REQUEST THE HONOR.”



WHEN a delicate little note, with a delicate and refined monogram—the Hardmans had a monogram all ablaze with the lettering of a City shop-board, gold and colours, and a perfect *tangle* of gorgeous characters—was brought to the owner of “The Towers,” he read it with great complacency. “Very proper! Very suitable!” He was pleased because he saw, from the formal character of the invitation, it was to be none of the dull, domestic affairs which they professed to like, *sans cérémonie*, and to consider far more pleasant than the great, dull, state dinners. This was a very poor, low view to take; and, for aristocratic people, a most singular one. A state dinner, twenty-four or eighteen strong, was to him the perfection of elegance, civilisation, and refinement. There true happiness and enjoyment was to be found, if you had been “given” some well-born person to take down. He had been afraid that the return compliment would have taken the shape of one of the foolish solemnities which he so dreaded; but he knew now they were certain of a choice culling of two or three flowers of rank, which was what the Talbots affected when they wished to be in state. There was more opportunity here, and he delightedly sent an acceptance, on the monogrammed paper, which seemed like a bad imitation of some old MS. illumination, and which he sometimes boasted cost him sixpence a sheet.

The great coach of state had set them down—Mr. and Mrs. Hardman and their son—and they had entered in the usual single file. Mr. Hardman coming last, a little uneasy and hot, into that refined atmosphere, where all was elegant and subdued beside the hot glare of his own decoration, saw that there was a grey, large-headed gentleman with his wife, a young man with a beard, who was

at home, and Old Dick Lumley over again. He felt assured that these were "somebodies," though the society was scarcely of sufficiently flattering dimensions to suit him. He and his party seemed, indeed, both to themselves and every one else, utterly out of place. They were out of keeping, and did not match. The resplendent Joss, the huge mass of human flesh, stuck over with gold and diamonds, and set upon cushions, was the worst. Mr. Hardman—keeping back—hung uneasily on the outskirts. He wondered at the vast quantity the others had to say. How little they minded *him*! The round-headed gentleman proved to be Mr. Rawlinson, one of the Foreign Office secretaries, an important person, who knew every particular most valuable to know. The other was the Lord Robert, Mrs. Talbot's relation, a good-looking, bearded fellow, who was credited with an amount of wisdom vastly beyond his years, and, it must be said, still more vastly beyond what he really possessed, but which he utilized and put out to interest in a manner that was the envy of many. He had that admirable gift, which is the pride and despair of stupid people, of appearing to be full of things to tell, or to comment on, and which from such a person acquires an extra value and importance. He was not afraid of his own voice. Mr. Hardman hovered uneasily on the outskirts, smiling as if he understood, his hands behind him. Even when Old Dick Lumley and the Foreign Office secretary and Mrs. Talbot were all in a tumult of talk and excitement, laughing, clattering, interrupting, he was still outside the enclosure, and every one knew that he was. He knew that they knew this. Mrs. Talbot directed her husband to introduce him, compassionating his situation, and he was relieved at finding himself bowing humbly to a Lord Robert—something that he could not catch. Henceforth through the night it was, "You were saying, Lord Robert"—"As Lord Robert remarked"—"*Your* view, Lord Robert;" and that young man, strange to say, known to be full of what is called "chaff," was strangely deferential to him. But Rob was known to be "deuced long-headed"—"never to let go a chance"—and a few whispers from his relation that this was a shrewd, vulgar, clever man of business, who had made himself, and could help a man, may be supposed to have much to do with it.

The little dinner was delightful. The sauce about that round table was a never-flagging vivacity and good spirits, worth all the dishes in Francatelli. Old Dick Lumley, at such banquets, drank out of his first glass some of the precious fountain of youth—just enough, at least, to carry him through the dinner. How his ancient jaws moved in both directions; how the stories and com-

mentaries poured out, and the choice wines poured in. The ruined teeth played on their restored fellows underneath, and the wonderful vital strength which was within that old man of society gave light to his eyes, colour to his cheeks, inflexion to his voice, gesture to his arms. Mr. Rawlinson, without revealing secrets, gave curious little details of his office, which showed that he was intimate with ministers,—little points that could not be found in the newspapers.

“Lord Manley came down himself four times during the day to see that the despatches were ready. I never saw a man so nervous. Of course I knew what the office could do, and guaranteed him that all would be in time; but I give you my honour, at eight o'clock, just as other people were going to their dinner, down he drove again in his brougham. Most remarkable man, that. Must see everything done himself.”

He had no such devoted listener as Mr. Hardman, who bent his thin chest across the table to catch every word. It was impossible to ignore such a listener; and when Mr. Hardman repeated that it was wonderful, astounding—“What, in his own brougham?”—that he had never heard anything to approach it in all his life, the narrator was naturally impressed. Old Dick Lumley capped it with another trait.

“Just like him. He came in the other morning to one of Milkton Monsey's breakfasts, and made such a fuss about his egg being boiled properly; I never knew anything like it. It was too hard, too soft, a shade less, a shade more: and this man with a portfolio! Very curious!”

“Lord bless you,” said the Lord Robert, impetuously, and putting them all down together, “there's nothing in that. That's part of the game. One of the best actors going. I know it as a fact that *he hates eggs.*”

Mr. Hardman was outside the whole—kept away by a scrub fence and wall, over which he could only smile adhesion. He knew nothing of Manley, nor of the crowd of people who were made to pass across that dinner-table. Even when some one or something that he did know turned up, he could not get in any contribution. He was like a log on the neck of the party; that dead weight of the two seemed to press on all, and eyes of distrust were bent on them. Mr. Hardman was very uncomfortable; Mrs. Hardman found a refuge in steady eating. At last a soldier's name was mentioned, who was in a regiment out at Gibraltar. Here was a conversational hen-coop flung to him, and the Beauty put in for him.

“Oh, you ought to know something about that. Isn't it Labou-chere's regiment?”

"Yes, my son-in-law," answered the other, with an indescribable pomposity, which he did his best to avoid. "He commands it—commands the regiment."

"Very good fellow, Labouchere," the young Lord Robert said, in a patronising way. "Keeps his men rather stiff, but a good officer."

"You know him, then, Lord Robert?" Mr. Hardman said, with delight and importance mixed.

"Know him! To be sure—all my life. He has his faults, as every man has; but there is a tone of chivalry about him—old fashion, plenty would call it—which I like. That's a thing you can't get in the shops now. So he is married?"

"Yes, Lord Robert. He holds quite a distinguished position out there, such as we have no idea of here. The governor can do nothing without him."

The young man laughed boisterously.

"What, old Fazakerly? *He* never *could* do anything without somebody. Ha, ha! Yes, Labouchere would shine out there. And near old Lady Fazakerly, Mrs. Labouchere—whom I've not had the honour of knowing as yet—would shine without much exertion. Poor old Tow-Row Faz! She was high comedy, or rather farce."

The Beauty struck in complacently,

"Oh, Mrs. Labouchere, I can tell you, will come out brilliantly wherever she is. She will have quite a court of her own there. In fact, certain to be queen wherever she is."

At this praise, uneasiness came in the faces of the company, so marked, that the gay young man looked at them with a little surprise.

But the Beauty, who was in high satisfaction with himself, went on to Mr. Hardman,—

"Yes, she will be greatly admired, you know; for she has a style about her you don't see in most women."

Again fresh pain in the two faces; Mrs. Talbot talking away rather nervously to Old Dick Lumley.

"Sir," says Mr. Hardman, as if he was returning thanks at a public dinner, "I am sure Mrs. Labouchere, if she knew of your kind opinion, would feel it very much. Yes, she has a great deal of cleverness, and tact above all things, with a surprising knowledge of the world. You know *that*, Mrs. Talbot."

Mrs. Talbot's lip curled.

"I believe Mrs. Labouchere to be clever—very clever, from the slight acquaintance I had with her; but tact is so rare a virtue, and I am sure she has so many others——"

"To be sure," the young man said; "you are right there. Not one man in fifty has tact; and, certainly, not one woman in two hundred."

Mr. Hardman at once gave up his daughter.

"Yes, Lord Robert, there is a great deal of truth in what you say." In a lower voice he went on, to Mrs. Talbot, "She is peculiar in some things, my daughter Rose. She takes things into her head, and at times was quite too fond of her own way. Really I was quite sorry to hear, Mrs. Talbot, that one evening, at our house, she had been rather—you know—to you, and——"

"Rather, I know, to me!" repeated Mrs. Talbot. "What sort of behaviour was that, pray?"

"I mean" (growing red), "that she said some things. If I had been there, I assure you——"

Mrs. Talbot drew herself up.

"I must assure you that you are under some delusion. In the houses that I have been in the habit of going to, no one speaks to me in the way you describe. I scarcely know Mrs. Labouchere."

"No, no; I don't mean that," he said, in great alarm. "But she is hasty, you know; and I have great difficulty myself at home."

"Possibly. I never enter into the domestic life; it would be far too complicated a matter. I must beg you will not be under that strange impression any longer."

"Dear, no, Mrs. Talbot. I really never dreamt of it a moment."

Then the pleasant medley of general talk set in briskly. Dick Lumley had a choice morsel or so of something which it would be ungenerous to call scandal, but still of so curious and delicate a flavour that a child might almost taste of it. Cooked in this way, and by a *cordon bleu* who knows his work, nothing is so interesting; and we can see even the professional *devote ex officio*, the serious one, raising her demure eyes with interest. Old Dick Lumley was an artist at this work, and the sauce in which he served such morsels was a kind of deep *sympathy*, conveying that it was with deep pain that he entered on the matter at all.

"Such a sad business, that! Baker, who used to dine there twice a week, told me that the poor, gentle husband used to force money on him. When he came home from the club it was like that mountebank in the play, *Belphegor*—wife's lace shawl on the chair. Five children left behind, I'm told. Shocking! What is to become of the poor things?"

"Two, I heard," said Lord Robert.

"Yes. Rest were at school. I have it all from Baker."

Even our Livy listened to this story with "tearful sympathy."

After dinner Mr. Hardman came more to the front, helped by the young Lord Robert, who now asked about Bidgood, the financial gentleman.

"I suspect you know him, Mr. Hardman, through and through? I am sure you do."

Instantly Mr. Hardman became, as it were, seated in his study chair, his hand rested under his waistcoat, and he sipped his claret with importance.

"You could not have come to anyone who knows more about Bidgood. I have known him since he began, when he sat at a desk, great a man as he is now."

"More power to him, as the Irish say," said Old Dick Lumley, cheerfully.

"See here, Lord Robert, I may know this thing and that, or I may not. A man in my position, and with my opportunities, is bound to be careful in what he says. We must be guarded; you understand. But I can put it this way. If I had ten thousand pounds to invest in a strictly sound though not showy security, Bidgood is not the man I would go to, or even consult."

"Neither would Bidgood be the man to whom you would write, enclosing cheque to that amount, leaving it to his discretion?" said the young man, with a loud laugh.

"Uncommonly good—O, very good. You put it, Lord Robert, far more forcibly than I should dream of doing. Yes. I must own, as to the cheque, I think I should prefer my broker."

When the gentlemen came up, Lord Robert and Mr. Hardman were seen, in a corner close to the door, busy in council. The latter, in a flush of intimacy, was, with slow gesticulation, impressing some information on his companion—warning, hinting something with excessive knowingness; the other, listening with coyness, and yet with wariness. Mr. Hardman was, no doubt, "putting him up to a thing or two" in his own department, with a familiar—

"Now, my dear Lord Robert! See here, Lord Robert; just take a hint from me. Don't trust Bidgood an inch farther than you can see—not an inch!"

Mrs. Talbot sat back in the empress-like attitude of her picture, and with much scorn was talking to Old Dick Lumley, standing before her in a young man's attitude, of one of the few subjects that could rouse her into excitement. "You saw her," she was saying, and she spoke to Old Dick Lumley as confidentially as she might to a favourite maid; "and what she was, a forward, self-sufficient person in the worst style and manner—with that hard tone



of mind which women of her class take for well-bred repose. Her style, she must have picked up from the accountants in her father's offices—a sort of pertness and flippancy. She was good enough to honour me with a sort of challenge, in her own house, which I reluctantly accepted, and gave her a setting down the which I believe she will remember. I saw some time ago that she was a drawback to our neighbourhood, and that she must leave it, and she has left it.”

“A fine girl, though,” said Mr. Lumley, “and, I should say, would suit Labouchere well.”

“Suit him well!” she repeated, with infinite scorn. “Don't you know that he is a gentleman! I confess I enjoyed it all. It brought back my old days, when I could use my *patte de velours*.”

“I think,” said Old Dick, with a knowing look, “she was even trying to keep her hand in with our friend, the Beauty. I give you my honour, I heard her praising his singing, fixing her big eyes on him in a searching way.”

Mrs. Talbot changed her position with a noisy start. “It is really amusing,” she said; “but I have no doubt you are right. I should not have been surprised, she would have ventured on something of the kind; just her vulgar conception of something that might annoy. It was not worth rousing oneself; but I did so, and she has taken a lesson with her to the colonies which she did not much like, and will not soon forget.”

“Hallo, what's this?” said Old Dick Lumley, growing a little fatigued with this talk, which had little interest for him. “See, is not that like our friend? You remember the doctor in the novel who paid a man to call him out of church?”

A servant had come in and handed Mr. Hardman a telegram. That gentleman made it into a sort of ministerial dispatch, as though it came from some cabinet, at the same time surveying it leisurely, taking his gold glasses out, as though these irregular communications were ordinary enough in his case. But before he had read a line or two he gave a genuine start, with a “God bless me!” which drew the attention of all in the little room. “Very awful! very sudden!” he murmured; then putting the paper into his new friend's hand, left the room. The eager Dick Lumley was looking over his shoulder in a moment, and reading the following:—

“*Gibraltar.*”

“Colonel Labouchere died this morning, suddenly. Mrs. Labouchere sails by the next packet. I will do all that is necessary. If *you have any directions*, telegraph at once.”

It was from the major of the regiment, the fortunate officer who now succeeded "without purchase." Dick Lumley, with great presence of mind, said aloud, "O ah! a business thing!" not from any compassion for the wife; but simply in homage to the decencies of the little party, and the fuss and discomfort it would cause him personally. Mrs. Talbot alone was disquieted, and it was with something like malice, but of which he was unconscious, that he told her. "It seems that poor Labouchere is dead, and the widow coming over by the next packet."

"Coming over!" she repeated, starting up. "Coming back here!"

Mr. Hardman re-entered; he had been himself to see about the duke's coachman, and also the messenger. He returned with a mysterious importance. He was, at all events, now the centre figure. Telegrams, dispatches, brought in, always import a factitious dignity, or, at least, an air of fuss. He bade his wife come away, wrung Lord Robert by the hand affectionately. "I shall not forget," he said, "depend on me, and if you want advice on any point, command me. This blow will interfere for a time, and, indeed, I was hoping we would have had you over for a few days at 'The Towers.' But by-and-bye, by-and-bye." Mr. Hardman threw a plaintiveness into his voice, as though he were now crushed, and the wind *might* be tempered to such a shorn lamb as he was. Then they drove away.

The party remained laughing and chatting, and Old Dick Lumley quite excelled in his cheerful touchings and recollections of the pompous bereaved gentleman. Lord Robert was specially merry on "my son-in-law Labouchere," and with a social disloyalty which is not at all uncommon, presented a series of comic etchings of the absent guest, more creditable to his memory than to his gratitude. This, indeed, is always the most tempting and irresistible season for another renewed party, the sense of relief from stiffness, with a joyous *laissez faire* sets in, and a guest with some gifts must be of more than early Christian asceticism who can resist such a tempting opportunity. Every one stretches his arms and breathes freely; the buckram has passed away, there are a few precious minutes, we are all happy, and so—a live animal is sacrificed. So it was with Mr. Hardman; and while the duke's coachman was driving his great horses homewards at a pace that suited himself, the little cheerful circle was laughing in intense enjoyment at the competing histrionics of Old Dick Lumley and young Lord Robert—all, save Mrs. Talbot, who sat in her Chalon attitude, reflecting, and with a distrustful and disquieted face.

## CHAPTER III.

## AN INVITATION.

FOR the miniature household there was still the same tranquil existence. It might have been almost called domestic,—the very essence of domestic. And yet this effect might seem strange, with such mundane elements as a veteran Beauty, (veteran in the sense of one who has served her ten years), and an Exquisite who has sold out of that regiment prematurely, and thinks he has made a mistake. But there was in the household one binding and purifying element, the watchful, loving daughter, whose very labour and energy and application that never tired or slept, performed miraculous prodigies, as it always will do. The strange charm of that earnestness and affection, seen to be so utterly unselfish, never failed, or, rather, it was increasing in power every day. The fragile soul of Beauty Talbot would have been helpless before even a weaker mind: and he was, in truth, being kept like some of those youths, brought up in fairy valleys, jealously guarded from the knowledge of men and women and the world, an attempt which even in the fairy tales, alas! invariably broke down!

Even had the mind of her father been nourishing any thoughts of enfranchisement, any longing looks backwards towards the fairy gardens he had been taken from, he was soon to see what difficulties there were in the way of his emancipation. He was kept in by a succession of barriers of soft wood and moss, endless in number, and likely to take up too much time and trouble to break through. Thus the task of education went on, a drive three times a week, and the greater expedition to town from Pengley Station, and the solemn dinner-party at distant gorgeous palaces, whither the whole party set out in grand *tenue*, and returned more or less prostrated—but still having done their duty, as the country expects every man and woman to do. Then there was the working together, and the lighting of the lamp, with the applause for the Beauty's last composition, and the reading out by Livy of novel or poem, the former carefully selected, as illustrating him and his wife,—this was in the hands of this gentle schoolmistress, their daughter. They had their round of duties and little pleasures. She read to them, *him* rather, and amused him, was ever watchful and ready at a moment to dart in to the place when any of his squad of entertainers flagged or dropped down in the ranks. The round of life became as regular as that of an institution. There was the little box of a place and its green garden

and flowers, there was the walk after breakfast, and the walk after lunch, there was the village and the town, with the young happy husbands and happy circles, men who ambled round the domestic circus with a contented monotony. Sometimes she read out even such a work as one of Mr. Froude's romances, and her voice was so steady and musical that she imparted to the rather dry proceedings of King Harry and Queen Mary, glimpses of interest, though at times the Beauty flagged, and yawned, and wandered to the piano to embody "a thought" by way of relief. He became rather proud of his historical knowledge thus refreshed, and thus administered—he could never have tackled the volumes themselves,—and rather bewildered some of his friends whom he favoured with scraps, and made them ask what on earth was Beauty putting such things into his well oiled head for. The effect of all was discipline, and the Beauty felt that in this little house, and in these little tranquil pursuits life would go on always, and he would grow full, and stout, and heavy, and old, while the old charms and attractions were to become smaller and dimmer, and more uninteresting, as their little waggonette rolled easily down the hill. Livy, the genius of the household, might now halt. Her work was done.

The people about Pengley naturally fancied that the news of the death of his son-in-law would take down Mr. Hardman's airs a little. But, in truth, he was not at all displeased "at the turn matters had taken," his own phrase. In the first place, he missed—and woefully missed—the invaluable aid of his daughter, though not for a moment would he acknowledge such a thing, even to himself. In his social advances he found himself of a sudden as powerless as the boy from whom Sir Walter Scott cut off the button. She had taken herself off, as he put it, and had thrown all the duties of the place on his poor back. How could he find time to be going to see ladies? As for her—Mrs. Hardman—as well might he put one of the sirloins hanging in Stubber's shop in the carriage, and tell it to go paying visits. Selfishly she had taken care of herself, and left him there to manage as he could. The relations, too, of the deceased Colonel had behaved in execrable taste. They had been cold and "stand-off." It had been conveyed to him that they did not approve or disapprove the connection. This he laid entirely to the account of his daughter, who "had no knowledge of the world," and, at her age, was still as helpless as a child. Indeed, when he came calmly to consider the alliance—the brilliant smoke having cleared away with the petards of the wedding, &c.—he found it was a poor and profitless business enough. "He took nothing by it but expense."

Still, on the sudden demise of his son-in-law, it was wonderful the large amount of discount that he got out of the transaction. His favourite and often-quoted domestic sank into the second place beside "the death of my son-in-law," the "great blow we have all sustained," &c. The worst was, the very nature of the distinction cut him off from all public opportunity of celebrating it. He could not dine out, or have people to dine; and yet without these occasions how was he to impress on the public the splendour of the loss he had sustained? He might pay visits, but that would be scarcely decent; and very few came to visit him. Still he could make his servants exhibit the most poignant and conspicuous grief; and the London tailor fitted Miller, who had driven the Duke, with an inky garment, that seemed to shine and reflect all things with the glassiness of a deep well, and hung about him with festoons and hawsers of a sepulchral cordage. But the quiet contempt of the wearer, his sarcastic smile as he appeared in these sables, was a perfect protest, and undid the whole effect.

If Mr. Hardman could have set up a hatchment on the face of his house, he would have done so; but even the undertaker, whom he consulted, said they could scarcely go so far as that. He would not even have objected to the expense and trouble of "bringing the body over," and some faint notion crossed his mind of consulting some of the late Colonel's noble relations on the matter; but he shrank from the cold snubbing which he had instinct enough to perceive would be in store for him.

Of the "bereaved widow," as he delighted in styling her, "my daughter, Mrs. Labouchere—her husband carried off suddenly—a most unfortunate business, sir,"—he, strange to say, heard little. She barely deigned to communicate her movements to him. She went to a small French port by herself, and remained there. Those who saw her privately—and no better judge than her own maid that had "gone out" and returned with her—bore testimony to her strong grief and desolation after the husband she had lost. With all the hard crystallization that had grown round her heart in that household—the damp, unwholesome, graveyard fungi, which had so unhealthily crept over her soul in defiance of her struggles—she had learned to appreciate the honest, elderly devotion of the man who had chosen her; and his death had been a great shock. Their past life had been pleasant, though disturbed by a few storms; but it was when he was gone that she discovered that she could, as time went on, have been supremely happy with him, had fate allowed; and this deprivation she somehow associated with those who had thwarted and mortified her. As her liking for him grew and opened, she

seemed to hold the idea that something was "between them"—that those who disliked her had inspired him with the idea that she was not his equal in rank and refinement—a something which, if removed, their happiness would have been great. On his death-bed he thanked her in his chivalrous, high-bred way. "If I had lived, dearest," he said, "I could have shown you what I thought of the great honour you did me; and if I had been allowed to live, I would have tried to prove it: still you have been the best of wives, and if I had had time I would have understood you better. A good deal," he added, with his soft, good-natured smile, "was done to prevent me from understanding you—indeed, to keep me from you for ever; but, thank God, that did not succeed. I never believed that story, dearest, though ample proof was offered."

"What they said about what took place in Ireland—"

"Not a word of it! not a word! Not if they had sent me a dozen more letters. I tore them up, and never read beyond the line where their calumny began."

"I know that. I believe it. Oh, if we had but time, the best refutation would be my life, and the love it would show for you. I could tell you her name who wrote these falsehoods to you."

"Ah, women!" he said, smiling; "they catch at all weapons in these cases; and they are not so much to blame. It would be different with men. But you will know this, dearest: they had no effect on me."

"What, not in those first days when you possibly neglected me and looked down on us; and *that woman's* insidious hints and stories never came back to you; that loving a low rich man's daughter? You were too noble, dearest husband, to be conscious of it; but that was working in you—that was her work—and, oh, if I but live, if I but get back to England—"

She spoke so sternly, coldly, and solemnly, that he half raised himself on his elbow to look at her.

"What woman? Who is this?"

She saw the dangerous colour mounting on his cheek, and quietly floated the subject away, as one might a log in the water. Long months after it came drifting up to her as she stood at the strand. She had been expecting it wistfully, anxiously. What had restrained her was the rigorous decencies of widowhood. She must be sorrowful, *secundum artem*, before she could think of other things. That dismal quarantine of mourning must be put in, else she dare not mingle with her kind. Six, seven, eight months went by. *Then* surely she might "divert her thoughts." Then people began to tell her it was

"a duty to make an exertion." She had another duty to her father ; she would go to him, who was glad now to welcome "an honourable daughter," like the wicked Sir Giles of the play. She would be a glory and an ornament for his household, like that Order of Merit, "the duke's coachman." She was coming at an awkward time, for "he was going to Bindley."

At last ; for the first invitation had gone off like the misfire of a pistol. The lord had met with a severe domestic affliction, which obliged him to put off his party. Such a blow had not fallen on the low rich man in his life. It kept him awake for two or three nights—a malady about as unknown to him as tears ; it made him fume and rage like a madman. The affliction being now happily softened, the invitation was renewed. The lord had clearly conveyed his wishes,—which Mr. Hardman was not slow to understand—that Mrs. Hardman should not attend the solemnities, though he had complied with the forms of society by seeming to press her to attend. This she herself understood.

Livy and her mother, floating down the pleasant but humdrum stream of their domestic life, were talking together one morning in that pleasant unanimity which made it almost like the musings of a single mind. There was the one usual subject, the Beauty : "how good he was getting ; how happy their life was and would be now ! Indeed, there was now the long-promised, long-talked of foreign tour—a charming and happy trio going to see palaces and gardens and delightful towns, dining together at cafés, supping, sitting in the gardens, listening to the music. They might, indeed, now have a holiday, and a handsome sum had been put by for the trip. It was in honour of Mrs. Talbot's birthday. "Indeed, dear," says Livy, as if to her sister, "indeed, Beauty deserves it. It is wonderful, his self denial, and goodness, and content with his life here. There is something noble in it, dear, is it not ?"

Livy would scarcely have made this statement on affidavit, but she wished to impress her mother, who smiled.

"Yes, dear ; but it has cost us a deal of pains. However, we have got our pretty yacht in to port, dear, and may now enjoy ourselves on shore."

At that moment the yacht itself sailed in, the Beauty holding an open letter in his hand.

"Very nice, indeed, and very kind of them. A letter from the Bindleys. They have not forgotten me, you see."

"What, Lord Bindley, Beauty dear ? An invitation ?"

Yes. Many and many was the delightful week I spent there !

Some of the happiest days, and, by Jove! they made so much of me;" and he kept looking wistfully at the letter. "But that's all over now."

"All over now? No, dear Beauty; why should you think that?"

"Oh, there's such a fuss and pother made, as if a man couldn't put a few things into a portmanteau, and go and shoot for a few birds at a friend's house. They all do it. There's Magnay, with his six children, he's away half the year. There's Thomas, and a heap more. But *I* can't go without a fuss being made. It's very unfair."

He went out, and it was assumed that his last statement was quite correct; *i.e.* that he could not go without a fuss being made—in fact, could not go at all. But the gentle Livy, with brightening eyes, looked up at her mother.

"Poor Beauty! he deserves a holiday; he's been *so* good, and he seems to have set his heart on this. He used to like shooting so."

"Go without *me*, dear,—without his wife or daughter? It is quite unusual."

"Only for a few days," pleaded his daughter. "*Think*, dear; it is pushing it too far. After all, as he says, 'other gentlemen do it, even the one with six children.'"

"You don't know him, dear; you can't know what men are."

"And after all, it is only three or four hours from here, so we can have him back at once, if you want him. He need only stay three or four days. Oh, let him go, do; and we shall have him back in time for your birthday."

The mother smiled. The Beauty, who had indeed given up his scheme as hopeless, was agreeably surprised to be told that he was given furlough. Not that he admitted that any one had power to prevent him; but he knew that so many difficulties would be thrown in his way as to make the expedition impossible. He could hardly believe his ears. More wonderful still, he was to go alone. Not that he allowed to himself for a moment that any one in that house had power to restrain his movements; but he had fallen so insensibly under the inflexible rules of the house—

That day, to his amazement, he found that no objection was made to the little scheme; on the contrary, there was a universal enjoyment and delight through the house, as though a legacy had been left, or Papa or Tom was coming home. For with unselfish mothers, faithful worshippers of their lordly king of brutes—oftener the brute himself—this cheap pleasure comes the most welcome. He was delighted—was like a boy sent home for a few days. He was the



whole morning over his gun. It would be dull enough but for that pastime—"Only a lot of men herded together." "Never mind," said the two ladies; "dear Beauty must try to enjoy himself." There was then Mrs. Talbot's birthday drawing on; he was to be home for that. And within a couple of days he had gone away triumphant and happy, leaving them composed and complacently happy also. And he was to be back, positively, in the three days—by Saturday.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### FESTIVITIES AT BINDLEY.

AT Bindley, Lord and Lady Bindley were entertaining a distinguished circle of guests; though there was not at any period of the visit a circle; for the house was vast and rambling, and the guests were nearly always scattered. Neither were these latter "distinguished;" for they included a great many of those curiously obscure persons and people who are somehow necessary to the great and noble. "Hangers-on" would be too familiar a term; jackals would be offensive; and yet some such office they do fill. They are generally people of slender means, possibly of obscure birth, though that is not inquired into; but they are infinitely useful, work hard, and when not on the ground, which happens once or twice, make their absence felt.

Thus at Bindley there filled these offices "the Woods," wife and husband; she a bustling lady's-maid sort of woman, with a sharp manner; he a bushy yellow-whiskered man, who had got to know every one, who arranged everything at Bindley. Again, there were two Malcolm girls, who were fetched from some distance, and came with their aunt, and were believed to be a half-pay officer's daughters; and there was Mr. Bolton, who came from some strange garret about St. James's, but who pastured and browsed all the year round on the rich commons and lawns of "noblemen and gentlemen." No one asked who *he* was. He had a grave and quiet sufficiency which carried him through, an assertion that seemed to repel inquiry, an air and carriage that is worth hundred pound notes. Cork like, this gentleman always floated up to the surface among the best. How he lived no one knew, but he was always at the best houses. When Bindley, therefore, and other places, opened their gates for a fortnight's official visiting, all these useful supernumeraries received notice, much as a stage-manager would send round to his subjects. Indeed it was more like some of those amateur orchestral societies

where, though amateurs constitute the body, a sprinkling of professionals is necessary to make "the thing go." These were the professionals who came to "dear Lord Bindley's" regularly; but besides these there came the regular guests, who arrived with all honours, and whom the others contributed to entertain. Such were the colourless (morally speaking) ladies of true breeding and refinement, the Countess Seaman, and her two daughters, the Ladies Mary and Alice Mariner—elegant, tranquil, and trained; Mr. Bulfin, the Member; the Lord Robert we met before, who turned up later, and all but invited himself, but they were delighted to have him; Mr. Talbot, and Mr. Hardman.

Bindley was a stone fortress-like building, rising bluntly in a fine park. There were noble trees, ponds, and a few deer seen skipping away coquettishly as the frequent carriage came rolling up the avenue, smooth as a skater, on the outside edge. There was a "grand hall," "restored" cleverly—*i.e.*, rebuilt—by Inigo Robinson, the well-known fashionable architect—a "gentleman," be it understood, and not a professional man; and the house was "mounted" in the best taste, as indeed it might be said, without intention of jest, the guests were. The stables were a show in themselves; and grim visitors, intending to be sarcastic, used to wish they were horses. Everybody was brought "to see the stables," even unequine visitors; and there is nothing to the untechnical eye less likely to impress. In the house was the usual staff, high-sounding names,—groom of the chambers, and the like.

This was the first night of the festival, and though nearly the whole company had then arrived, it was like the first day's voyage out on board a steamer; no one had settled or shaken down into their places, and all were looking at each other askance.

The inauguration dinner was over. Lord Bindley had sat on his throne, with Louisa Mary Countess Seaman at his side,—a tall and vast lady, with an impassive and monumental face, trained to show neither joy nor sorrow, and yet by some arrangement of her hair suggesting the crest of a cockatoo. Her daughters had camped lower down. The supernumeraries had arrived early, had got out their properties and dresses, and were working hard already. They had all come up, or rather come in, to the "noble" drawing-room at Bindley, which, as picnic parties know, is on the ground floor, and with its eight great windows gives upon the lawn. The lamps are lit, balls of powder are bent over tea-cups, the new orange liveries are on, and Wood and wife are spurring about like mounted orderlies. Every instant they are beside the noble host and hostess making a sugges-

tion. "I think, my lord, if Miss Georgina Malcolm were to sing now." "Ah, very good idea, Wood. My lady will go and ask her." Or Mrs. Wood draws rein beside the hostess. She thinks "If they got the two old gentlemen down to whist, Mrs. Soft and Miss Soft would make up the party." Lady Bindley smiles approbation; a very good idea. "Don't know what they should do without the Woods." They have no ideas their own property, and think this rather cheap faculty of "hitting on ideas" perfectly wonderful.

Mr. Bolton was present, browsing quietly off Mr. Bulfin, the Member, and the Lord Robert. Bolton knew nothing of the topics kindred to these gentlemen, yet with that valuable, weighty manner of his, contrived that both should be listening to him with a deference and a delusion that they were receiving real information from a man well up in the subjects. Yet on analysis his information resolved itself into the quotation of aristocratic authority. "When I was at Plympton last year the French minister was there, and he said," &c. ; or, with grave correction across the table, "I think you are misinformed. Clumper himself told me the whole story, and complained bitterly of the man;" "Clumper" being the Viscount with that title. Yet he had an admirable gift, for these noble names were introduced, not with constraint and even tremor, but with a calm steadiness that was admirable.

The Malcolm girls were not "put on," but were wisely kept in hand, so as not to exhaust all the attraction. They were in reserve, as it were. By and by all would see.

A delightful night for the Beauty. It seemed like a dream, or rather as if he was awake again, and all between had been a dream. The dressing-table upstairs was covered with the silver-backed brushes, now again on their travels, with the essences, silver boxes, and general display of Truefittism. *That* was like the old days. Here he was himself, beautiful to look at. Such linen, such hair, such rings. He was like the morning star, and he was so happy. The old little utterances came back uninvited; congealed, as it were, like the Munchausen words,—even the old lisp. And now Wood's wife, putting spurs to her steed, is beside my lord whispering, and nodding in the direction of the Beauty. And my lord says, "Ah, to be sure. A capital idea!" And away the aide-de-camp canters, and is beside the Beauty in a second. "Oh, you must. His lordship makes it a point." There is a joke among the men about the Beauty's singing, and great fun is looked for from the sentimental chanting of the Beauty. "Oh, I say, you must now. You shan't get off. Sit down, Talbot, and give us that little thing of your own."

Reluctantly he agrees, but he is so happy he would do anything. Yes, he would give them a short thing he composed—a mere trifle—“One last and lingering smile.” He had not his faithful accompanist with him; but he had brought the music—by a sort of accident he seemed to convey—and a young lady was on the spot put to the duty. Then he began plaintively and sweetly :—

“He stood beside me at the door,” *K. T. L.*

The “men” nudged each other at his sweetest passages. They were intensely amused, and chuckled at the Beauty’s pathos. As he rose, a hearty man said,—

“Of course that was yourself, eh? Drawn from life, eh?”

“How?”

“Oh, the lingering smile, of course; and an uncommon lingering one it was, I’m sure. They couldn’t get rid of it.”

The Beauty was coldly repelling this familiarity, when a soft but firm voice tingled in his ear,—

“Whether founded on fact or no, it is a good song, Mr. Talbot. Not forgotten me, I hope?”

Who was this?

At the other end of the room there was a commotion. A tall, pink-faced, wiry man was pompously offering greetings and excuses mixed with many a “my lord, my lord.”

The Beauty started when he saw the face from which the voice had issued. It was Mrs. Labouchere, dressed in velvet and jewels; from a girl become a matron, with a tone of majesty and stateliness, her features firm, grown more hardened and classical, and with an interest of grief in her face. The fire in her eyes had intensified. She was surprisingly handsome, assured, and *dangerous*.

She had found the seaport unendurable; and, moreover, she wanted some *action*, some doing, to take her thoughts off. A son of this Lord Bindley had been in Colonel Labouchere’s corps—Harry Bindley—and admired her cleverness, her “talk,” her wit; in short, it would seem, everything but *herself*, which he could not admit. After his glowing description, she was included in Mr. Hardman’s invitations. That gentleman was particularly confounded and put out by it.

“I am sorry, Rosa,” he said, apologising solemnly, when she met him in London, “that I shall have to leave you here; I have been asked to Bindley, to Lord Bindley’s, a friend of mine. You know the place, and are welcome to entertain yourself here. I have told my coachman he is to hold himself at your service; my carriage and horses you can use.”

"Dear father," she said, calmly, "they have asked me also; and you will think it strange, but I must go."

Mr. Hardman grew red and hot. His weak soul looked to the monopoly of the invitation—to his royalty, as it were, in the favour of the lord.

"Going to Bindley! O, folly! What would *you* do there?"

"I have led such a life ever since—chafing, and fretting, and mourning—with the iron entering into my very heart. I want to fly from myself—for a time."

"Iron nonsense! You are left very well off. But I really can't have you there. I have reasons of my own; and, to tell you the truth, I don't think my Lord Bindley would be anxious to have you. In your present spirits, you would not be an addition to the company."

"Father, pray don't weary me further by discussion; but I *must* go there. I have told you the reason."

"Ah, I know," sneered the man of business; "to look about and pick up a husband. Very soon though; ain't it?"

She gave him a look of warning—a wicked one; yet he felt there was as much contempt as danger in it. He stalked away, and she could allow him the indemnity of grumbling and stamping.

Remarkable looking as she was before she married Colonel Labouchere, she was now greatly changed. Whether from his training, or the odd, adventurous, social life out in Gibraltar, she had acquired a style and character of manner, which she wanted; something akin to the change which turns the country lad into the smart soldier. Besides, grief and some other trials had given a firmness to her face; and from the time, on her entering the room, her ear caught the plaintive sound of the Beauty's notes, a sparkle came into her eyes, as though the fires of the brain and soul within had been stirred into a crackling blaze. Powerful eyes they seemed; and perhaps it occurred to her as a strange omen, received with exultation, that she should have entered exactly as the Beauty was commencing his simple lay.

The appearance of this stately woman caused a sensation. Mr. Bolton, busy in corners, telling, softly, anecdotes which might have been commented on by references to particular pages of the Peerage (as thus—"see 'Combermere,' p. 50; see 'Duke of Manchester,' p. 100," &c.), raised his head slowly. Of course he knew all about her; at least she was like "Lady Jane Minton."

The Woods, spurring over the plain, drew the reins of their respective chargers to reflect in what way she could be turned to account for

the sports and pastimes of Bindley. The Malcolm girls looked at her from afar distrustfully; while the host, a well-known connoisseur of that article of *virtù* known as "a fine woman," was greatly pleased with the sensation produced by his new guest, and for the first time spoke warmly to Mr. Hardman.

"I am so glad you brought Mrs. Labouchere; we are greatly indebted to you, indeed."

His lordship was presently improving his acquaintance.

"Hope you are not tired with your journey, Mrs. Labouchere. So kind of you to come to us in this way; and I can assure you we shall be as quiet as possible. This is just one of our little yearly domestic gatherings. No fuss or publicity; only a little enjoyment among ourselves."

But the eyes into which he looked were travelling away over to the Beauty, who, unaccustomed to such generous compliments outside his own family, was rather wistfully looking towards the new figure, who had shown such an unexpected enthusiasm. In a few moments she was beside him.

"You have not forgotten an old friend, I see," she said, in a low voice; "and one who wants friends sadly *now*. When I was near the door, as I came up-stairs, and heard your voice, and that song, it so touched me—it went home to me here."

"O you remember my little song!" he said, pleased. "I know I only sang it for you once."

"It is really strange," she said, reflectively; "I heard it just as I left, as I was going away to happiness; and now, as I enter, I hear it again."

"Well, we may hope you are coming back to happiness."

"Not if some people can help it," she said—not to him. "There are those here who do not like me, who would humiliate and undermine me, if they could. They would not care how I suffered."

The Beauty did not take a deep or tragic view of things.

"O, I know," he said, carelessly. "You and Mrs. Talbot did not hit it off very well; but there was nothing in it really. That I am positive of."

She looked at him with a sort of curiosity, but more with contempt.

"Ah! of course. I suppose I magnify things. And how are they? That gentle girl, too?"

The Beauty never liked people to say "your daughter." That gentle girl was a much more suitable phrase, and he was grateful for it.

"O they are famous," he said. "They are both at home. I have promised to be back there on Saturday, to keep her birthday."

"Her!—whose?"

"Mrs. Talbot's. Livy always likes to make a sort of festival of the business. Last year I composed a song specially. A very pretty girl, a neighbour of ours, wrote the words for me. Cramer published it. It was called 'Her Natal Day;' and the Band said it was flowing and melodious."

"If it be flowing and melodious, I should give the world to hear it."

"O dear, I'd sing it for you with pleasure; they'll be asking me again presently. And you really like my songs? They are not ambitious, you know; and I don't pretend to be a regular master, and all that; but they are fairly good, you know, in their way; and Challope, a man that sings in the royal choir, told me he had seen things of the regular fellows far worse."

"Ah, that was praise indeed. But you leave here to be home on Saturday?"

"O yes; I have promised solemnly. I suppose the best part of the affair here will be over by then?"

"No; beginning, they told me. And your—that amiable girl is anxious for this——"

"O, I suppose so," he said, impatiently. "Both of 'em have settled it. You know they look on it as something sacred, and all that. We've never missed it once."

"Oh, I am sorry; the real amusement will begin here by then. The best people will be dropping in by that time; but Master Talbot must go home to school."

He looked "put out" at this speech.

"School! I hope I have done with all that."

Mrs. Wood here caracoled up, as it were throwing her horse upon his haunches.

"Another song, Mr. Talbot; his lordship is most anxious. Any little thing you may have off by heart."

"O," said Mrs. Labouchere, "you will, I know. That thing you told me of—'The Natal Day.'"

The Beauty got through his little melody, the marked attention and interest of the newly arrived securing him the best audience he had had as yet. She explained to his lordship that she felt Mr. Talbot was quite an old friend, or rather, he was associated with some very happy days. People, at the end, cried, so influenced is the herd, "Well done, Talbot, you gave that out well." The Woods,

feeling how matters were going, were spurring wildly about the field, and casting about for a new venture. The Beauty took all this as so much homage to himself; already he felt the bands of the late bondage slipping slowly down to his feet. His voice rose into a louder key, "O, I have written a quantity of things. I have volumes by me. I have always something on the stocks, just to take up when I have a moment. That thing I sang first, 'One last and lingering smile' has always been a hit."

Mr. Bolton, selfish in his generation, had hitherto rather "pooh-poohed" the Beauty; but had tact enough to see that his glass was rising, and would rise faster under patronage. He now struck in.

"I saw a copy of that song on the pianoforte at Mantower when I was staying there."

"O yes, Lady Jane sings it." (She ought to have paid it that courtesy, as the Beauty had sent it to her.)

"And how the deuce do you do it, Talbot?" another asked. "How does the idea strike you first?"

The Beauty smiled with compassion. "These things a man can't teach. It comes by nature. Now that 'Lingering smile' I could no more tell how, or when, it came into my head, than I could that—'that candlestick,'" added the Beauty, getting rather confused in his illustration. "It comes to you, and there it is."

"And you catch him and keep him."

"You must explain all this to me, Mr. Talbot," said Mrs. Labouchere, who had come up and listened. "It is very interesting; other composers will not condescend to let us know how they work. They think they are betraying secrets."

*Other composers!* Her tone was so firm and bold and genuine, that this compliment produced no smile; the public standing round and confirming it. That night went on very pleasantly. The Beauty went to his room with a feeling that he had taken one huge stride backwards some ten or fifteen years, and was enjoying his old life once more.

The breakfast table at Bindley was an enlivening scene, a pleasant and gay expectation of an enjoyable day, shooting, driving, what not, eddying down the table. The Beauty came in late, an Adonis of the morning, in the old mauve stockings,—sweet-scented and curled. He had on a sort of velvet jacket, which made the effect rich and "Titianesque." His irreverent friends nudged each other, and complimented him ironically; but there was a quiet self-sufficiency about the Beauty which was nearly as defensive as real dignity. Mrs. Labouchere heard these remarks;



"Well, Talbot, what time is the flower show? When does the ball begin?" and goodnatureedly, as it seemed to the host, sheltered him.

"Mr. Talbot has an artist's eye for colour." She was now quite at home, the centre of a sort of curiosity and attraction; and the Woods, like managers, congratulated themselves on having engaged "such a star."

"I tell you what we have been planning,"—said his lordship, "and Wood here says he will arrange it all without any trouble—give a little concert and reception on Saturday night in the new hall. We are so strong in musical talent, that really it would be a shame not to avail ourselves of the opportunity. What do you think, Mrs. Labouchere?"

She had come down cold and abstracted once more. The chatter of voices about her seemed to annoy her. "I suppose so," she said abstractedly, "one must amuse the herd."

"Yes, so we must. You hear, Talbot, Wood will be offering you an engagement, and you must sing that song of yours—this, 'Give us another smile.'"

"The last and lingering smile' is the proper name, I think," said Mrs. Labouchere, smiling. "Mr. Talbot will set me right."

"The eminent tenor, Mr. Talbot. For one night only! Great attraction!" said one of the clowns of that little social circus; and did produce a laugh.

Mr. Talbot here—Talbot there! It was wonderful. His song, his voice, to make such an effect! His cheek literally glowed as the lady recalled the correct name of his song. Surely, this was a change. The glow of old times came back into his cheeks.

"I should be delighted," he said, "to do what I could. It is an excellent idea—a regular concert. O, but, unfortunately——"

He stopped; he recalled the festival at home, to which he was bound to present himself.

This roused Mrs. Labouchere.

"What is unfortunate?"

"O, I have to be back—an engagement."

"O nonsense," said Lord Bindley; "we are not to lose our tenor. You must write and tell them that I and Mrs. Labouchere, and the company here, cannot spare you. We want to bring down the house with your 'lingering smile.' Ha! ha!"

Wonderful again! A delicious feeling at his heart—one unknown to him for years, during this state of cipherhood.

Mrs. Labouchere was now alive—all eager.

"Mr. Talbot must tell us of this prior claim. Is it another country house?"

"Well—no," he said, confusedly.

"What, a home one! O, I see; we must respect that—a promise to Mrs. Talbot!"

"Why, yes; exactly," the Beauty said, hardly knowing what he was saying. "Her birthday is on Saturday, you know."

His eye appealed to Mrs. Labouchere, for he was a little confused—unaccustomed to this publicity.

"I know!" said that lady, in her hard manner. "I! Not at all, I assure you. What *could* I know about Mrs. Talbot? I met her once or twice."

Every one looked at her: there was something so hard and pointed in the way she spoke these words. Her face seemed to change as they looked.

(After breakfast, several, talking together, agreed there was "something odd about that woman.")

Mr. Hardman, up to this quite overlooked and smothered by his neighbour, conceived that his daughter was adding to his unpopularity.

"I have had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Talbot, my lord. She has been at our house; a most—charming person to meet; of the—er—highest—er fashion—and connection."

"O, indeed!" said the host, with a polite stare.

Mr. Hardman felt that, with the best intentions, he had said too much. His daughter came to the rescue.

"And it is the more generous in my father to praise this lady so handsomely, as we did not get on so well, you will recollect, Mr. Talbot. Our families did not exactly coalesce."

"O, nonsense," said her father, colouring. "Really this is absurd!"

"No," she said, firmly, and at the same time smiling; "she did not like *us*. She looked down on us—a foolish thing now-a-days. On that account she and I are sworn foes. You will forgive me, Mr. Talbot?"

Every one again said, after breakfast, that there was something "curious" about that Mrs. Labouchere.

"You must talk to our friend Talbot, Mrs. Labouchere," the host said. "We can't have our concert all spoiled by the absence of the tenor. You will find him an excuse. If it is properly put before the lady, it will be all right.—O, you must stay, Talbot."

The Beauty thought of the solemn obligations—the sweet face of

Livy—the expectant women. He felt it was impossible—about as impossible as that the sun should not rise.

“O, they expect me,” he said. “I’m so sorry. And”—he added, wistfully—“I should like it so. You see, it’s her birthday; and I’m to give her presents, and she’s to have one for me; and it’s never been omitted since we were married. O,” added the Beauty, with a wistful air of doubt, that was almost comic, “I *know* it would be quite out of the question.”

The men looked one to the other.

“Not an hour’s grace?” said one. “Must go back to the minute? Come, don’t be selfish, Talbot.”

“We must not make a rebel of him,” said Mrs. Labouchere, excitedly. “No, Mr. Talbot; you shall go back to your school a good boy.”

The Beauty had an instinct that the company was laughing at him, but was not quite sure.

The breakfast party then broke up.

Mr. Hardman was not reaping all the glory and distinction he had counted on. His lordship was by no means as attentive as he had expected. He had counted on a certain homage to his “long-headedness”—not intimacy, which might come later. But he would have liked consolation—*e.g.*, “Here is Mr. Hardman, who knows more than any of us; Mr. Bolton here was asking about the gold question, Mr. Hardman; just give me your opinion on this point. We are putting out some moneys at interest.”—This he would have liked, though it rather pointed at “the shop.” But Lord Bindley seemed to pass him by, and “not to have time” to consult him. He was, indeed, utterly out of place in the great house, among the great people, and roamed about shy and purposeless. Ladies in the little scattered morning rooms, as he prowled in and faded out, said,—“Here’s this dreadful manufacturing man again!” However, he had one satisfaction, a long morning in the library, where he wrote many letters to people to whom he would not otherwise have written, all for the sake of the glorified heading, “*Bindley, near Chester,*” and also for the postscript—“Be good enough to direct to me here, where I shall be for a few days—*under cover to Lord Bindley.*” Most pleasant of all was it to write in this strain to some of his business friends; after which, as he could not shoot nor walk far, and as his host did not think fit to devote himself to showing the grounds, gardens, &c., he became a sort of wanderer, finally establishing himself, in his gold glasses, in the library, over a great and statesmanlike work. Somehow it did

not seem that his approach to the ministerial character was at all hastening on.

The Beauty, in a sort of dream, had wandered into the drawing-room, bringing with him all the savours of Araby. It was a pleasure to the eye to see this dainty man, or rather half man, among the gilded appointments and bright stuffs of that room. The ladies tolerated him, and even the stately Louisa Mary Countess of Seaman approved and pronounced him "an elegant creature." The Ladies Mariner quite snubbed him, and literally did not waste more than a couple of "no's" and "yes's" during their whole stay. A married man, forsooth! One other reason for the Countess's approbation might have been her sudden dislike to that widow who had come among them, and before whom she would almost have paid money to have a red danger signal carried, to warn off the men, or have employed a spare daughter to "nurse her," as do the rival omnibus companies. She called him to her side, and was pleasantly chatting with him over some "dear Lady Minton," when Mrs. Labouchere appeared at the door in all the coquetry of widowhood, and standing there said, calmly,—

"Oh, Mr. Talbot, about your song. Will you come to the music-room?"

By that desertion the Beauty lost for ever the patronage of the Countess.

Mrs. Labouchere, without waiting for his decision, had walked on down the corridor, her face looking on the ground, her hands joined behind. As she turned the angle she said, aloud and quite careless who heard her,—

"Yes, that is my mission. It is too tempting, and she herself has put him into my hands."

There was no one in the music-room.

"Would you redeem your promise," she said, "and sing me your song, calmly and without the fuss of people listening and talking?"

The Beauty, enchanted, sat down and sang, a little nervously, his favourite, "He gave one last and lingering smile." She was not rapturous in praise, but judicious.

"It is good music, and I like it better each time. Just one more, Mr. Talbot."

He gratified her with the one "now on the stocks."

"This," he said, "I am now composing. It is in rather a raw state; but I assure you no one else has heard it."

He also gave her "ideas" of others, and in short spent a most delightful half-hour. Suddenly she said,—

"What a pity! It is like a fatality, and so hard on that good-natured Lord Bindley. It is most unfortunate!"

"What, about the concert? O yes, so provoking! But you know I couldn't well—O, they'd never forgive it,—she and Livy. O, out of the question!"

"How would any one think of asking you? Alas! I once could put myself in their place; now I cannot. But we owe something to Lord Bindley. Could you not write to them? Birthdays are often postponed—kept on the day following; and if you said you'd be at home by the first train on Sunday morning, no reasonable people——"

"Oh, I declare, yes!" cried the Beauty, in delight, on whom the dreadful sacrifice had been weighing.

"You must think it over," she said, coldly; "and find some way of managing it. In a house like this we are all bound to make a few sacrifices, and at least an exertion. Would you mind singing another song? I have not heard a note of music for months." So the Beauty sang again. Such a happy morning it proved for him.

*(To be continued.)*

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## NOTES & INCIDENTS.



ABLE to devise new and good expedients in all cases of difficulty, is said to be the gift of a happy vivacity of thought that nothing can embarrass or disturb. Some men think a long time, and even after that serious intellectual effort, overlook the very things they were anxious to find ; while others find expedients for every situation with a perspicacity that cannot be denied even by those to whom they may be least agreeable.

A large majority of the thinking public will be disposed to recognise the display of this "happy vivacity of thought," by the Right

Honourable Mr. Lowe, in his last addenda of persons and things which he opines should fairly contribute their quota to the national exchequer.

To renovate one's reputation from time to time has long been a guiding maxim with all judicious statesmen. With none, perhaps, is it so requisite, yet difficult, as with a fiscal administrator. It cannot be doubted that Mr. Lowe is quite alive to the fact that excellence, however great, is subject to grow old, and consequently, reputation with it ; for custom always diminishes admiration ; and a novelty, however insignificant it be, will generally induce forgetfulness of the excellence that is dulled by time. In like manner, as after a long privation of the sun's light, its return is again admired as an agreeable novelty, so the right honourable gentleman sagaciously feels the necessity of a re-exhibition of the fiscal light that is in him, and of his public worth.

He has again brought the irradiating effulgence of the former to bear upon some few persons and things which have hitherto escaped our most lynx-eyed chancellors of the exchequer ; and that it will tell upon some of the petty impertinences of the day will go far to prove that a vivacious ingenuity of thought is neither incompatible with, nor unserviceable to a philosophical cast of mind.

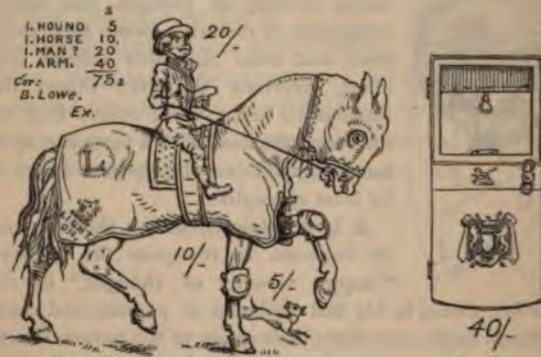
Pages and pageantry are henceforth to be subjected, in the persons of those who keep the one and make a display of the other, to the tax collector's "Notes of Demand" and "Last Notices."

"Buttons" is doomed—if not to utter extinction, at least to a consider-

able diminution of his kind—unless Mr. Lowe's estimate of the kind of people who keep a "Buttons" is shrewdly founded upon that knowledge of the popular sentiment in this country, that the more a thing costs the more highly it is thought of. Should such prove to be the fact in this instance also, so much the better for "Buttons," and for the revenue.

The tax on hair-powder is to be taken off; but in this case it is doubtful that "her grace" or their "ladyships" will permit their picked servitors of the race of Anak to discontinue (though untaxed) the use of a so farcically-imposing a symbol of British patrician dignity.

Ponies, together with the undersized human articles denominated "Tigers," are to be considered as equine and human adult types of their respective genera, and as rateable appurtenances of their owners as a



horse of sixteen hands high, or a "Jeames" of six foot without his shoes. Yet, as considerably lenient with the one hand as he is acquisitive with the other, Mr. Lowe relieves the proprietors of large studs, by reducing the tax upon each horse to a moiety of the previous duty. Stable-boys are, nevertheless, made to recoup somewhat this reduction in the equine impost, inasmuch as they will henceforth be taxed as full-grown grooms. The custom to consider that stable-boys never aged, as well as their masters' horses—being (old) boys ever—is now to be abolished as one better honoured in the breach than the observance, and armorial bearings are to be made doubly subservient to the exigencies of the exchequer.

The duplication of this tax will not so much discomfit the equanimity of those who are both entitled and expected to display them, as of those whose right to disport them would be barred even by a herald's college, much less punctilious now than the heralds of old in view of the official fees for research, and justified grant thereof. But it will cause no small consternation among the quack heralds, and "Heraldic Studio" keepers—the blatant dealers in blazonry—griffins rampant, guardant crocodiles, and cockatrices of every hue, who accommodate aspirants to crests and escutcheons with a zeal and urbanity equalled only by an exorbitance of

charge in the end, frequently exceeding the fees of the college of heralds itself. The more astute among the lovers of this kind of display will doubtless resort now to the saddler's imitation of a thing that answers all the purpose in the eyes of the multitude, while it evades the tax collector, who, when he comes to inspect it, is "sold." The original, from which this is taken, is a *bonâ fide* example, which when done in white metal and freely dispersed over harness produces an effect without in any way interfering with the action of a showy screw, or dulling the treacly varnish on a lustrous pannel.



Talking of coats of arms brings us to the device of a well-known "Schneider für herren" much reputed in the present day, who has adopted heraldic semblances with great effect, and expects to evade the tax collector by taking "Trade mark" as his motto.

As a landed gentleman we will say, therefore, that it decorates the brougham of Herr von Schneider, of S— Row, and the Snuggery, Brompton, and displays a shield sable, bearing un chou, vert, draped with



a mantling, and supported by two rampant geese, habited *en habit noir gilet blanc*, pantalons bleu, billed, or bearing bills proper,—crest, a huge thimble within a wreath of glory; motto, "Marque de Fabrique." For this "wrinkle" we make "no charge," and offer it to an enlightened and aspiring gentry, who have only to forego the hall mark of nobility for the trade mark of commerce, to evade taxation.

Of course old signet rings, snuff boxes, stained glass, panels, and other heirlooms bearing heraldic devices, will, if simply preserved or displayed as memorials of the past, bear no duty. Though it would be very proper if the Earl Marshal of England would prevent the prostitution of the arms of our nobility on the hack cabs of London—for there will be found the strangest jumble of ridiculous blazonry, Dukes, Earls, and Barons



without distinction contributing their quota,—a thing all very well in the olden time when her grace's coach, or his honour's chariot, was sold or fell to the trusty retainer, the family coachman, who with the old horses and vehicle took to the road, and ended their days thereon. The vulgarisation of the royal arms is also an abuse the Chamberlain should look to. But we must conclude, and will do so with cockades, suggesting to Mr. Lowe the extension of his ingenious system of "raising the wind" to their taxation, also; for it is currently believed that many persons who never had the slightest connection with the army or navy lists disport this symbol of their gentility on the hats of their servitors, &c.



"Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

PASSING down Regent Street, London, the other day, the present writer was tempted, by what he had read in the newspapers, to drop in and see the wonderful performing fleas. It was not an edifying sight, nor a very amusing one, though some have called it marvellous. Perform the nasty little insects do, but theirs is that sort of performance which we see a squirrel indulge in when he is put into a wheel-cage. They are confined, and they scramble for freedom; and their struggles and kickings are converted into motive power for working tiny models, or drawing minute vehicles. The trick is as follows:—The flea is taken between the fingers, and a hair is passed round his body like a staple, the ends being held in a slit made lengthwise in a fine straw an inch long. In this position his back is against the straw, while his feet dangle in the air, and of course he wriggles and kicks his legs about. If he is put on the table he can walk, dragging the straw after him; if the straw be fixed like a shaft to a little car, or a model on wheels, he pulls this along as he goes. This is harnessing a flea to a coach! If the straw be fixed over or against a sort of treadmill, so that the flea's legs just kick against it, the wheel will rotate under his struggles, and this rotation may be turned to account

in working any little piece of mechanism. A thread, passing over a pulley and connected to a small bucket, is brought near to the plunging limbs of a flea fixed to an upright straw. The prisoner clutches the thread, and tries to walk up it ; but, since he is tied and the string is free, he pulls at the string, and thus lifts the bucket. Two fleas, tied to a slender stick, balanced on a pivot, alternately jump to get away ; and then you are told that they are playing at see-saw. One flea, suspended to a fine pendulum, kicks against a card in front thereof, and thus sets himself swinging, apparently for diversion—really, no doubt, in hopes of kicking away from his bondage. These are the types of all the tricks “performed.” They show nothing but the exhibitor’s patience in tying or twisting the fleas upon the straws : as to training, there is no evidence of any whatever. The models are neat little machines, made by the showman. These, and his readily-imparted knowledge of the *pulex irritans*’ natural history, render him deserving of the shillings he seeks. So call and see him, if you pass his way.

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AGAIN have the photographers invited the public freely to an exhibition of their latest productions. Some four hundred specimens decorated for one week of the past month the walls of the Architectural Society’s Museum in London. There were plenty of things to admire, but nothing to forcibly strike a visitor. The light painters, reporting progress, may say, “As we were.” One might have expected an extensive display of pictures by the carbon and other modern pigment processes ; but the majority of the subjects were upon the old albumenised paper, with here and there a sample of dead, or *matte*, surface printing. No doubt, however, these pigment processes are at present too complicated for small producers. The Autotype Company—an association for working Swan’s method of carbon printing—covered a large space of wall with specimens. An uninitiated visitor, however, would not have distinguished these works from others, for, strangely to my view, the artists persist in imitating the sepia tints of ordinary photographs. Now that they can produce any colour, they might adopt the more artistic tones of rich engravings. Curiously, when blacks were producible with great difficulty and risk of permanence, everybody wanted them ; now they are easily secured, and yet the old browns are retained. The Woodbury process, which prints in gelatinous ink from intaglio photo-types, was unrepresented. Portraiture is still under the influence of M. Salamon’s example. Landscape operators have taken to old tricks, such as painting-in skies, and printing in figures which do not belong to the view, and betray their individuality by lights and shadows that are not in accord with the rest of the picture. Some twelve years ago the public were astounded by several large sea and cloud pieces by Gustave Le Gray, which, from their dark moon-light effects, were thought to have been really taken by moon’s light ; but they were day-pictures, and the sun caused the grand play of light and shadow on sea and in sky that was attributed to the moon. A series of revivals of

this old ruse was exhibited by Colonel Stuart Wortley—grand pictures of cloud and water, proving the high skill of their producer, but, being ticketed with lunar titles, very deceitful to the popular eye. Old things seemed to have been exhibited for want of new. Mr. Rejlander sent his great "composition print," entitled "Two Ways of Life," formed by the combination of thirty negatives, and first exhibited twelve years ago; and Mr. Mayall contributed daguerreotype views of the Great Exhibition of 1851. These had interest, as showing the permanence of what were once thought would prove the least durable of light pictures. Few paper photographs of that date could now be shown in such integrity as these mercurialised plates of silver.

MAN'S nearest relative in the great family of nature is the ape. This is a familiar fact; but it is not so well known that man approaches in bodily conformation more and more nearly to his inferior relative the lower and lower his state of cultivation. Where and when was the line drawn? Is Darwin coming out triumphant from the battle that has raged against him? Quite recently some skulls and skeletons of races contemporary in France with the reindeer have been discovered; and they have afforded material for establishing the above conclusion. The characteristics of the animal, the low forehead, and the projecting mouth disappear in man's conflict with circumstances. The mental labour which the conflict entails develops the brain: the forehead becomes upright, the skull higher and more dome-shaped, and the projecting countenance recedes under the skull. This chain of deductions was one of the results of a Palæontological Congress lately held at Copenhagen. Another not uninteresting item of intelligence there accepted and thence disseminated was, that the primeval Europeans, our progenitors, were cannibals, and savages of the lowest class; inferior, in spite of their white skin, to the lowest type of existing savagery—the Australian. Europe was probably the latest peopled part of the world. The last have become the first.

So it is true that there are people in Styria who eat arsenic as the Asiatic eats opium or the European chews tobacco—as a matter of taste. Travellers had asserted the fact though the learned denied it, declaring that the white substance taken for arsenic must have been some harmless mineral like chalk. But an official inquiry has been instituted, and seventeen Styrian physicians have reported upon the matter; and there is no doubt about the truth of the travellers' stories. There are people who take doses varying from pellets the size of a millet to pills the size of a pea, of various kinds of arsenic, the favourite being the white quality known as ratsbane. They will take it daily, or on alternate days, or twice a week, according to circumstances; generally they abstain from the luxury at the time of new moon, beginning small doses with the

young moon and increasing them to a maximum by full moon. Why this lunar observance it is hard to guess, unless, as they profess that the arsenic makes them strong and healthy, they fancy that the waxing moon weakens them and renders the greater proportion of the restorative necessary. The habit is most commonly found among the lower orders; and it begins to attack the youth at about the same time as the tobacco taste affects our youngsters. Some few females are fond of ratsbane, but its patrons are mostly of the harder sex. The regular consumers live to good ages, and are strong, healthy, and courageous. So we have a proof that what is one man's poison is another man's food.

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ONE cannot always believe the reports of American curiosities; but two have lately come to hand that bring good credentials with them, and are worth coupling together. The first relates to a "fossil man" that was recently exhumed upon a farm near Syracuse, in Onondaga county. It was a great find for the sensationalists; for the body was ten feet from head to foot, and corpulent in proportion. Unfortunately for the wonder-mongers, however, a geologist came upon the scene, and declared that the figure was a work of art—a statue hewn from a block of stratified sulphate of lime. Curiosity now centres upon the artists. It is assumed that they were the early Jesuits who frequented the Onondaga valley three centuries ago! That the sculpture had been purposely buried was evident from the traces of artificial packing: why it was so disposed of no one can, with any show of reason, conjecture. If it was valued, it may have been inhumed for preservation: if no one cared for it, it would be buried because its room was more valuable than its presence. The other item tells of tumuli that have been discovered on the summits of the Rocky Mountains. A Government surveyor stationed on the heights found lines of granite rock-masses, evidently placed there by the hands of man; and connected with these were mounds of stones bearing marks of high antiquity. They measured about ten feet in diameter, and were formed from material found immediately on the spot. At three thousand feet above the timber-growing limit, they could not have been altars: no doubt, as the reporter suggests, they were like our barrows, places of sepulture. One marked feature which many of them present, is a projection towards the west. This stony finger is conceived to be a pointer indicating the direction from which the builders or their ancestors came; but does it not rather point to the imagined home of the departed spirit—the setting sun?

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## CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

### AN ANCIENT SCHOOL-BOOK.

MR. URBAN,—Cocker's preface to a copy-book, as given in our November number, is characteristic of the age as well as the man. I have before me a school-book, translated from the German, of Mr. John Comenius, which contains an author's preface to the reader, and a translator's preface "to all judicious and industrious schoolmasters." The translator is Charles Hoole, and his preface is dated "from my school in Lothbury, London, Jan. 25, 1658." The author's preface to the reader begins as follows:—

"Instruction is the means to expel rudeness, with which young wits ought to be well furnished in schools; but so as that the teaching be—1, True; 2, Full; 3, Clear; and 4, Solid. 1, It will be true, if nothing be taught but such as are beneficial to one's life; lest there be a cause of complaining afterwards. We know not necessary things because we have not learned things necessary. 2, It will be full, if the mind be polished for wisdom, the tongue for eloquence, and the hands for a neat way of living. This will be that grace of one's life, to be wise, to act, to speak. 3 & 4. It will be clear, and by that firm and solid, if whatever is taught and learned be not obscure, or confused, but apparent, distinct, and articulate, as the fingers on the hands. The ground of this business is, that sensual objects be rightly presented to the senses, for fear they may not be received. I say, and say it again aloud, that this last is the foundation of all the rest; because we can neither act nor speak wisely unless we first rightly understand all the things which are to be done, and whereof we are to speak. Now there is nothing in the understanding which was not before in the senses. And, therefore, to exercise the senses well about the right proving the differences of things will be to lay the grounds for all wisdom, and all wise discourse, and all discreet actions in one's course of life, which, because it is commonly neglected in schools, and the things that are to be learned are offered to scholars, without being understood or being rightly presented to the senses, it cometh to pass, that the work of teaching and learning goeth heavily onward, and affordeth little benefit."

With a view to promote this teaching through the senses, he has produced a new help for schools, "A picture and nomenclature of all the chief things in the world, and of men's actions in their way of living. It is a little book, as you see, of no great bulk, and yet a brief of the whole world, and a whole language; full of pictures, nomenclatures, and descriptions of things." Of the pictures it would be difficult to give any idea, but the statements are curt, and sometimes very curious. For example:—

"The heavens hath fire and stars. The clouds hang in the air. Birds fly under the clouds. Fishes swim in the water. The earth hath hills, woods, fields, beasts, and men. Thus the greatest bodies of the world, the four elements, are full of their own inhabitants. The heaven is wheeled about, and encompasseth the earth, standing in the middle."

Here is another specimen :—

“The fire gloweth, burneth, and consumeth to ashes. A spark of it struck out of a flint (or firestone) by means of a steel, and taken by tinder in a tinder-box, lighteth a match, and after that a candle, or a stick, and causeth a flame, or blaze, which catcheth hold of the houses.”

The state of husbandry in the 17th century is thus described :—

“The plow-man yoketh oxen to a plough, and holdeth the plow-stilt in his left hand, and the plow-staff in his right hand, with which he removeth the clods.”

These are specimens of the teaching two hundred years ago in England. The pictures are designed, as the author says, “to entice witty children to it, that they may not conceit a torment to be in the school, but dainty fare. And it will be very well worth the pains to have once brought it to pass, that scare-crows may be taken away out of wisdom's gardens.” So it has not been reserved for the wisdom of the 19th century to find a royal road to learning.—Yours truly,

J. T.

#### THE AURORA POLARIS.

MR. URBAN,—I read Mr. Rowell's letters to the editor of the *Athenæum* and to yourself with gratification : for I was pleased to find that my efforts to popularise a complicated subject met with approbation from one who, by his own showing, ought to be a judge.

I must confess my ignorance of the details of Mr. Rowell's theory. I know the brief sketch of it in the British Association Report for 1840 ; but this is too scanty to give one the means of comprehending it or comparing it with others. The pamphlet alluded to, which I suppose explains everything and proves what is to be proven, has never met my eye : although Mr. Rowell hints (in the *Athenæum*) that he has sown it freely in scientific ground, I do not find it in a high class scientific library which it is my privilege to use. Nor do I meet with any reference to the hypothesis in the works of writers on the aurora. Mr. Rowell's lamentations (*Athenæum*) upon the neglect which it has suffered are, so far, well founded. But there may be a cause for this which is not apparent to his view. He says that, as well as explaining the aurora, his theory applies to every phenomenon of evaporation, rain, lightning, hail, storm, &c. ; and in some degree to terrestrial magnetism ! Now, MR. URBAN, what would you say to a doctor who offered you a medicine to cure every ill that flesh is heir to ? What you would think of such a specific, is just what exact philosophers think of theories that explain everything. When such come before them, they heed them not. Who shall say they are wrong ? They know the precise state of their knowledge, and are the best judges whether the acquired facts are susceptible of complete correlation or no. I suspect that those men of science who received Mr. Rowell's exposition were deterred from reading it by its vaunted universality.

Facts being the tests of theory, the suggestion offers itself that Mr. Rowell should unflinchingly compare the latest acquired magnetical and

meteorological data with his hypothesis, at every point and upon every detail. Generalisations, no one whose opinion is worth having will enter into. If all can be shown to be in accord, there will be found no lack of means for disseminating the results of the collation, and no fear of injustice being done to Mr. Rowell by those who are interested in the progress of physical science. But the *onus probandi* must rest with him. Philosophers, busy with their own inquiries, cannot undertake to examine the theories of others, either to confirm or to refute them.

Upon the special point alluded to by Mr. Rowell—the height of the auroral light;—surely he will not oppose his “belief” to Professor Loomis’s measures and calculations. The 1859 aurora was observed from a vast number of stations; and I fancy it would be a hard task to prove all the angles erroneous.— I am, Sir, ever faithfully,

YOUR CONTRIBUTOR.

#### A GENIUS.

MR. URBAN.—The following, copied by me from an old newspaper (*The British Chronicle*), I have thought might interest your readers:—

“The village of Alyth has produced the greatest natural genius, perhaps, that has ever been known in the country. By a misfortune which a young man of that place, named James Sand, experienced in his early years, he has been confined to his apartment, and to a sedentary posture, for upwards of fourteen years, during which time, without the smallest instruction, he has acquired such dexterity in different mechanical branches as to make violins, clarionets, the Irish, or small pipe, and flutes of different sorts, of a quality and workmanship equal to what comes from the hands of the most approved artists. He also performs upon those different instruments with skill and taste. He finished, some years ago, a musical clock, of a construction peculiar to itself (as he had no opportunity of ever examining a machine of the kind), and which plays a variety of tunes. He has, besides, finished a watch, of which almost all the parts are his own mechanism. But his genius does not stop here: he has also studied the theory of mechanics, whereby he has been enabled lately to construct, upon the most improved model, a reflecting telescope, (an instrument he had no access to be acquainted with but from description,) the metals and glasses of which, together with its case, are entirely his own workmanship. In short, nothing in the mechanical line has yet been proposed to him, either by model or description, in which he has not succeeded.”

I am, Sir, yours very truly,

Kelso.

J. T.

THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1870.

THE SILKEN BANNER.

A STORY OF SEDGEMOOR: BY JOSEPH HATTON.

CHAPTER I.

"Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,  
Nor think thy cause neglected, while I gaze;  
New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,  
And find our passions not enforced in vain.—*Johnson.*

**T**HEIR courting days were nearly at an end. Mysterious feats of stitching and hemming, and quilting and netting, had been performed in one home; whilst in the other, painters and decorators of the period had been at work for weeks. George Donnington and Mary Grey were engaged to be married. The little town of Bridgewater had duly discussed the prospect of the lovers; nobody had forbidden the banns, and George's farm on the outskirts of the old town was pronounced to be all that a substantial yeoman's homestead should be.

Other objections, however, to the immediate union of the lovers intervened, and the bells that should have rung marriage peals had more serious work imposed upon them. In short, the news of Monmouth's re-entry into Bridgewater (prior to the battle of Sedgemoor) put an end to the wedding arrangements, and suddenly consigned the bridal garments to lavender and obscurity.

"Our country, first," said Mary Grey, grasping George's hand, and looking up into his face with a smile of Spartan heroism, "and then ourselves." For the men were not more enthusiastic than the women in the interest of "King Monmouth" as they delighted to call him.



Mary Grey, herself, had presented a silken banner embroidered by her own hands, to that "rough" but "ready" regiment which her lover had joined; and the bride elect was prepared to sacrifice every thing at the shrine of her country, and on the altar of her religion. There was nothing Amazonian about her either; indeed, she was right womanly in all her actions. George, it is true, had suggested that he should fight none the less heartily as Mary's husband; but Mary Grey had replied that she had no desire to be made a widow so speedily as the first battle, which must shortly take place, might make her. It would be quite time enough, after the fighting was over, to sacrifice her own liberty. But Mary's heart smote her as she pretended to speak so lightly of their marriage. She trembled for the safety of her lover, and the success of the good cause.

The royal troops were encamped on the famous marsh of Sedgemoor, and long before sunset on the fifth of July, sixteen hundred and eighty-five, it was known in Bridgewater that a night attack on Faversham's army was contemplated. In Monmouth's camp, Macaulay tells us, the Sabbath was observed after the Puritan fashion. "The Castle Field, in which the army was encamped, presented a spectacle such as, since the disbanding of Cromwell's soldiers, England had never seen." One of the dissenting preachers of the day took for his text, "The Lord God of Gods, the Lord God of Gods, he knoweth; and Israel he shall know. If it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day." George Donnington was amongst the most resolute of the men who listened to the fiery words of Ferguson, and whilst the Puritan preached, Mary Grey had knelt and prayed in the old church of her fathers, gaining strength of resignation and hope beside her mother's tomb.

He was a handsome, stalwart fellow, this George Donnington, in his red coat and jack-boots, the sword of vengeance on his hip. Worthy of Mary Grey's love, worthy the respect of his neighbours, he was in every way a representative man, a leader amongst patriots. Mary Grey's father had fallen in the service of the Protector. Although she inherited much of the old Puritan zeal, she was free from its outward signs of rigour and sternness. She was truly religious but she danced divinely; she was devout, but none could sing a ballad with more spirit. Foremost at prayers, she was never behind-hand at the May-day festival. No wonder George Donnington should have fallen under the spell of her woman's witchcraft.

They loved each other too well, did this honest couple, to talk nonsense. There was no mock sentimentality in their conduct.

Prosaic lovers these, some of the young ladies of the present day may think when they hear Adolphus simpering idiotic nothings at the Horticultural; or looking spooney somethings over a cup and saucer at Belgravia kettledrums. George and Mary did not care to disguise from themselves, or from any one else, that they were passionately fond of each other. When at last the parting came, the yeoman embraced his betrothed with a fervency that expressed more than words, and Mary returned his honest kiss with a heartiness that was equally eloquent.

"Promise me that you will not be frightened and think I am killed, as women mostly think concerning those they love, unless they are continually hearing that they are alive," said George.

"I will not be down-hearted, and never think it possible that you can be killed under any circumstances, George. Will that comfort you?"

"You are acting, Mary; you are pretending to be indifferent, to be light-hearted."

"I wish to encourage and cheer you, George, it is all we women can do: I fear that you may be sorry to leave me, that you will be thinking of me when you should only be thinking of your duty. I don't wish you to fancy I am unhappy when you should feel that my heart beats with your own for the great good cause."

"Thinking of you will give strength to my arm; your love, dear, shall shelter me in all times of danger. Fate could not be so cruel as to separate us now."

"Not Fate, George, our Heavenly father, He will preserve you."

"His will be done," said George, solemnly.

At that moment the bugle call for evening parade rung through the streets of the old town.

"Good-bye, Mary, God bless you."

"Farewell," said Mary, as cheerily as she could; but her heart was sad. She watched her lover until he was out of sight; watched him with loving eyes, and with a prayer upon her lips; and, when the bugles were heard no longer, she sought consolation at the shrine of that Heavenly Power who alone giveth the victory.

## CHAPTER II.

"The neighbouring plain with arms is cover'd o'er,  
 The vale an iron harvest seems to yield,  
 Of thick-sprung lances in a waving field,  
 The polish'd steel gleams terribly from far,  
 And every moment nearer shows the war.—*Dryden.*

"The report of the intended attack came to the ears of a young girl, who was zealous for the King. Though of modest character, she had the courage to resolve that she would herself bear the intelligence to Faversham. She stole out of Bridgewater, and made her way to the Royal camp. But that camp was not a place where female innocence could be safe, &c."—*Vide Macaulay.*

IF sun and moon had any omen for the returned exile, the Fates looked propitious. The sun had made a golden set, and the moon rose full and lustrous over the little town of Bridgewater. The sky was almost as blue as the azure flags which streamed over the tents of Monmouth's power. It was like noon-day in all the old streets, which were alive with armed men and gossips. Strange, the contrast between the town and country. Sedgemoor was enveloped in a dense fog.

Monmouth's men assembled in the Castle Field. There was a grand solemnity about the gathering. Faversham's troops little dreamed of the danger in which they were carousing. It was a noisy brawling camp. Gaming, immoral songs, drinking, and coarse jests occupied the majority of the soldiers. If Monmouth could have seen the two powers from some eminence, he might have been even more elated than he was. The firm, steady earnestness of his own followers, their enthusiasm, their calm, uncompromising front; it would have seemed a dead certainty that when they fell upon the tipsy, roystering troopers, the victory would be their own.

As the evening wore away, a cloaked figure was swiftly threading the lanes and crossing the meadows that intervened between Bridgewater and the royal camp; a hooded, cloaked figure, uncertain now and then in its gait, but hurrying on nevertheless, influenced by a firm and settled purpose. Beneath that grey coarse hood was a sweet fair face, set in a cluster of brown and glossy curls. It was like a beautiful vision of the night, the white girlish face looking out from its dark surroundings. The moon seemed to follow the fair creature with jealous watchfulness, but there was a brooding fog ahead which defied the moonbeams.

The fair fugitive was the loyal daughter of a country landowner. Visiting at Bridgewater, she had learnt that a midnight attack on the

king's troops was contemplated. She had struggled hard between maidenly timidity and a sense of loyal duty, ere her courage had overcome all other feelings. The throne was in danger, the monarch whom her father had served was threatened with a secret and stealthy attack, his troops were unprepared for sudden hostilities, the enemy were on foot and armed, her father and her father's house might be involved in the misfortunes of Monmouth's success. Nerved by these feelings, conscious of the importance of her mission, she slipped away in the twilight to warn the king's troops of their danger.

"But that camp was not a place where female innocence could be safe," says the great historian. It was hard that so heroic an act as that of this unprotected girl's should be requited with insult and outrage. But it is not always in this world that the noble, the good, and the true find their just reward. The miseries of the just, the wretchedness of the virtuous, the poverty of the good, are the strongest arguments in favour of that future state when the great prizes shall be distributed.

Just as Monmouth's army set forth from Bridgewater, the beautiful messenger of the cloak and hood was returning—flying back from the fog-enshrouded camp, frantic with despair, a martyr to her loyalty, a heaven-born witness against the makers of war, an angel with a mission of vengeance.

Conspicuous amongst the volunteers who marched from Bridgewater, on that sad and memorable night, was George Donnington. He bore the colours of his regiment, the colours which Mary Grey had embroidered, the silken banner which was to wave over the conquered camp on Sedgemoor. It made George's heart beat wildly to see amongst the crowds of lookers-on Mary Grey still leaning upon the arm of his mother. Perhaps this would be the last time he would see these dearly loved women! It was certain that scores around him were now taking their last silent farewells.

Onward moved the peasant army. Not a drum was beaten, not a trumpet sounded. The moon did not appear to mount more quietly up into the clear blue night than that adventurous army glided on its way. Not an unnecessary word was spoken. Orders were given in whispers. Every man grasped his weapon in silent desperation. They stole on with stealthy foot and bated breath, and the fog came forth from the marsh as if to meet them. The great wet heaps of vapour surrounded and enveloped them, man by man, regiment by regiment,

as if they were some strange weird creation of the night. They disappeared in the earth-clouds like unreal things, bubbles to be seen no more, mystic soldiers of an Eastern tale. The moonbeams left them when the fog received them, but there was a thick reality about that white mist. It wrapped the volunteers in a damp, choking embrace ; it ran in trickling streams down their shining weapons ; it even chilled for a time the enthusiasm of fanatics, and confirmed the cowardice of waverers ; it dulled the pomp and grandeur of their battalions ; it gave a slight uncertainty to their movements ; but on they went with that peculiar rushing rustling sound which attends an army on the march ; it was like a steady advancing wind sweeping through a forest, or a brook surging down a mountain gorge.

What a trifling incident may destroy the most complete plans, how slight an accident is sufficient to upset the grandest scheme ! In an unlucky and fatal moment one of Monmouth's volunteer soldiers let off his pistol. It was an accident entirely, the fog was accountable for it ; the man ran against a baggage waggon and his piece exploded. The report alarmed Dumbarton's regiment and the royal guards. What that poor girl of the cloak and hood had sacrificed herself for was accomplished by the accidental fall of a trigger in the advancing army. The camp was alarmed, signals were exchanged, the rebels were challenged by the royal troops. Misfortune is a prolific creature. No sooner had one piece of ill-luck come in the way of the Bridgewater soldiers than another was in attendance. One of Monmouth's scouts had failed to indicate and enumerate the exact locality and number of the ditches which had to be crossed before the royal camp was reached. It was thought that the last of the trenches had been passed, but no sooner was the camp aroused, no sooner were the royal troops on the alert, than the discovery was announced that another ditch had yet to be forded ere Monmouth was face to face with the king's army.

Misfortune followed misfortune with terrible rapidity. Dumbarton's regiment and the guards attacked with practised skill and daring. The other regiments speedily enforced them and drove the rebels back. Monmouth's cavalry were put to flight in an amazingly short space of time. The Somersetshire men on foot fought bravely, nevertheless ; fought gallantly long after the cavalry had retreated, and their leader had disappeared from the field. They contested the moor with an energy and chivalrous daring worthy of the holiest cause. George Donnington's standard, the silken banner of his love, was ubiquitous. Wherever the fighting was fiercest there waved

George's colours. Again and again the Life Guards charged, only to be hurled back with heavy loss. Rebel and royalist fell together in deadly embraces, to be trampled over by advancing and retreating friends and foes. Yeomen and peasants, farm labourers, and miners, stood shoulder to shoulder with all the firmness and persistency of veteran troops, making terrible havoc with their scythes and pikes, and flails and axes. A cavalry sword in one hand, his tattered standard in the other, George Donnington cleaved his way into the midst of the enemy, supported by bands of sturdy peasants, shouting their old war cry, "God with us."

At length loud and continued calls for ammunition led to the disheartening discovery that the waggons had been driven off the field. With this news, and the arrival of the enemy's artillery, the peasant army, fighting for an ungrateful and cowardly leader who had deserted them in their need, might well become dispirited. But the men from the dark mines of the Mendips, and the ploughmen from the Somersetshire meadows, were not yet beaten. George Donnington's flag still hung together, and formed a rallying point for broken regiments. In vain had an officer of King James set a price on George's head, urging a body of royal guards to the point where the well-known colour waved defiantly in the van of desperate bands of peasants and miners. But the strength of the rebels was failing. The artillery was doing its work, and the renewed cavalry charges shattered the ill-armed regiments of Monmouth.

It is not in mortals to command success. George's regiment and George's followers had deserved a better fate than overwhelming defeat; but Fate and the Royal Artillery were against them. Victory would not smile on the pikes and scythes, despite the dark outrage of the camp. Vengeance deigned not to reap her just due in the battle. Success was for Faversham's troops.

In course of time George Donnington's game was played out. At last his ragged banner no longer waved above his sturdy friends; his trusty sword ceased to flash amidst the fire and smoke of battle; his voice no longer cheered wavering troops to renewed attacks: Monmouth's army was routed.

## CHAPTER III.

"When sorrows come, they come not in single spies,  
But in battalions!"—*Shakspeare.*

"Turn as we will, our sin is sure to find us.  
Crimes are like shadows, seen not in the dark?  
The sun of truth appears, and justice  
Notes them."—*Old Play.*

"The conquerors continued to chase the fugitives . . . The tithing men of the neighbouring parishes were busied in setting up gibbets, and providing chaises. All this while the bells of Weston Zoyland and Chedzoy rang joyously."—*Macaulay.*

How wildly the bells clashed and clamoured, jangling out of tune, and making hideous reverberations! Yet these were the same bells that should have rung for Mary's wedding. They might have tolled for George's death; for tidings were brought to his mother how he fell in the battle, covered with glory. Surely fiends were amongst the bells, swinging on the ropes, and bursting into hideous shapes, with shrieks and yells. Their harsh, brazen tones seemed to tear the very heart strings of Mary Grey and George's mother. Fitting music to accompany that work of death which was going on everywhere around the devoted town!

For days after the battle the search for rebels was continued with malicious activity. The escaped and escaping rebels were hunted from meadow to meadow, from barn to barn, from street to street. Trembling victims were dragged to the slaughter from the arms of loving families, beneath the shadow of sheltering roofs that had known them from childhood.

Plainly attired in deep mourning, Mary Grey was soothing the grief of Mrs. Donnington, whose love for her son George almost amounted to adoration; and whose Puritanism was so severe and strict that she had more than once lectured Mary on her laxity in this respect, and urged George not to marry until the girl had conformed more particularly to the tenets and customs of "the chosen people." But Mary's sweet and winning ways had almost overcome the mother's scruples; and now the severe old woman began to love Mary, because George had loved her.

A niece of Mrs. Donnington's, a young girl of singularly attractive appearance, was weeping bitterly by the large bay window that looked out upon the fields in front of Mrs. Donnington's house.

"Thou shouldst laugh," said Mrs. Donnington to the sorrowing girl; and there was a bitter sarcasm in her manner, as if the words came



After the Battle.—See p. 139



hissing hot from the bereaved mother's heart. "Thou shouldst laugh; for thy father's side hath the victory over 'the rebels,' who dare to want the right king and the true religion. Laugh, girl! Have I not lost a son, the staff of my old age? Laugh! Thine is the victory!"

"Susan is sorry for you, mother, and has refused all comfort since that sad eve of Sedgemoor," said Mary Grey, in a soft, sad voice.

"The Lord forgive us our sins! We have all need of His tender mercy," said the woman, looking upwards with a vacant stare.

"Amen," said Mary Grey, bending her head reverently.

"When will Jesus himself see fit to give His suffering people the victory?" went on Mrs. Donnington, in a half-complaining, half-prayerful manner. Then turning suddenly upon her niece, she recommenced her fierce upbraidings.

"Why does she stay here? Why does she not go home? Her proud father is entertaining the victors by this time. The blasphemers crowd his board, reeking with the blood of the people. This is no place for her. We are in danger. There are gibbets at Weston Zoyland. Let her go home."

"I have no home," said the girl, weeping bitterly. "Would to God I were dead!"

Susan Chedzoy, the fair fugitive of the cloak and hood, uttered this profane wish with a wild energy that startled even Mrs. Donnington, and changed her looks of reproach to pity. Mary Grey stooped to kiss the sorrowing girl, who shrunk from her embrace, and, hiding her face in her small white hands, sobbed with grievous, heart-breaking anguish.

Mrs. Donnington looked from one to the other, as if she expected an explanation of Susan Chedzoy's grief, when suddenly a party of soldiers halted before the window.

"Thwarted, thwarted, ye devil's emissaries!" exclaimed Mrs. Donnington. "Better George should lie on Sedgemoor than fatten a gibbet."

"It has pleased God to take from us our earthly defender," said Mary Grey, "our dearest of all that is dear; but He will not desert us wholly."

An officer, ferocious enough for Kirke himself, entered the room whilst Mary was speaking.

"By my soul!" he exclaimed, approaching Mary Grey with vulgar familiarity, "as lovely as Hebe! I would not wish a prettier hostage as pledge of the household's loyalty."

Mary Grey returned the soldier's rude stare with a dignified look, and retreated as he advanced.

"Pardon me, ladies," he said; "I am a son of Mars, and therefore a slave to Venus."

Neither Mary Grey's dignified rebuke, nor the woman's tokens of mourning, saved her from the rudeness of the king's officer. As if she had been a mere serving wench in a barrack, he "chucked" her under the chin, at the same time requesting his attendants to wait outside the house whilst he cross-examined these very interesting ladies.

Susan Chedzoy had crept within the shade of a tapestried recess whilst this scene was being enacted; but she watched the daring soldier with eyes that became fierce and fixed in the intensity of their gaze.

"As a king's officer, my sweet lady," said the soldier, with a leer, endeavouring to seize Mary Grey's hand, "on my honour, I will make no search if you will favour me with a private interview."

"Out, vile traitor!" exclaimed Mrs. Donnington; "search, and leave the house; thy presence is an insult and a reproach to manhood."

"Hoity, toity, mistress of the wrinkled cheek, thou shalt be soused in a horse-pond for a shrew," said the soldier.

Mrs. Donnington, nevertheless, stood fearlessly between the half-tipsy scoundrel and Mary Grey.

"Stand aside, old woman," said the officer. "At least one may have a kiss for one's leniency."

"Back, I say, back!" cried Mrs. Donnington, thrusting aside the outstretched hand of the intruder.

"No more of your nonsense," he said. "Get out of the way, old stupid!"

He thrust Mrs. Donnington aside, and approached Mary with outstretched arms, leering and tossing about his rough head, like a drunken ploughman at a fair. As he advanced, Susan Chedzoy, with cat-like crouching steps, stole from her corner, and all suddenly the officer's sword flashed in her tiny hands.

A cry of hatred from the girl's white lips, a yell of despair from the reeling libertine, and the king's officer lay writhing in the agonies of death at the feet of Mary Grey. Susan Chedzoy stood by, like an avenging angel, with a reeking blade, her eyes fixed upon the dying wretch, her teeth clenched, her whole frame rigid with her mighty effort of retribution.

The officer who thus fell ignominiously by his own sword was that treacherous scoundrel who received the fair messenger in Faversham's camp on the fatal night of Sedgemoor; the loyal but indiscreet girl who was so ill-requited for her loyalty was the unhappy but heroic Susan Chedzoy.

## CHAPTER IV.

“ It often falls in course of common life  
 That right is sometimes overborne of wrong ;  
 Th: avarice of power, or guile, or strife,  
 That weakens her, and makes her party strong ;  
 But justice, though her doom she do prolong,  
 Yet at the last will make her own cause right.”—*Spenser.*

“ True love can no more be diminished by showers of evil hap, than flowers are marred by timely rains.”—*Sir P. Sidney.*

A TRAGIC incident, almost the same in every detail as that which is narrated in the previous chapter, did occur in the neighbourhood of Bridgewater during this unsettled period. Colonel Kirke, magnanimous for once, instead of dragging the girl who thus protected another from outrage and insult, presented her with the ruffian's sword, which has been preserved to this day, and is at the present moment in the possession of a female descendant of the heroine who received it from Colonel Kirke. But it is only right to say that this lady had not received the provocation of our Susan Chedzoy.

When the troopers re-entered the room and found their commander slain, they removed the body and conducted the three women before Colonel Kirke. It was hardly expected that they would be indulged even with the formal ceremony of a trial before condemnation. A court martial, however, was summoned. Susan Chedzoy confessed her crime. Mrs. Donnington and Mary Grey were charged with being accessories.

Meanwhile George Donnington, the dead leader of the Silken Banner, was alive, and living in the hope of speedily seeing his love. Bruised and maimed and mutilated, the brave yeoman was within easy distance of Bridgewater, watching for some circumstance that should enable him to assure Mary Grey of his safety. Fortune plays humanity strange tricks. Her vagaries entitle her to all the hard things that the proverbs of all countries hurl against her. What a transformation she had suddenly wrought in the relative positions of George and his dear friends ! Mourned as dead, he is living. All he desires is to put his family out of the misery of fear concerning his safety ; and they are in greater danger than himself. He is free, however much he is hurt. They are in the hands of the enemy, prisoners, not of war, but charged with murder, and murder of the darkest dye. The death of a king's officer was on their hands. They were in the most awful peril of their lives. It was well poor George remained in ignorance of their danger.

George Donnington's history, since the time when we suddenly missed him at Sedgemoor, may be briefly narrated. He had been left for dead on the field, and had lain for many hours bleeding and insensible, but still grasping the staff to which had been fastened the embroidered silk of the regiment. When he became sensible of his position it was early morning; the sun was shining brightly, and he was in the midst of a heap of dead. Looking cautiously around, he saw, peeping from the breast of a dead guardsman, a flask, to the contents of which, under Providence, he ascribed his final preservation. His dead enemy had brought his brandy-bottle into the fight. Softened by the sight of the soldier's pale face, and moved by his own desperate plight, George had no scruples to combat in drinking that for which the royal soldier had no more use. Strengthened and refreshed, he began to think about escape; but finding that he could do nothing more than crawl, he determined to lie quiet until evening.

All day long, amongst that ghastly heap, the wounded hero lay, suffering the pangs of a living death, supported only by his faith in God's providence, his love for Mary Grey, and the dead trooper's brandy. It seemed as if he counted time by months, lying there, fearing the scrutiny of an occasional wanderer on the field, but fearing death the more. Night came at last; great piles of cloud gathered together at sundown, and took possession of the sky. There was not even a star to relieve the black monotony of the darkness. Through the night George crept along the field, dragging his aching limbs in pain and anguish. At the dawn he made out a friendly cottage at no great distance, and reached it before daybreak. A stack of straw was just being loaded for an adjacent roadside inn. When George's wounds had been hurriedly dressed, he was packed away, with his head and legs in bandages, beneath a couple of whisks of straw at the top of the cart. Successfully concealed at the ale-house for several days, he ventured upon his perilous journey, and on the evening when those three women, his dear friends, were being tried for their lives, he was in a coppice waiting for nightfall, determined to enter Bridgewater before the morning.

It would have gone hard with the prisoners, so dear to George Donnington, had not Colonel Kirke remembered Susan Chedzoy presenting herself at his dead comrade's tent with the news of the contemplated attack by Monmouth. Moreover, the Colonel and his colleagues disliked the dead officer, and they had dined heartily. It was a matter of general surprise, nevertheless, that the prisoners were all discharged.

Soon after the terrified women had returned home, hardly an hour after the guard had been recalled from the marked house another soldier stood upon the threshold—a soldier whom Mary Grey did not repel, howsoever ragged and bandaged and bruised. The joy of that unexpected meeting when the widow embraced her son once more, and the lovers sat together, hand in hand, was only marred by the deep gloom that had settled down upon the blighted life of Susan Chedzoy. She would not be comforted; there was an indescribable sadness in her great blue eyes, which was only softened, as time wore on, by religious exercises.

George was safely concealed until long after the gibbets of Weston Zoyland had ceased to frighten the country people; and in due time he was married to Mary Grey. The bells did not ring at their wedding. Mary had no ear for such music after the peals which had announced the defeat of King Monmouth. On the day of their marriage Susan Chedzoy entered a convent, and in later years some of her English happiness seems to have come back to her. She had the reputation of being the loveliest and brightest and most charitable of the sisterhood to which she belonged.

All in good time the Donningtons increased and multiplied, and the story of Sedgemoor was often told round the winter's fire, at the Zoyland farm. The narrative was illustrated by a piece of torn and faded silk which George had brought from the battle-field in his bosom. The story-teller in those days was George himself, assisted by his buxom wife Mary. The audience chiefly consisted of young people who, as the years rolled by, repeated the story to their own children: hence its preservation until these peaceful days that give strength and glory to the throne of Queen Victoria.

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# BY ORDER OF THE KING.

(*L'Homme qui Rit.*)

A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY: BY VICTOR HUGO.

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## PART II.—BOOK THE THIRD.

(*Continued.*)

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### CHAPTER III.

WHAT REASON COULD A GOLD PIECE HAVE TO LOWER ITSELF BY MIXING WITH A CROWD OF BIG PENNIES?



AN event happened.

Tadcaster Inn became more and more a furnace of joy and laughter. Never was there such resonant gaiety. The landlord and his boy were insufficient to draw the ale, stout, and porter. In the evening the lower rooms had their windows all aglow, and not a table empty. They sang, they shouted; the grand old hearth, vaulted like an oven, with its iron bars piled with coals, shone out brightly. It was like a house of fire and of noise.

In the courtyard—that is to say, in the theatre—the crowd was greater still.

All the people that the suburb of Southwark could supply thronged in such a manner to the representation of "Chaos Vanquished," that so soon as the curtain was raised—that is to say, as soon as the platform of the Green Box was lowered—it was impossible to find a place. The windows were crammed with spectators, the balcony was crammed. It was impossible to see a single square of the paved court. All were replaced with faces.

Only the compartment for the nobility remained empty.

This made in this space, which was the centre of the balcony, a sack hole, called, in metaphorical slang, an oven. No one there. A crowd everywhere excepting in that spot.

One evening there was someone.

It was on a Saturday, a day when the English hasten to amuse themselves before the *ennui* of Sunday. The hall was full.

We say hall. Shakespeare had for a long time but the yard of an inn for a theatre, and he called it hall. At the moment when the curtain drew up on the prologue of "Chaos Vanquished," Ursus, Homo, and Gwynplaine, being on the scene, Ursus, from habit, cast a look at the audience, and felt a sensation.

The compartment for the nobility was occupied. A woman was sitting alone in the midst of the box on the Utrecht velvet arm-chair. She was alone, and she filled the box. Certain beings seem to give light. This woman, like Dea, had a light in herself, but a light of a different character.

Dea was pale, this woman was pink. Dea was the daybreak, this woman Aurora. Dea was beautiful, this woman was superb.

Dea was innocence, candour, fairness, alabaster—this woman was of a deeper tint, and you would say that she did not fear to blush. Her irradiation overflowed the box, and she sat in the centre, immoveable, in the plenteous majesty of an idol.

In the midst of this sordid crowd she shone superior, as with the radiance of a carbuncle. She inundated these people with so much light that she drowned the shadow; and all these ignoble faces suffered this eclipse. Her splendour blotted out everything else.

All eyes were turned on her.

Tom-Jim-Jack was levelled with the crowd. He disappeared like all the others in the nimbus of this dazzling creature.

This woman absorbed at first the attention of the public, who had come in a crowd to the spectacle, slightly diminishing the opening effects of "Chaos Vanquished."

Whatever might be the air of dreamland about her, for those who were near she was a woman; she was, perchance, too much a woman.

She was tall and dignified, and she showed superbly as much as she could of her person. She wore heavy earrings of pearls, with which were mixed those whimsical jewels called "keys of England." Her upper dress was made of Indian muslin, embroidered all over with gold—a great proof of luxury, because these muslim dresses cost then six hundred crowns. A large diamond brooch closed her chemise, worn so as to reveal the shoulders and bosom, according to the immodest fashion of the time, and which was made of that very fine lawn, of which Anne of Austria had sheets so delicate that they might be passed through a ring.

This woman had what seemed like a cuirass of rubies—some uncut, but polished, and precious stones sewn all over the body

her dress. Moreover, her eyebrows were blackened with Indian ink ; and her arms, elbows, shoulders, chin, below the nostrils, above the eyelids, the lobes of the ears, the palms of the hands, the tips of the fingers, were tinted with colour, and had a look both glowing and attractive ; and she had, above all, an implacable determination to be beautiful—so much so that it reached the point of ferocity. It was a panther who could assume the cat, and caress. One of her eyes was blue, the other black.

Gwynplaine, as well as Ursus, contemplated this woman.

The Green Box somewhat resembled a phantasmagoria in its representations. "Chaos Vanquished" was rather a dream than a piece ; it generally produced on the audience the effect of a vision. This time the effect was reflected on the actors. The house took the performers by surprise, and it was their turn to be thunderstruck.

It was a rebound of fascination.

This woman observed them, and they observed her.

At the distance where they stood, and in that luminous mist which is the half-light of a theatre, details were lost ; and it was like an hallucination. Doubtless, it was a woman, but was it not also a chimera ? This penetration of light into their obscurity stupefied them. It was like the appearance of an unknown planet.

It had come from a world of the happy.

The irradiation amplified this creature. This woman was covered with nocturnal glitterings, like a milky-way. The stones were stars. The agrafe of diamonds was perhaps a pleiad. The splendid beauty of her bosom seemed supernatural. They felt, in seeing this star-like creature, a momentary and thrilling approach to the regions of felicity. It was out of the heights of Paradise that she leant towards that mean-looking Green Box, and revealed to the gaze of the miserable audience that look of inexorable serenity. She satisfied her unbounded curiosity, and at the same time gave food for the curiosity of the public.

It was the Above permitting the Below to look at it.

Ursus, Gwynplaine, Vinos, Fibi, the crowd, every one had succumbed to this bewilderment, except Dea, ignorant in her darkness.

An apparition was before them ; but no ideas ordinarily evoked by such a word were realised by this figure.

She had nothing about her diaphanous, nothing undecided, nothing floating, no mist. She was an apparition ; she was a creature rose-coloured and fresh, and full of health. And, notwithstanding the optical condition under which Ursus and Gwynplaine were placed, she looked like a vision.



Heavy phantoms, called vampires, exist. She also, who was for the crowd a spirit, ate up a hundred and twenty thousand of poor people yearly to keep up that fine health.

Behind this woman, in the half shadow, her page was seen, *el mozo*, a little, child-like man, fair and pretty, with a serious look. A groom, very young and very grave, was the fashion at that period. This page was dressed entirely, from top to toe, in flame-coloured velvet; and had on his skull-cap, embroidered with gold, a bunch of curled feathers, which was the sign of a high class of servant, and indicated attendance on a very great lady.

The lackey belonged to her rank, and it was impossible not to remark in the shadow of this woman the train-bearing page. Memory often takes notes unconsciously; and, without Gwynplaine's suspecting it, the round cheeks, the serious mien, the embroidered and plumed cap of the lady's page left some trace on his mind. The page, however, did nothing to occasion himself to be looked at. To draw attention is to be wanting in respect. He held himself aloof and passive at the back of the box, and retired as far as the closed door permitted.

Notwithstanding her train-bearer was there, this woman was not the less alone in the compartment, since a valet counted as nothing.

However powerful a diversion had been produced by this person, who had the effect of a personage, the winding up of "Chaos Vanquished" was more powerful still. The impression was, as ever, irresistible. Perhaps even there was in the hall, on account of this radiant spectatress (for sometimes the spectator makes part of the spectacle), an increase of electricity.

The contagion of laughter at Gwynplaine was more triumphant than ever. All the audience fell into an indescribable epilepsy of hilarity, through which could be distinguished the sonorous and magisterial ha! ha! of Tom-Jim-Jack.

Only the unknown lady looked at the spectacle with the immobility of a statue, and with her phantom eyes she laughed not. A spectre, but sun-born.

The representation finished, the platform drawn up, and the family having re-assembled in the Green Box, Ursus opened and emptied on the supper table the bag of receipts. It was a heap of heavy pennies, amongst which slid suddenly a Spanish ounce piece of gold.

"She!" cried Ursus.

This ounce of gold, in the midst of those pence covered with *verdigris*, was like that woman in the midst of the people.

"She has paid a piece of eight for her place," cried Ursus, with enthusiasm.

At this moment the hotel-keeper entered the Green Box, and, passing his arm out of the window at the back of it, opened the loophole in the wall, of which we have already spoken, which gave a view of the field, and which stood level with the window, and then made a silent sign to Ursus to look out. A carriage, feathered with plumed lackeys carrying torches, and magnificently appointed, went off at a fast trot.

Ursus took the piece of gold in his forefinger and thumb respectfully, and, showing it to Master Nicless, said,—

"It is a goddess."

Then, his eyes falling on the carriage about to turn the corner of the field, and on the imperial on which the valet's torches illumined a coronet of gold with light strawberry leaves, he cried,—

"It is more. It is a duchess."

The carriage disappeared. The noise of the wheels died in the distance.

Ursus remained some extatic moments, holding the gold piece between his finger and thumb.

Then he placed it on the table, and, still contemplating it, began to talk of "Madam."

The innkeeper replied to him.

It was a duchess. Yes. They knew that to be her title. But her name? Of that he was ignorant. Master Nicless had been close to the carriage, and seen the coat of arms and the footmen covered with lace. The coachman had a wig which might belong to the Lord Chancellor.

The carriage was of that rare form called, in Spain, *coche-tumbon*, a splendid variety, which has a top like a tomb, making a magnificent support for a coronet.

The page was a miniature of a man, so small that he could sit on the step of the carriage behind with the footman.

They employed those pretty creatures to carry the trains of ladies. They also carried their messages. And have you remarked the plumed cap of this page? How grand it is! You pay a fine if you wear those plumes without the right of doing so. Master Nicless had observed the lady quite near. A kind of queen. So much wealth implies beauty. The skin is whiter, the eye more proud, the gait more noble, and grace more insolent. Nothing can equal the elegant impertinence of those hands which never labour.

Master Nicless recounted this magnificence of the white skin with

the blue veins, the neck, the shoulders, the arms, the touch of paint everywhere ; those pearl earrings, that head-dress powdered with gold ; that profusion of stones, those rubies, those diamonds.

“ Less brilliant than her eyes,” murmured Ursus.

Gwynplaine was silent.

Dea listened.

“ And do you know,” said the tavern-keeper, “ what is the most wonderful of all ? ”

“ What ? ” said Ursus.

“ It is that I saw her getting into the carriage.”

“ What then ? ”

“ She did not go alone.”

“ Nonsense ! ”

“ Someone went with her.”

“ Who ? ”

“ Guess.”

“ The king,” said Ursus.

“ In the first place,” said Master Nicless, “ there is no king at present. We do not live under a king. Guess who got into the carriage with this duchess.”

“ Jupiter,” said Ursus.

The hotel-keeper replied,—

“ Tom-Jim-Jack ! ”

Gwynplaine, who had not said a word, broke silence.

“ Tom-Jim-Jack ! ” he cried.

There was a pause of astonishment, during which the low voice of Dea might be heard to say,—

“ Cannot this woman be hindered from coming ? ”

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### SYMPTOMS OF POISONING.

THE apparition did not come back. She returned not to the theatre, but she returned in the memory of Gwynplaine. Gwynplaine was, to a certain degree, troubled. It seemed to him that for the first time in his life he had seen a woman.

He had made a first stumble in dreams. We should beware of the nature of the reveries that fasten on us. Reverie has the mystery and subtlety of an odour. It is to thought what perfume is to the tuberoses. It is at times the expansion of a venomous idea, and penetrates like a vapour.

You may poison yourself with reveries, as with flowers. A maddening suicide, exquisite and malign.

The suicide of the soul is an evil thought. In that is poison.

Reverie attracts, cajoles, lures, entwines, and then makes you its accomplice. It makes you bear half in the trickeries it plays on conscience. It charms; then it corrupts you. One may say of reverie as of play, one begins by being a dupe, and ends by being a cheat.

Gwynplaine dreamed.

He had never before seen a woman. He had seen the shadow in all the women of the people, and he had seen the soul in Dea.

He had just seen woman's reality.

A warm and living skin, under which one feels that passionate blood must circulate; an outline having the precision of marble and the undulation of the wave; a high and impassive mien, mingling refusal with attraction, and summing itself up in its own glory. The colour of her hair was like the reflection from a furnace. A gallantry of adornment producing in herself and in others a tremor of voluptuousness. An ineradicable coquetry. The charm of impenetrability, temptation seasoned by the glimpse of perdition, a promise to the senses and a menace to the mind; a double anxiety, one of which is desire, and the other fear. He had just seen that. He had just seen a woman. He had seen more and less than a woman. He had seen a female.

And at the same time an Olympian. The female of a god.

That mystery, sex, had just become evident to him.

And where? In the inaccessible—at an infinite distance.

O mocking destiny! The soul, that celestial essence, he possessed; he held it in his hand. It was Dea. Sex, that terrestrial embodiment, he perceived in the depth of heaven. It was that woman.

A goddess!

"More than a goddess," Ursus had said.

What a precipice! Dreamland itself dissolved before such an abyss.

Was he about to commit the folly of dreaming of this unknown beauty?

He wrestled with himself.

He recalled all that Ursus had said of those high stations which are almost royal. The wanderings of the philosopher, which had seemed to him so useless, had become for him landmarks on which to rest his meditation. *We have often in memory a very thin layer*

of forgetfulness which occasionally allows us all at once to see what is below it. His fancy ran on that august world, the peerage, to which this woman belonged, inexorably placed above the inferior world, the common people, of which he was one.

And was he even one of the people? Was he not, as a mountebank, below the lowest of the low? For the first time since he had arrived at the age of reflection, he felt vaguely his heart contracted by a sense of his baseness, which we now call abasement. The paintings and the catalogues of Ursus, his lyrical inventories, his dithyrambs of castles, of parks, of fountains, and of colonnades, his catalogues of riches and of power, revived in the memory of Gwynplaine with the solidity of a reality mingled with mists.

He was possessed with the image of this zenith. That a man should be a lord!—that seemed to him chimerical. It was so, however. What an incredible thing! There were lords! But were they of flesh and blood, like ourselves? That was doubtful. He felt himself at the bottom of darkness, with a wall round him, and he perceived in the far distance above his head, in the opening of the pit, in the depth of which he was, the dazzling pell-mell of azure, of figures and of rays, of which Olympus consists. In the midst of this glory the duchess shone out resplendent.

He felt for this woman an inexpressible uncannily longed, complicated by a conviction of impossibility. All this poignant contradiction returned to his mind again and again, notwithstanding his efforts. He saw near to him, even within his reach, in close and tangible reality, the soul; and in the unattainable—in the depth of the ideal—the flesh. None of these thoughts reached him in a precise form. There was vapour within him that changed, at each instant, its form, and floated into another. Its darkness was intense. Luckily, he did not form even in dreams any idea of ascension towards the heights of the duchess.

The vibration of such ladders as those, if on any occasion we put our foot upon them, may well remain for ever in our brains. We think we mount to Olympus, and we reach Bedlam.

Besides, was he likely ever again to see this woman? Probably not. To fall in love with a meteor that passes from the horizon—even madness reaches not that point.

To make loving eyes at a star, literally speaking, might be understood. She is seen again—she re-appears, she is fixed. But could anyone be enamoured of a flash of lightning?

Dreams came and went within him. The majestic and lovely idol at the back of the box had made a luminous impression in the

diffusion of his ideas, but it had faded. He thought, and he thought not of it. He thought of other things, and returned to it. It rocked about in his brain,—nothing more. It hindered his sleep for several nights. Sleeplessness is as full of dreams as sleep.

It is almost impossible to express in their exact limits the abstract evolutions which occur in the brain. The inconvenience of words is that they have more of form than ideas.

All ideas are mingled in their boundary lines, words are not. A certain diffused phase of the soul ever escapes words. Expression has its frontiers, thought has none.

The dark immensity of our secret souls is such that what passed in Gwynplaine scarcely touched Dea, even in his thought. Dea was kept sacred in the centre of his mind; nothing could approach her.

Notwithstanding these contradictions belong to the human soul, within him there was a contest. Did he know it? Scarcely,

Before the tribunal of his conscience he owned to a conflict of desires, in the neighbourhood of possible danger. We all have these weak points. This would have been clear to Ursus; but for Gwynplaine it was not.

Two instincts—one the ideal, the other sexual—fought within him. There are, then, such contests taking place between the white and black angel on the edge of the abyss.

At length the black angel fell headlong one day. At once Gwynplaine thought no longer of the unknown woman.

The combat between two principles,—the duel between his earthly and his heavenly nature—had passed away into the darkness of his mind, and had sunk to a depth in which he could perceive it but confusedly. One thing was certain, that he never for a moment had ceased to adore Dea.

He had been attacked by a violent disorder, his blood had been fevered; but that was over. Dea only dwelt in him.

Gwynplaine would have been much astonished had any one told him that Dea had ever been, even for a moment, in danger; and in a week or two the phantom which had seemed to menace these two souls had faded.

In Gwynplaine there existed no longer anything but his heart, the hearth, and his love, the fire.

And, moreover, we have said, “the duchess” did not return.

Ursus found this very natural. The lady of the gold quadruple is a phenomenon. She entered, paid, and vanished. It would be too delightful for her to return.

As to Dea, she made no allusion to this woman who had passed

away. She listened, probably, and was sufficiently enlightened by the sighs of Ursus; and here and there by some significant exclamation, as,—

*"One does not get ounces of gold every day!"*

She spoke no more of the woman. That was a deep instinct. The soul takes these obscure precautions, in the secrets of which she is not always herself informed. Keeping silence about anyone seems to keep them far off. By questions about them we fear to recall them. We place silence on our side, as if we shut them out by closing a door.

The incident was forgotten.

Was it ever anything? Did it ever exist? Could it be said that a shadow had floated between Gwynplaine and Dea? Dea knew it not, nor Gwynplaine either. No; nothing had occurred. The duchess herself was blurred in the distant perspective like an illusion. It had been but a momentary dream passing over Gwynplaine, out of which he had awakened.

The dissipation of a reverie, like a dissipation of mist, leaves no trace; and, the vapour passed, love is no more diminished in the heart than is the sun in the sky.

## CHAPTER V.

ABYSSUS ABYSSUM VOCAT.

· ANOTHER face disappeared; this was Tom-Jim-Jack's. Suddenly he ceased to come to the Tadcaster Inn.

Persons so situated as to be able to see the two currents of fashionable life in London, might have noted that about this time the weekly gazette, between two extracts from parish registers, announced the departure of Lord David Dirry-Moir, by order of her majesty, to take command of his frigate in the white fleet cruising off the coast of Holland.

Ursus, perceiving that Tom-Jim-Jack did not return, was troubled by his absence. Tom-Jim-Jack had not come back since the day when he had driven off in the same carriage with the lady of the gold piece. It was, indeed, an enigma who this Tom-Jim-Jack could be, who carried off duchesses under his arm. What an interesting investigation! What questions to propound! What things to be said. For which reason Ursus said not a word.

Ursus, who had had experience, knew what smart is given by rash curiosity. Curiosity ought always to be proportioned to the curious.



The Wpentake arrests Gwympains. — See p. 166.



By listening, we risk our ear ; by watching, we risk our eye. Prudent people neither hear nor see. Tom-Jim-Jack had got into the princely carriage. The tavern-keeper had witnessed his ascent. The sailor, sitting cheek by jowl by the lady, had an appearance so unusual, that it made Ursus circumspect. The caprices of those in high life ought to be sacred to the lower orders. Those reptiles called poor people, had best squat in their holes when they see any thing extraordinary. Quiescence is a power. Shut your eyes, if you have not the happiness to be blind ; stop up your ears, if you have not the good fortune to be deaf ; paralyse your tongue, if you have not the perfection of being mute. The great do what they will, the small what they can. Let the unknown pass unnoticed. Do not importune mythology. Do not interrogate appearances. Have a profound respect for simulacrum. Do not let us direct our gossiping towards the lessening or increasing which take place in superior regions, of the motives of which we are ignorant. Such things are mostly optical delusions to us, inferior creatures. Metamorphoses are the business of the gods : the transformations and the contingent disorders of great persons who float above us, are clouds impossible to comprehend, and perilous to study. Too much attention irritates the Olympians in their gyrations of amusement or fancy ; and a thunder-bolt may teach you that the bull you too curiously examine is Jupiter. Do not lift the folds of the stone-coloured mantles of those terrible powers. Indifference is intelligence. Do not stir that is safest. Pretend to be dead, and they will not kill you. This is the wisdom of the insect. Ursus practised it.

The tavern-keeper, puzzled in his turn, one day challenged Ursus

“Do you observe that Tom-Jim-Jack never comes now ?”

“Indeed !” said Ursus. “I had not remarked it.”

Master Nicless made an observation in an under tone, no doubt touching the intimacy between the ducal carriage and Tom-Jim-Jack a remark which, as it might have been irreverent and dangerous Ursus took care not to hear.

Still Ursus was too much of an artist not to regret Tom-Jim-Jack. He felt a certain disappointment. He told his feeling to Homo, whose discretion alone he felt certain. He whispered into the ear of the wolf, “Since Tom-Jim-Jack ceased to come, I feel a blank as man, and a chill as a poet.” This pouring out of his heart to a friend relieved Ursus.

His lips were sealed before Gwynplaine, who on his side made an allusion to Tom-Jim-Jack. The fact was, whether Tom-Jim-Jack was there or no, mattered not to Gwynplaine, absorbed as he was in De

Forgetfulness fell more and more on Gwynplaine. As for Dea, she had not even suspected the existence of a vague trouble. At the same time, there was no more talk of cabals and complaints against the grinning man. Hate seemed to have let go his hold. All was tranquil in and around the Green Box. No more opposition from strollers, from merryandrews nor priests; no more grumbling outside. Their success was without menace. Destiny allows of these sudden serenities. The brilliant happiness of Gwynplaine and Dea was for the present absolutely cloudless.

Little by little it had risen to a degree which admitted of no increase. There is one word explains such a situation: apogee. Happiness, like the sea, has its high tide. That which disquiets the perfectly happy, is that it recedes.

There are two ways of being inaccessible; by being too high and too low. At least as much, perhaps, as the first, the second is to be desired. More surely than the eagle escapes the arrow, does the animalcule escape being crushed. This security of insignificance, if it had ever existed on the earth, was enjoyed by Gwynplaine and Dea, and never before had it been so complete. They lived more and more ecstasically wrapt in each other. The heart saturates itself in love as with a divine salt that preserves it, and from this arises the incorruptible constancy of those who have loved each other from the dawn of their lives; and the passion which keeps its freshness in old age. There exists an embalment of the heart. It is of Daphnis and Chloe that Philemon and Baucis are made. This old age, the resemblance of evening to morning, was evidently reserved for Gwynplaine and Dea. In the meantime they were young.

Ursus looked on this love as a doctor does at his case. He had what was in those days termed a hippocratical look. He fixed his sagacious eyes on Dea, fragile and pale, and grumbled out, "It is well that she is happy." Another time he said, "She is fortunate for her health's sake." He shook his head, and at times he read attentively a portion treating of heart disease in Avicunas, translated by Vossiscus Fortunatus, Louvain, 1650, an old worm-eaten book of his.

Dea, easily fatigued, had perspirations and drowsiness, and took a *siesta*, as we have already observed. One day, when she slept extended on the bearskin, and Gwynplaine was not there, Ursus bent down softly and applied his ear to Dea's heart. He seemed to listen for a few minutes, and then stood up, murmuring, "She must not have any shock. The fissure would widen it apace."

The crowd continued to flock to the representation of "Chaos Vanquished." *The success of the grinning man seemed inexhaustible.*

All ran to see him ; not from Southwark only, but from all parts of London. The general public began to mingle amongst the audience ; and not sailors and coachmen only ; in the opinion of Master Nicless, who was well acquainted with crowds, there were amongst the populace gentlemen and baronets disguised as common people. Disguise is one of the pleasures of pride, and it was much the fashion at that period. This aristocratic element mixing with the mob was a good sign, and indicated success extending to London. The glory of Gwynplaine had decidedly penetrated the great world, and such was the fact. Nothing was talked of but the man with the grin. They talked of him even at the Mohawk Club, frequented by noblemen.

In the Green Box they had no idea of all this. They were content to be happy. It was intoxication to Dea to feel every evening the crisp and tawny head of Gwynplaine.

In love there is nothing like habit. All life is there concentrated. For stars to reappear is the custom of the universe. Creation is nothing but a mistress ; the sun is a lover. Light is a dazzling caryatide which supports the world. Each day, during a sublime minute, the earth covered by night rests on the rising sun. Dea, blind, felt the same return of warmth and hope in her at the moment when she placed her hand on the head of Gwynplaine.

To be two shadows adoring each other, to love in the plenitude of silence—who could not reconcile himself to an eternity thus passed ?

One evening Gwynplaine, feeling within him this overflow of felicity, which, like the intoxication of perfumes, causes a sort of delicious faintness, was strolling, as he usually did after the performance, in the meadow some hundred paces from the Green Box. We have, sometimes, these high tides of feeling when we would fain pour out the sensations of the overflowing heart. The night was dark and clear. The stars were shining. All the fair ground was deserted. Sleep and forgetfulness reigned in the caravans scattered over Tarrenzeau field.

One light alone was unextinguished. It was the lamp of the Tadcaster Inn, the door of which was left half open to admit of Gwynplaine's return.

Midnight had just struck in the five parishes of Southwark, with the breaks and differences of tone of the various bells. Gwynplaine dreamed of Dea. Of whom else should he dream ? But this evening, feeling singularly troubled, full of a charm which was also a pang, he thought of Dea as a man thinks of a woman. He reproached himself for this. It was a diminution of respect. He questioned himself anxiously. A blush, as it were, overspread his mind. The

Gwynplaine of old had been transformed, by degrees, unconsciously in a mysterious growth. The ancient modesty of the youth felt itself misty and disquieted. We have an ear of light, where speaks the spirit; and an ear of obscurity, where speaks instinct.

Anyone who saw Gwynplaine walk, would have said, "See!—a drunken man!"

He staggered almost under the weight of his own heart, of spring and of night.

The solitude in the bowling-green was so peaceful that occasionally he spoke aloud. The consciousness that there is no listener induces speech.

He walked with slow steps, his head down, his hands behind him, the left hand in the right, the fingers open.

All at once he felt something sliding between the division of his inert fingers.

He turned suddenly.

In his hand was a paper, and before him a man.

It was this man who, coming behind him with the stealth of a cat, had placed that paper within his fingers.

The paper was a letter.

The man, sufficiently visible in the starlight, was small, chubby cheeked, young, sedate, and dressed in a flame-coloured livery, seen from the top to the bottom through the opening of a long grey cloak, then called a capenoche, a Spanish word contracted; in French it was *cape-de-nuit*. His head was covered by a crimson cap, like the skull-cap of a cardinal, on which servitude was indicated by a strip of lace. On this cap could be seen a bunch of tisserin feathers. He remained motionless before Gwynplaine. Like the dark outline of a dream.

Gwynplaine recognised the page of the duchess.

Before Gwynplaine could utter an exclamation of surprise, he heard the thin voice of the page, at once so childlike and feminine in its tone, saying to him,—

"Be, at this hour to-morrow, at the entrance to London Bridge. I will be there to conduct you——"

"Whither?" demanded Gwynplaine.

"Where you are expected."

Gwynplaine dropped his eyes on the letter, which he held mechanically in his hand.

When he lifted his head, the page was no longer there.

A vague form might be perceived, lessening rapidly, in the obscurity of the fair-field. It was the little valet. He turned the corner of the street, and solitude reigned again.

Gwynplaine looked at the vanishing page, then at the letter. There are moments in our lives when what happens seems not to happen. Stupor keeps us for a moment at some distance from the fact.

Gwynplaine raised the letter to his eye, as if he would have read it, and perceived that he could not do so, for two reasons—first, because he had not broken the seal; and, secondly, because it was dark.

It was some minutes before he remembered there was a lamp at the inn. He walked a few steps sideways, as if he knew not whither he was going.

A somnambulist, to whom a phantom had given a letter, might walk as he did.

At length he made up his mind. He ran, rather than walked, towards the inn, stood in the light seen through the half-open door, and examined again by that illumination the closed letter. He saw no design on the seal, and on the envelope was written, "*To Gwynplaine.*" He broke the seal, tore the envelope, unfolded the letter, put it directly under the light, and read as follows:—

"You are hideous; I am beautiful. You are a player; and I am a duchess. I am the highest; you are the lowest. I desire you! I love you! Come!"

## PART II.—BOOK THE FOURTH.

### *The Torture Vault.*

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE TEMPTATION OF ST. GWYNPLAINE.

ONE jet of flame hardly makes a prick in the darkness: another such sets fire to a volcano.

Some sparks are enormous.

Gwynplaine read the letter, then he re-read it. Yes, the words were there, "I love you!"

Terrors chased each other through his mind.

The first was, that he believed himself to be mad.

He was mad; that was certain. He had just seen what did not exist. The twilight spectres were making game of him, a poor wretch! The little man in scarlet had been a deception of vision.

sometimes at night nothings condensed into flame come and laugh at us.

Having had his laugh out, the visionary being had disappeared, and left Gwynplaine behind him mad.

Such things are freaks of darkness.

The second terror was, to find out that he was in his right senses.

A vision? Certainly not. How could that be? Had he not a letter in his hand? Does he not see an envelope, a seal, paper, and writing? Does he not know from whom that came? It is all clear enough. Someone took a pen and ink, and wrote. Someone lighted a taper, and sealed it with wax. Is not his name written on the letter—"To Gwynplaine?" The paper is scented. All is clear.

Gwynplaine recognised the little man. The dwarf is a page. This gleam wears a livery. That page had given a rendezvous to Gwynplaine, for the same time to-morrow, at the entry to London Bridge.

Is London Bridge an illusion?

No, no. All is clear. There is no delirium. There all is reality. Gwynplaine is perfectly clear in his intellects. It was not a phantasmagoria, all at once dissolving above his head, and fading into nothingness. This is something which has really happened to him. No, Gwynplaine was not mad, nor did he dream. Again he read the letter.

Well; yes! But then?

Then, is formidable.

There is a woman who loves him! If so, let no one ever again pronounce the word incredible! A woman desire him! A woman who has seen his face! A woman who is not blind! And who is this woman? An ugly one? No; a beauty. A gipsy? No; a duchess!

What was it all about; and what could it all mean? What peril in such a triumph! And how was he to help plunging headlong into it?

What! this woman! The syren, the apparition, the lady, the spectatress in the visionary box, that light in the darkness! It was she. Yes; it was she!

The sparkling of the fire began to burn over every part of his frame. It was the strange, unknown lady, she who had previously so troubled his thoughts; and his first tumultuous feelings about this woman re-appeared, heated by all this evil fire. Forgetfulness is nothing but a palimpsest: an incident happens unexpectedly, and all effaced before revives in the interlinings of wondering memory.

Gwynplaine thought he had dismissed that image from his remem-

brance, and he found it still there ; and she had put her that unconscious brain guilty of a dream. Without his knowledge the lines of the engraving had been bitten deep by reverie. A certain amount of evil had been done, and this train of thought henceforth, perhaps, irreparable, he took up again with ease. What, she wish for him ! What ! the princess descend from her throne, the idol from its shrine, the statue from its pedestal, the phantom from its cloud ! What ! from the depth of the infernal has this chimera come ! This deity of the sky ! This iridescent This nereid all glistening with jewels ! This proud and unapproachable beauty, from the height of her radiant throne, bends down to Gwynplaine ! What ! had she drawn up her chariot of triumph with its yoke of turtle-doves and dragons, before Gwynplaine said to him, "Come !" What, had he, Gwynplaine, this glory of being the object of such abasement from the empyrean ?

The world seemed turned topsy-turvey. The insects swarmed high, the stars were scattered below, whilst the wonderstruck Gwynplaine, overwhelmed by a falling ruin of light, and lying in it was enshrined in a glory. One all-powerful, revolting against and splendour, gave herself to the damned of night ; and Gwynplaine to Antinoüs ; excited by curiosity, she entered the shadows, descending within them, and from this abdicated goddess-ship arose, crowned and prodigious, the royalty wretched. "You are hideous. I love you." These words Gwynplaine in the ugly spot of pride. Pride is the heel in which heroes are vulnerable. Gwynplaine was flattered in his war with the monster. He was loved as a deformed creature. He also was an exception as much, and perhaps more than the Jupiters and the gods. He felt superhuman, and so much a monster as to be a god. Bewilderment !

Now, who was this woman ? What did he know of her ? He knew nothing. It was a duchess, that he knew ; he knew also that she was beautiful and rich ; that she had liveries, lackeys, pages and men running with torches by the side of her coronetted carriage.

He knew she was in love with him, at least she said so. He knew else he was ignorant. He knew her title ; but not her name, he knew her thought ; he knew not her life. Was she married, or a maiden ? Was she free ? Of what family was she ? Were there snares, traps, dangers about her ? Of the gallantry existing in the idle heights of society ; the caves on those summits, in which the charmers dream amid the scattered skeletons of the loves which have already preyed on ; the extent of tragic cynicism which

experiments of a woman may attain who believes herself to be beyond the reach of man; of things such as these Gwynplaine had no idea. Nor had he even in his mind materials out of which to build up a conjecture, information of the kind being very scanty in the social depths in which he lived. Still he detected a shadow; he felt that a mist hung over all this brightness. Did he understand it? No. Could he guess at it? Still less. What was there behind that letter? One pair of folding doors opening before him, another closing on him, and causing him a vague anxiety. On the one side an avowal; on the other an enigma. Avowal and enigma, which, like two mouths, one tempting, the other threatening, pronounce the same word: Dare!

There are invasions which the mind may have to suffer. There are the Vandals of the soul, evil thoughts coming to devastate our virtue. A thousand contrary ideas rushed into Gwynplaine's brain, now following each other singly, now crowding all together. Then silence reigned again, and he would lean his head on his hands, in a kind of mournful attention, as of one who contemplates a landscape by night.

Suddenly he felt that he was no longer thinking. His reverie had reached the point of utter darkness when all things disappear.

He remembered, too, that he had not returned home. It might be about two o'clock in the morning.

He placed the letter which the page had brought him in his side-pocket, but perceiving that it was next his heart, he drew it out again, crumpled it up, and placed it in a pocket of his hose. He then directed his steps towards the inn, which he entered stealthily, and without awaking little Govicum, who, while waiting up for him, had fallen asleep on the table, with his arms for a pillow. He closed the door, lighted a candle at the lamp of the inn, fastened the bolt, turned the key in the lock, taking, mechanically, all the precautions common to a man who returns home late, ascended the staircase of the Green Box, slipped into the old hovel which he used as a bedroom, looked at Ursus who was asleep, blew out his candle, and did not go to bed.

Thus an hour passed away. Weary, at length, and fancying that bed and sleep were one, he laid his head upon the pillow without undressing, making darkness the concession of closing his eyes. But the storm of emotions which assailed him had not waned for an instant. Sleeplessness is a cruelty night inflicts on man. Gwynplaine suffered greatly. For the first time in his life, he was not pleased with himself. Ache of heart mingled with gratified vanity. What



was he to do? Day broke at last; he heard Ursus get up, but did not raise his eyelids. No truce for him, however. The letter was ever in his mind. Every word of it came back to him in a kind of chaos. In certain violent storms within the soul, thought becomes a liquid. It is convulsed, it heaves, and something rises from it, like the dull roaring of the waves. Flood and flow, sudden shocks and whirls, the hesitation of the wave before the rock; hail and rain; clouds with the light shining through their breaks; the petty flights of useless foam, the wild swell broken in an instant; huge efforts lost; wreck appearing all around; darkness and universal dispersion: as these are of the sea, so are they of man. Gwynplaine was a prey to such a storm.

At the acme of his agony, his eyes still closed, he heard an exquisite voice saying, "Are you asleep, Gwynplaine?" He opened his eyes with a start, and sat up. Dea was standing in the half-open door-way. Her ineffable smile was in her eyes and on her lips. She was standing there, charming in the unconscious serenity of her radiance. It was, as it were, a sacred moment. Gwynplaine watched her, startled, dazzled, awakened. Awakened from what? from sleep? no, from sleeplessness. It was she, it was Dea; and suddenly he felt in the depths of his being the indescribable wane of the storm, and the sublime descent of good over evil; the miracle of the look from on high was accomplished; the blind girl, the sweet light-bearer, with no effort beyond her mere presence, dissipated all the darkness within him; the curtain of cloud was dispersed from his soul as if drawn by an invisible hand, and a sky of azure, as though by celestial enchantment, again spread over Gwynplaine's conscience. Again in a moment he became by the virtue of that angel, the great and good Gwynplaine, the innocent man. Such mysterious confrontations occur to the soul as they do to creation. Both were silent; she, who was the light; he, who was the abyss; she, who was divine; he, who was appeased; and over Gwynplaine's stormy heart Dea shone with the indescribable effect of a star shining on the Sea.

## CHAPTER II.

### FROM GAY TO GRAVE.

How simple is a miracle! It was breakfast hour at the Green Box, and Dea had merely come to see why Gwynplaine had not joined their little breakfast table.

"It is you!" exclaimed Gwynplaine; and he had said everything.

There was no other horizon, no other vision for him now but the heaven where Dea was. His mind was appeased; appeased in such a manner as he alone can understand, who has seen the smile spread swiftly over the sea when the hurricane has passed away. Over nothing does the calm come so quickly as over the whirlpool. This results from its power of absorption. And so it is with the human heart. Not always, however.

Dea had but to show herself, and all the light that was in Gwynplaine left him and went to her, and behind the dazzled Gwynplaine there was but a flight of phantoms. What a peace-maker is adoration! A few minutes afterwards they were sitting opposite each other, Ursus between them, Homo at their feet. The teapot, hung over a little lamp, was on the table. Fibi and Vinos were outside, waiting.

They breakfasted as they supped, in the centre compartment. From the position in which the narrow table was placed Dea's back was turned towards the aperture in the partition, which corresponded with the entrance-door of the Green Box. Their knees were touching. Gwynplaine was pouring out tea for Dea. Dea blew gracefully on her cup. Suddenly she sneezed. Just at that moment a thin smoke rose above the flame of the lamp, and something like a piece of paper fell into ashes. It was the smoke which had caused Dea to sneeze.

"What was that?" she asked.

"Nothing," replied Gwynplaine.

And he smiled. He had just burnt the duchess's letter.

The conscience of the man who loves is the guardian angel of the woman whom he loves.

Unburthened of that letter, his relief was wondrous, and Gwynplaine felt his integrity as the eagle feels its wings.

It seemed to him as if his temptation had evaporated with the smoke, and as if the duchess had crumbled into ashes with the paper.

Taking up the cups at random, and drinking one after the other from the same one, they talked. A babble of lovers, a chattering of sparrows! Child's talk, worthy of Mother Goose or of Homer! With two loving hearts, go no further for poetry: with two kisses for dialogue, go no further for music.

"Do you know something?"

"No."

"Gwynplaine, I dreamt that we were animals, and had wings."

"Wings; that means birds," murmured Gwynplaine.

"Fools ; it means angels," growled Ursus.

And their talk went on.

"If you did not exist, Gwynplaine?"

"What then?"

"It could only be that there were no God."

"The tea is too hot ; you will burn yourself, Dea."

"Blow on my cup."

"How beautiful you are this morning!"

"Do you know that I have a great many things to say to

"Say them."

"I love you."

"I adore you."

And Ursus said aside, "By heaven, these are frank folk!

Exquisite to lovers are their moments of silence! In  
amass, as it were, heaps of love, which afterwards explode  
fragments.

"Do you know! In the evening, when we are playing on  
the moment when my hand touches your forehead—oh, wh  
head is yours, Gwynplaine!—at the moment when I feel  
under my fingers I shiver ; a heavenly joy comes over me,  
to myself, In all this world of darkness which encompasses  
universe of solitude, in this great obscurity of ruin which I  
quaking fear of myself and everything, I have one prop ;  
there. It is he. It is you."

"Oh! you love me," said Gwynplaine. "I, too, have l  
earth. You are all in all to me. Dea, what would you ha  
What do you desire? What do you want?"

Dea answered,—

"I do not know. I am happy."

"Oh," replied Gwynplaine, "we are happy."

Ursus raised his voice severely,—

"Oh, you are happy, are you? That's an offence. I ha  
you already. You are happy! Then take care you a  
Take up as little room as you can. Happiness ought to  
into a hole. Make yourselves still less than you are, if tl  
God measures the greatness of happiness by the littlen  
happy. The happy should conceal themselves like malefac  
only shine out like the wretched glow-worms you are, an  
trodden on ; and quite right, too! What do you mean  
love-making nonsense? I'm no duenna, whose busines  
watch lovers' billing and cooing. I'm tired of it all, I tell  
you may both go to the devil."

And, feeling that his harsh tones were melting into tenderness, he strowed his emotion in a loud grumble.

"Father," said Dea, "how roughly you scold."

"It's because I don't like to see people too happy."

Here Homo re-echoed Ursus. His growl was heard from under the lovers' feet.

Ursus stooped down, and placed his hand on Homo's head.

"That's right; you're in bad humour, too. You growl. The bristles are all on end on your wolf's pate. You don't like all this love-making. That's because you are wise. Hold your tongue all the same. You have had your say, and given your opinion; be it so. Now be silent."

The wolf growled again. Ursus looked under the table at him.

"Be still, Homo! Come, don't dwell on it, you philosopher!"

But the wolf sat up, and looked towards the door, showing his teeth.

"What's wrong with you, now?" said Ursus. And he caught hold of Homo by the skin of the neck.

Heedless of the wolf's growls, and wholly wrapped up in her own thoughts, and in the sound of Gwynplaine's voice, which left its after-taste within her, Dea was silent, absorbed by that kind of ecstasy peculiar to the blind, which seems at times to give them a song to listen up to in their souls, and to make up to them for the light which they lack, by some strain of ideal music. [Blindness is a cavern, reached by the deep harmony of the Eternal.]

While Ursus, addressing Homo, was looking down, Gwynplaine had raised his eyes. He was about to drink a cup of tea, but did not drink it. He placed it on the table with the slow movement of a spring drawn back; his fingers remained open, his eyes fixed. He scarcely breathed.

A man was standing in the doorway, behind Dea. This man was clad in black, with a hood. He wore a wig down to his eyebrows, and held in his hand an iron staff with a crown at each end. This staff was short and massive. It was like Medusa thrusting her head between two branches in Paradise.

Ursus, who had heard some one enter and raised his head without loosing his hold of Homo, recognised the terrible personage. He shook from head to foot, and whispered to Gwynplaine,—

"It's the wapentake."

Gwynplaine recollected. An exclamation of surprise was about to escape him, but he restrained it. The iron staff, with the crown at each end, was called the iron weapon. It was from this iron weapon,

upon which the city officers of justice took the oath when they entered on their duties, that the old wapentakes of the English police derived their qualification.

Behind the man in the wig the frightened landlord could just be perceived in the shadow.

Without saying a word, a personification of the *muta Themis* of the old charters, the man stretched his right arm over the radiant *Dea*, and touched Gwynplaine on the shoulder with the iron staff, at the same time pointing with his left thumb to the door of the Green Box behind him. These gestures, all the more imperious for their silence, meant, follow me.

"*Pro signo exeundi, sursum trahe,*" says the old Norman record.

He who had been touched by the iron weapon had no right but the right of obedience. To that mute order there was no reply. The harsh penalties of the English law threatened the refractory. Gwynplaine felt a shock under the rigid touch of the law; then he sat as though petrified.

If, instead of having been merely grazed on the shoulder, he had been struck a violent blow on the head with the iron staff, he could not have been more stunned. He knew that the police officer summoned him to follow; but why? *That* he could not understand.

On his part Ursus, too, was thrown into the most painful agitation, but he saw matters pretty distinctly. His thoughts ran on the jugglers and preachers, his competitors, on informations laid against the Green Box, on that delinquent the wolf, on his own affair with the three Bishopsgate commissioners, and who knows?—perhaps—but that would be too fearful—Gwynplaine's unbecoming and factious speeches touching the royal authority.

He trembled violently.

*Dea* was smiling.

Neither Gwynplaine nor Ursus pronounced a word. They had both the same thought: not to frighten *Dea*. It may have struck the wolf as well, for he ceased growling. True, Ursus did not loose him.

*Homo*, however, was a prudent wolf when occasion required. Who is there who has not remarked a kind of intelligent anxiety in animals? It may be that to the extent to which a wolf can understand mankind, he felt that he was an outlaw.

Gwynplaine rose.

Resistance was impracticable, as Gwynplaine knew. He remembered Ursus's words, and there was no question possible. He remained standing in front of the wapentake. The latter raised the iron

staff back from Gwynplaine's shoulder, and drawing it back, held it out straight, in an attitude of command : a constable's attitude well understood in those days by the whole people, and which expressed the following order :—" Let this man, and no other, follow me. The rest remain where they are. Silence ! "

No curious followers allowed. In all times the police have had a taste for such arrests. This description of seizure was termed sequestration of the person.

The wapentake turned round in one motion, like a piece of mechanism revolving on its own pivot, and with grave and magisterial step proceeded towards the door of the Green Box.

Gwynplaine looked at Ursus. The latter went through a pantomime composed thus : he shrugged his shoulders, placed both elbows close to his hips, with his hands out, and knitted his brows into chevrons ; all which signifies,—we must submit to the unknown.

Gwynplaine looked at Dea. She was in her dream. She was still smiling. He put the ends of his fingers to his lips, and sent her an unutterable kiss.

Ursus, relieved of some portion of his terror, now that the wapentake's back was turned, seized the moment to whisper in Gwynplaine's ear,—

" On your life, do not speak until you are questioned."

Gwynplaine, with the same care to make no noise as he would have taken in a sick room, took his hat and cloak from the hook on the partition, wrapped himself up to the eyes in the cloak, and pushed down his hat over his forehead. Not having been to bed, he had his working clothes still on, and his leather esclavin round his neck. Once more he looked at Dea. Having reached the door, the wapentake raised his staff, and began to descend the steps ; then Gwynplaine set out as if that man was dragging him by an invisible chain. Ursus watched Gwynplaine leave the Green Box. At that moment the wolf gave a low growl, but Ursus silenced him, and whispered, " He is coming back."

In the yard, Master Nicless was stemming, with servile and imperious gestures, the cries of terror raised by Vinos and Fibi, as in great distress they watched Gwynplaine led away, and the mourning-coloured garb and the iron staff of the wapentake.

These two girls were like petrifications : they were in the attitude of stalactites. Govicum, stunned, was looking open-mouthed out of a window.

The wapentake preceded Gwynplaine by a few steps, never turning

round or looking at him, in that icy ease which is given by the knowledge that one is the law.

In death-like silence they both crossed the yard, went through the dark tap-room, and reached the street. A few passers-by had collected about the inn door, and the justice of the quorum was there at the head of a squad of police. The idlers, stupefied and without breathing a word, opened out and stood aside, with English discipline, at sight of the constable's staff. The wapentake moved off in the direction of the narrow street, then called the Little Strand, running by the Thames; and Gwynplaine, with the justice of the quorum's men in ranks on each side, like a double hedge, pale, without a motion except that of his steps, wrapped in his cloak as in a shroud, was leaving the inn further and further behind him as he followed the taciturn man, like a statue following a spectre.

*(To be continued.)*

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## BÉZIQUE.



YEAR ago the game of bézique was scarcely played in this country. All of a sudden a bézique epidemic took possession of the sober inhabitants of these isles, and the complaint is still raging with great virulence. We propose to devote a few pages to bézique, in hopes of alleviating some of the more dangerous symptoms of *béziquemanie*, just as in the fourteenth century music was played to those afflicted with the dancing mania.

It has been before remarked in the pages of *The Gentleman's Magazine* that games spring into existence no one knows exactly how; and in accordance with this rule the origin of bézique is a matter of speculation. Some are of opinion that it is derived from a game called sixty-six, which is popular in Italy and Germany; but the resemblance between bézique and sixty-six is not so striking as, in our opinion, to warrant this derivation. We have heard the invention of bézique as a new game ascribed to the Swiss, the French, and the Americans, but without any sufficient reason.

If we refer to other games, we shall often find that the best of them are developments of previously existing games. Thus croquet is in all probability a development of pall-mall, and whist seems to be a compound of all that is best out of the games of trump, ruff, whisk and swabbers, ruff and honours, and slam. We are inclined to believe in a similar history of bézique, and to argue that it is a compromise between the games of *brusquembille*, *l'homme de brou*, and *briscan* or *brisque*, with some original additions.

The game of *brusquembille* was played formerly by two, but now usually by three, four, or five persons. When two or four played, a pack of thirty-two cards was used; when three or five played, two sevens, one black and one red, were thrown out, reducing the pack to thirty. The reason of this was that cards should not remain over at the end of the deal. When four played, two were partners against the other two.

The cards ranked as at bézique, the aces and tens (called *brusquembilles*) were the best cards. The highest card of the same suit won the trick; trumps won other suits.



Each player had three cards dealt him, the three being dealt together, and not one by one; the next or top of the stock was turned for trumps, and left partly under the stock. Then the eldest hand played any card out of those dealt him, and so on with the other hands in turn, it not being obligatory to follow suit, and the players also being allowed to trump though holding a card of the suit led.

The winner of the trick took a card from the top of the stock, and the others after him, restoring the number of cards in hand to three as at first. The winner of the first trick might exchange the turn-up for a trump in his hand, instead of taking the top card. This, however, was not the original game. After the first trick was won, and a fresh card taken by each player, another trick was played in the same way, the last winner having the lead; and so on until all the stock was exhausted, the person who took the last card having to take the turn-up or the card exchanged for it.

The cards were played out to the end in the same way, only in the three last tricks no fresh cards could be taken in, and the players were obliged to follow suit or to trump.

All this is very similar to *bézique*. The mode of scoring, however, was different.

The player of the ace of trumps was paid two all round by each player. The player of an ace also received two all round; but if the ace did not win the trick he had to pay two all round.

The ten received or paid one all round in a similar manner.

A certain stake (agreed on) was put down by each player at the beginning of the game, to form a pool. After the hands were played out, each player examined his tricks, and counted how many "points" he had. The points were counted as follows: for each ace, 11; for each ten, 10; for each king, 4; for each queen, 3; and for each knave, 2. The player who had the most points in his tricks won the pool.

*L'homme de brou* was played by four persons, two against two. The pack was a piquet pack of thirty-two cards. The rank of the cards was as before. Eight cards were dealt to each player by two or by three at a time. The last card was turned up for trumps.

At this game there was no stock to draw from. It was not allowed to revoke, and the tricks were played as at whist, except that the ten ranked after the ace.

The score accrued from marriages and from certain points in the tricks won. If a player had dealt him the king and queen of trumps, he scored, or rather received from a box of counters, 40; king, queen,

and knave of trumps, (also called a marriage) 60; king and queen of a plain suit, 20; king, queen, and knave of a plain suit, 30. These marriages could be declared when either partner won a trick, and when declared, the requisite number of counters was taken from the box.

Marriages could also be made in the tricks, and scored to the winners. Thus if two partners played king and queen of trumps in the same trick and won it, they scored 80; if they lost the trick, they had 80 scored against them. Similarly, king, queen, and knave of trumps in a trick scored 120 to the winners; king and queen of a plain suit, 40; king, queen, and knave of a plain suit, 60. These marriages were paid for by the adverse side out of any score they might have received from the box. If they had not enough they owed the balance.

At the end of the hand, each side scored the points in their tricks as at brusquembille, the cards having the same values; and these points were added to those already scored for marriages.

The game was played 300 up; if the other side had more than 150, it was a single game; if less than 150, it was a double game. If the other side had nothing, it was a quadruple game; and a quadruple game could be won by sending back the adversaries if they had to pay a marriage. Thus, suppose A and C (partners) had 270 points, and made a marriage of 40; if B and D had only scored 30, they could not pay 40. They would owe ten, and would lose a quadruple game.

The players were provided with a box of counters. At the end of the hand they helped themselves from the box to the required number for the points; and if they owed any marriages, paid them from the counters that thus accrued to them. But when the game was advanced, and the side had enough counters in hand to pay a marriage, the marriage was paid for at the time of declaring. This somewhat inconvenient arrangement was necessary, as the points made in play and marriages dealt originally were paid for from the box; the marriages made in play from one side to the other, and not out of the box.

If one side won all the tricks in one hand, they scored a treble game, and (with certain exceptions) the hand counted as a game by itself, and did not affect previous scores.

It is to be observed that in this game the scoring was by tens only. Thus, if A and C made 51, 52, 53, or 54 points in one hand, they would only count 50; but if they made 55, 56, 57, 58, or 59, they counted 60. But in a hand that won the game, the full number of

points must be made ; thus, being 270, and wanting 30, 25 would not win ; 30 or more must be scored. If, however, A and C had some points over in the previous deal which were not scored, they were allowed to win the game if these added in scored 301 or more.

In this game, as well as in brusquembille, several points of resemblance to *béziq*ue will be noticed, such as marriages and scoring by tens.

The game of *briscan* or *brisque* was played by two persons, with a piquet pack. Five cards were given to each, sometimes six to each, the eleventh or thirteenth card being turned for trumps, and placed under the stock. The cards ranked as at *béziq*ue. The non-dealer played the first card, after which the winner of the trick. Before playing again, each took a card from the stock, the winner drawing first. The players were at liberty to revoke, except in the last five tricks, when they were obliged to follow suit ; and, if they had none of the suit led, to trump.

The seven of trumps could be exchanged for the turn up by the winner of a trick.

The scores accrued by declaring sequences, marriages, and four cards of a kind—four aces, kings, queens, knaves, or tens. The rules about declaring were the same as at the present game of *béziq*ue—that is, for example, the same cards could not count twice in sequences, but they could in combinations of a different class, as in marriage or four of a kind.

The scores were rather complicated. A quint major in trumps (the five best) won the game ; a quint to a king, scored 300 ; to a queen 200 ; to a knave, 100. A quart major in trumps scored 200 ; to a king, 160 ; to a queen, 120 ; to a knave, 80 ; to a ten, 60. A tierce major in trumps scored 120 ; to a king, 100 ; to a queen, 80 ; to a knave, 60 ; to a ten, 40 ; to a nine, 20. Sequences in other suit counted half the above. Four aces scored 150 ; four tens, 100 ; four kings, 80 ; four queens, 60 ; four knaves, 40. Marriage in trumps scored 40 ; in other suits, 20. Marriages made in a trick, by playing a king to a queen, scored the same as marriages in the hand. If a court (picture) card, an ace, or a ten was turned up, the dealer scored 10 ; sometimes an ace turned up scored 30. A *blanc* (all court cards) dealt, scored 20 to the holder ; and the play continued to score 20 at each draw so long as he drew only court cards. A *carte blanche* (no court cards) dealt scored 10, and so on till a picture card was drawn. These last two scores are omitted in the modern game. The ace of trumps, unless already counted some other combination, scored 30. The winner of the last trick

the stock scored 10. If the five cards in hand, after the stock was exhausted, were all trumps, the holder scored 30. This score is now omitted. If one player made all the last five tricks, he counted 20. The winner of the most tricks in one deal counted 10. If it so happened that one player won every trick in a hand, he won the game.

The game consisted of 600 points.

After the hand was played out each player examined his tricks, and scored for all aces, tens, kings, queens, and knaves, the same as at brusquembille.

There was another game very like brisque, called *cing-cents*, 500 being the game. The score for the cards in the tricks was as before, but only two sequencés counted, viz., quint major in trumps, 250; quint major in any other suit, 125. Four aces, 100; four tens, 80; four kings, 60; four queens, 40; four knaves, 30; marriage in trumps, 40; in other suits, 20. Exchanging the seven of trumps, 10. Brisque, which curiously enough did not exist in the old game of brisque itself, was knave of diamonds and queen of spades, 40. Brisque was sometimes played in a sort of half-and-half-way between briscan and cing-cents.

It seems scarcely to admit of a doubt that brisque and cing-cents were the immediate parents of béziqne. Brisque itself, is said to have descended from a much older game, called *mariage*, of which we are not aware that any written account exists. Brisque and béziqne seem to bear a relationship to each other similar to that which holds between the games of trump and whist.

It seems not unlikely that some genius who knew these games, conceived the "happy thought" of shuffling two piquet packs together, and playing *brisque* with them. The new game would naturally require some modifications, which the aforesaid genius, or his associates, would as naturally make; and hence this game, which now only required christening. "Give it a name, I beg;" and so it was ushered forth to the world as *besi*, *bésigue*, or *bésique*, for no particular reason that we are aware of, unless, possibly, that it might bear one more point of resemblance to brusquembille. Of that game it is written in the *Académie des Jeux*, "No account can be given concerning the name of this game, unless we suppose it to be the fancy of him that invented it; for it has no sort of relation to the game."

The reason of the popularity of béziqne is, doubtless, that, though it requires a good deal of skill to play it well, yet it offers so many chances to an indifferent player as to give him hopes even against a superior antagonist. Moreover, it is an easy game to learn; and is

therefore suited to those who, without being regular card players, like an occasional game in the long winter evenings.

Bézique is played in a variety of ways, and several points in the game are disputed. Thus, it is disputed which is the last trick, and whether a higher card of any suit, or only of the suit led, wins the trick. These points we have settled to our own satisfaction by referring to the parent games; and so in similar cases, unless we deemed modern innovations improvements, we have been guided by the *brisque* precedent. We will conclude this paper by explaining the game of *bézique* so far as to enable any one to play at it. Two-handed *bézique* is the best game, and is, therefore, the one we shall describe.

If ordinary packs of cards only are at hand, the twos, threes, fours, fives, and sixes must be thrown out of two packs; and the remaining cards shuffled together and used as one pack.

The players sit opposite to each other, and cut for deal. The lowest *bézique* card deals. At *bézique* the cards rank as at *whist*, except that the ten comes after the ace.

The non-dealer cuts the pack, and the dealer, having re-united the packets, gives eight cards to each player, by three at a time twice, and by two at a time once to each. The undealt cards are called the stock. The top card of the stock is turned up for trumps, and is placed face upwards rather under the stock, but so that its value can be readily seen. The rest of the stock is placed between the players, and spread out a little.

The non-dealer has the first lead. He may play any card from his hand he pleases. The other player plays also any card he pleases; the two cards so played forming a trick. There is no restriction as to the card to be played by the second hand; he may follow suit or not, as he pleases; he may trump or not, as he pleases; and may trump, although he has in his hand a card of the suit led.

Whoever wins the trick draws the top card from the stock, and puts it to his hand. The loser of the trick draws the next card, and thus each gets eight cards again, as at first.

The winner of the trick then leads, the other player plays a card, and then each draws again from the stock, the winner drawing first. This drawing and playing continues till all the stock is exhausted, the loser of the last trick, as it is called, taking the trump (or the card exchanged for it, of which presently).

The eight cards last in hand are played somewhat differently; but we postpone them for the present.

The highest card of the same suit wins the trick, remembering

ten comes after the ace. If tie cards are played, the leader  
Trumps win other suits.

Tricks are left face upwards on the table till the end of the  
They are of no value ; but they must not be searched during

principal object of the play is to promote in the hand certain  
ations of cards, which, when declared (according to the rules  
ill be laid down), score as in the following table. Aces and  
n during the play also score to the winner, not as declared cards,  
ply from the fact of winning them. And the winner of the  
ior to the play of the last eight cards also scores for winning  
ck.

BÉZIQUE SCORES.



of trumps (a club is shown, but  
any suit may be trumps accord-  
ie (turn up).

If turned up, dealer marks ..... 10  
Player declaring or exchanging seven  
of trumps marks ..... 10



and queen of any suit not trumps  
marriage).  
and queen of the trump suit  
marriage in trumps or royal mar-

Player declaring marriage marks ..... 20  
Player declaring marriage in trumps  
marks ..... 40



of spades and knave of dia-  
called bézique).  
of spades and knave of dia-  
declared twice in one deal by  
player (called double bézique).

Player declaring bézique marks ..... 40  
Player declaring double bézique  
marks ..... 500\*  
in addition to the 40 already scored.

—In order to entitle to double bézique all four cards must be on the table  
me time and unplayed to a trick. If all four are declared together, only  
be scored, and not 540.

spades or diamonds are trumps the bézique cards are the queen of clubs  
knave of hearts.

ie players think this score too high, and by agreement reduce it to 300.



The four aces (the four suits are shown, but any four aces will do, whether duplicates or not).

Player declaring four aces marks... 100



Four kings (any four will do, whether duplicates or not).

Player declaring four kings marks... 80



Four queens (any four will do, whether duplicates or not).

Player declaring four queens marks... 60



Four knaves (any four will do, whether duplicates or not).

Player declaring four knaves marks... 40



Sequence of five best trumps,  
in addition to 40 previously scored for marriage in trumps.

Player declaring sequence marks... 250<sup>b</sup>

Aces and tens in tricks.

ACES AND TENS.

Each player for each one adds to his score ..... 10

LAST TRICK.

The winner of the last trick marks ..... 10

Declaring is done in this way. Immediately after winning a trick, and before drawing a card from the stock, if the winner holds any of the combinations of cards shown in the previous list, he places them face upwards on the table, and adds to his score the number set opposite to each. The cards so shown are left on the table; but they still form part of the hand, and can be played to a trick, just like cards that have not been declared. It is not compulsory to

<sup>b</sup> This score is sometimes reduced by agreement to 200.

declare; indeed, it is often the game to hold up scoring cards for some time, so as not to let the adversary know the contents of the hand. A card cannot be led or played to a trick, and at the same time declared.

The seven of trumps may be exchanged for the turn up after winning a trick, the seven being put in the place of the turn up, and the turn up being taken into the player's hand. Both sevens may be thus exchanged; but as it would be absurd to exchange one seven for another, the second seven is simply declared, like any other card or combination.

It is important to note the following limitations as to the right of declaring. It used to be the game only to allow one declaration to one trick; but now, after winning a trick, the player may declare all he has in hand *provided one combination forms no part of the other*. Thus, béziqne and four aces may be declared at the same time and 140 marked; but king, queen of spades, and knave of diamonds, cannot be all declared together to form marriage and béziqne. One combination must first be declared, and then after winning another trick the other combination can be made by putting down the third card.

*A declaration cannot be made of cards that are already all on the table.* Thus, if four queens, including a béziqne queen, have been shown, and then four knaves, including a béziqne knave, the béziqne queen and knave cannot be declared as béziqne. In order to score all that can be made of these cards after the queens are declared, the béziqne must next be declared, and then after winning another trick, the three knaves in hand can be added to the béziqne knave to score four knaves.

*A card once declared can only be declared again provided the combination in which it afterwards appears, is of a different class.* For example, the béziqne queen can be declared in béziqne, marriage, and four queens; but having been once married she cannot be married again, and having taken part in one set of four queens, she cannot take part in another set. Having been declared in single béziqne, she cannot form part of another single béziqne.

The winner of a trick containing an ace or a ten, at once adds 10 to his score; if the trick contains two aces or two tens, or one of each, he adds 20. There are various ways of scoring aces and tens, but the above is by far the best and simplest.

The winner of the last trick scores 10. The last trick is the same as at *briscan*, viz., the last trick before the stock is exhausted. When two cards of the stock (the trump and another card) remain on the



table, the player winning the trick scores 10. This is called a trick, or last open trick, though eight tricks remain to be played. Some players make the last trick of all the last trick ; but they have been misled by the word "last." The player scoring the last trick may, at the same time, declare anything in his hand. After all declarations cease ; the last two cards of the stock are turned up, and the play of the last eight tricks commences.

All cards on the table that have been declared but not played are now taken up by the player owning them. The winner of the last trick leads, and now the rules of play alter.

The second player must follow suit if he can, and must not trump if he can. If he holds a trump and cannot follow suit, he may win the trick by trumping. The winner of the trick leads next. The tricks are only of value for aces and tens as before.

The game is 1000. If a match or *partie* is played, it is the best three games out of five. If one player gets 1000 and his adversary scores 500, the game counts as a double.

"CAVENDISH,"

Author of the "Laws and Principles of Whist,"

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## A LAY OF FREEDOM.

**F**OO long uncrowned, fair Freedom, thou hast been,  
A spectre in the nations far and wide ;  
Thy name has fostered many a bloody scene,  
And patriots in thy sacred cause have died :  
The people's goddess ! No, thy noble mien  
The despots of the earth can never hide :  
Thy spirit thrills the brave in every clime,  
For thou art deathless, and thy name sublime.

Yes, thou art slavery's fierce unconquered foe,  
Though often worsted in the conflict—still  
The trampled millions in thy footsteps go,  
With loud acclaim make known thy sovereign will :  
To thee all nations crushed a fealty owe,  
Proud of thy bravery and thy dauntless skill ;  
And though thou art not throned in every land,  
Thou shalt be queen where perjured tyrants stand.

Thy glorious battles in the days gone by  
Shall never be erased from history's page ;  
But like the stars in yon eternal sky,  
Live on to brighten every dawning age :  
Like lessons read by every eager eye,  
And loved by every true and righteous sage :  
For though thy victories have been stained with gore,  
Their gifts will bless the world for evermore !

Thy cause is holy—sacred is thy tongue  
That speaks the prayers of every groaning state,  
In words as tender as a plaintive song,  
That tells of some poor outcast's tragic fate :  
For those whom thou art with have suffered long,  
For justice like imprisoned children wait ;  
Desert them not, but when their hour has come  
Rise up and boldly strike their rulers dumb !

The good of every land, fair Freedom, own  
Thy worth, and pine to see thy beauteous face,  
To hear thy voice loud as a trumpet blown,  
Speak comfort unto every bondaged race,  
Now left in wailing misery alone,  
Like culprits chained in some small sunless place ;  
Around thy name their hopes long baffled throng,  
That thou wilt yet avenge long centuries of wrong !

Thy struggles have inspired the weak and low,  
Thy beauty, virgin-like, has thrilled each heart ;  
Though blood again for thee may freely flow,  
As in the past, a nobler life will start  
In nations, as when storms have ceased to blow,  
And Heaven gleams through the clouds that break and pass,  
Still chainless as the wind that roams the plain,  
Thou mayst be curbed, but never, never slain !

S. H. BRADBU

## ALABAMAS OF THE FUTURE.

**N**O feature of our foreign policy possesses at the present time anything like the interest and importance which attach to the "*Alabama* claims," and there is little likelihood that the name of this ship will be forgotten by future generations, either in England or America, even if it does not become associated with anything more serious than the efforts of the diplomatists of the two countries. We do not in this article propose to say much of her exploits—are they not written in the book of Captain Semmes?—but to draw attention to some of the lessons in naval policy so forcibly taught by her career, and to describe the attempts made by the Americans and ourselves to profit by the experience thus gained. Looked at from this point of view, her history is soon told. A ship of very moderate dimensions (900 tons burden), of far from high speed under steam—said by Captain Semmes not to exceed ten knots per hour—and with a light armament, but fully rigged and speedy under sail, did much in the course of two years towards destroying the mercantile marine which at the outbreak of the war stood next to our own in the carrying trade of the world. It is true that in performing these services the *Alabama* had the help of one or two similar cruisers, but to her fell the lion's share both of the service and the fame. The *Sumter* led the way, and did good service, but she was not at all to be compared to the *Alabama*; and the names of the *Florida* and *Shenandoah* have almost faded out of the public memory, while the mere mention of the *Alabama's* name brings back to all our minds the vivid recollection of the time when every paragraph of news respecting her doings was eagerly devoured, and when the latest information respecting her whereabouts was looked for almost with as much interest as news from the mighty armies then face to face. In America, as we can well understand, even a deeper interest was taken in her doings, both by the Federals and the Confederates, the one regarding her as a pirate preying upon their unprotected merchant ships, the other as a gallant upholder of the Confederate power. We have no means of judging how great the amount of damage actually done by the *Alabama* may have been; but, while Mr. Sumner's late estimate is pro-

bably a *little* too high, there can be no doubt that the actual loss of property to the citizens of the Northern States, added to the loss consequent on the terrible check thus put upon the development of their mercantile marine, really constituted a most important item in the balance of the national accounts rendered necessary by the civil war.

There were, of course, certain conditions essential to the complete success of a cruiser like the *Alabama*; and we can readily discern what those conditions are, now that the events of the civil war have become matters of history. In the halcyon days when the *Alabama* was rapidly adding prize to prize, and Captain Semmes was increasing his collection of chronometers—which he naively admits it was one of his amusements “to wind and compare daily”—the Federal flag was almost entirely absent from foreign stations, nearly every available ship being used for the maintenance of the blockade, so that the *Alabama* in the course of her cruises only had to fight twice with war ships. The first of these actions was that with the gunboat *Hatteras*, which was sunk, and the second that with the *Kearsage*, in which the *Alabama* met the same fate. In nearly every sea she sailed her course was unopposed, and the record of her doings presents scarcely any other features than those connected with the capture of unarmed merchant ships. The Federals were fully conscious of the only means that would suffice to put a period to her havoc-spreading career, and as soon as ever they had provided for the still more pressing exigencies of the blockade, proceeded to construct the *Kearsage* and her consorts specially for the purpose of destroying the *Alabama*. The spectacle must, however, have been most irritating to the citizens of a powerful republic, when they had for the time to bear unresistingly the injuries done to their commerce by such an intrinsically despicable adversary; injuries which, by their frequent repetition, threatened a serious drain of vital vigour, although, like the gnat's bite, individually of little moment.

The strenuous efforts required and made at this time to provide an efficient blockading force are, perhaps, appreciated by only a few of our readers. When the war broke out, the navy of the United States consisted of 42 ships in commission, 26 of these only being screw vessels of war. With this force available, the Secretary of the Navy was called upon to form the blockade of a coast-line exceeding 3000 miles in length, and abounding with inlets, ports, and inner coast-lines, while in the neighbourhood were hovering crowds of adventurous blockade runners, ready to take the risk of capture for the sake of the chance of getting safely through with their precious

cargoes. Both sides fully recognised the important effect which the blockade must have if it could be completed, and in one of his Reports the Secretary of the Federal Navy thus describes the action he took under these circumstances :—"It was necessary, first of all, to make available every naval vessel, to recall our foreign squadron, to increase our force by building new vessels, and by procuring for naval purposes from the merchant service every steamer which could be made a fighting vessel, to enlarge at once the capacity of the navy yards, to put into requisition the founderies and the workshops of the country for supplies of ordnance and steam machinery, to augment the number of the seamen, and to supply the deficiency of officers by selecting experienced and able ship-masters and others from the mercantile marine." By efforts such as these the number of ships in commission was doubled within four months of the commencement of hostilities, and in nine months had risen from 42 to 264. A year after the number stood at 427, and at the end of the year 1864—about three years and three-quarters from the outbreak of the war—it had reached 671. These are noteworthy facts, and they show most conclusively that nothing but sheer inability to do more prevented the earlier construction of ships of the *Kearsage* class. We all know how the end came at last, and how the efforts of the Federals were rewarded. Gradually, but surely, the grasp of their blockading squadrons tightened round the Confederate coast; port after port was closed to the blockade-runners; and unable themselves to produce the munitions of war or the *matériel* required for the continuance of the struggle, the Confederates had to yield. Had they become possessed of any armoured war ships which could have broken the blockade, the result might have been different, or at least the end would not have come so soon.

But while the Federal war-fleet, numerous as it soon became, was fully occupied in keeping watch and ward along the Southern coast, the *Sumter* and other cruisers at first, and afterwards the *Alabama*, were roving far and wide, and bringing home most unpleasantly to the minds of Northern ship-owners the fact, that while the Confederates had no navy that could meet their own, they had ships afloat which could overhaul, capture, and ransom or destroy any merchantman. In the instructions which Captain Semmes received before sailing in the *Sumter* he was ordered "to do the enemy's commerce the greatest injury in the shortest time;" and certainly all the cruisers equipped by the Confederates acted up to the letter of these instructions. The policy adopted by the Southern States was not at all a new one, it was only a repetition of that which, under the name

of "privateering," had become famous in the olden times, when steamships were not. Captain Semmes energetically repudiates the idea that the *Sumter* and the *Alabama* were privateers, basing his objection to that title on the fact that they were regularly commissioned by the Confederate Government. The Northerners gave them a worse name, and, even in official documents, termed them *pirates*. Whether pirates or not, however, they did the work of privateers; and in nearly all cases sought to avoid ships of war. Neither Englishmen nor Americans required to be taught that in fighting an enemy who is possessed of a large merchant navy, one of the surest means of inflicting damage is the striking a heavy blow at its commerce. As far back almost as our naval history extends this principle has been acted upon, and perhaps no better illustration of the effect of this mode of making war can be given than that afforded by the reign of Elizabeth, when English privateers swept the Spanish merchant ships, partially armed though they were, from the seas.

What then, it may be asked, was it which gave such fame to the *Alabama* and her consorts? The answer appears to be simple and twofold. First, there were the peculiar circumstances of the struggle, in which these cruisers stood alone as the representatives of the Confederate naval power at sea. Secondly, to quote from Captain Semmes' preface:—"The *Alabama* was the first steam-ship in the history of the world—the defective little *Sumter* excepted—that was let loose against the commerce of a great commercial people. The destruction which she caused was enormous. She not only alarmed the enemy, but she alarmed all the other nations of the earth which had commerce afloat, as they could not be sure that a similar scourge, at some future time, might not be let loose against themselves. The *Alabama*, in consequence, became famous. It was the fame of steam." To understand the full force of this observation, it must be remembered that, although steamships are now very extensively employed in the mercantile marine, yet the great majority of merchant ships—in fact, nearly all those employed in the carrying trade to distant countries—are still equipped as sailing ships, some of them having, it is true, auxiliary steam power, that enables them to proceed at low speed through the region of the calms, or to make some headway should progress under sail in the course desired become impossible. Against other sailing vessels, equipped as privateers, these merchantmen formerly had some chance, as their superior fleetness might save them; but against a steam privateer, even of moderate speed only, like the *Alabama*, they have no chance whatever. Perhaps it was this fact more than any other that gave rise to the belief, formerly so wide-

in the great speed of the *Alabama*, since she was usually in overhauling sailing ships. As we have said, Captain Putnam puts her full speed down at ten knots; and it is well that most of our iron-clads have considerably higher speeds; and that Atlantic mail steamers occasionally make passages across the Atlantic at a rate of speed of thirteen or fourteen knots. The *Alabama* would probably have been cut short much sooner had she been engaged in destroying British commerce, for our war ships at sea stations were constantly crossing her path; and, being superior in fighting power, while they possessed equal or nearly equal speed, would, without doubt, have either captured or sunk her. The success she achieved, however, points clearly to the advantage which this country would possess in war time in having such a fleet of swift ocean-going mail steamers: since, by supplying them with one or two heavy guns, they might be turned into destroying cruisers, quite as useful as, if not more efficient than the *Alabama*, their very high speed and great coal supply would enable them to steam away from all, or nearly all, ships of war belonging to other countries. America and France could, it is true, do the same thing in the same direction; but their resources are only limited when compared with our own.

In England, both in this country and America, not only became aware of the advantages that would result from the employment of a regular force of steam privateers; but also began to advocate the introduction into the war navies of a class of swift, unarmoured cruisers—*Alabamas of the future*—which should have a good, though not very heavy armament; should be able to fight any other unarmoured ship, and should be faster than the fastest mail steamers, so that they could “show heels” to any iron-clad, and overhaul any other ship, whether equipped as a privateer or not. It was in England that this idea first took a tangible form; and, as soon as the lifting of the blockade permitted, a class of ship was designed, and the construction was pushed on with all possible rapidity, in order to meet the requirements which the naval authorities considered essential for such swift cruisers. No secret was made of the employment proposed for them. In case of a war with England, they were to “wipe out the mercantile marine;” or, to quote from another description, they were “to have out-*Alabamaed* the *Alabama* in chasing, capturing, and destroying British shipping.” No words of ours can, however, fully convey an idea of the real sentiments of Americans respecting this, the so-called *Wampanoag* class, as those written by an Englishman; and on this account we have extracted the following



passage from Dr. Boynton's "History of the Navy During the Rebellion," a work, be it observed, of which its author states that "the whole material for this work has been drawn from documents in possession of the Navy Department;" so that it may be regarded as semi-official. Speaking of these cruisers, he says:—"It was evident that in case of a war with France or England, or both, though we might with our iron-clads defend our coast from the combined attack, yet if we had no powerful ocean cruisers with which to destroy their commerce, or threaten them at home, that our coast might be virtually blockaded by their fleets and our commerce destroyed; while their own merchant ships would be safely employed on every sea . . . . The enterprise and energy which characterised the (Navy) Department during the whole war enabled it to provide for these new dangers, while sorely pressed by the difficulties and burdens of the rebellion. It decided to lay down an entirely new class of ships, of which the *Wampanoag* may be regarded as the type. It was not intended that these vessels should be overloaded with a battery. Their armament consists of a few heavy guns. They are full ship-rigged; their capacity for carrying coal is great in proportion to their size; and under either sail or steam they were expected to make at least fifteen knots per hour . . . . The peculiarities of these ships are obvious; their spread of canvas is enormous, and this, with their great length and comparative narrowness of beam, gives them the utmost speed attainable by vessels under sail. At the same time, instead of the weight of a full battery, they carry the most powerful engines that even their immense hulls can bear; and have, therefore, the maximum speed which any ocean steamer has yet attained. Their few heavy guns, and the rapidity of their movements, enable them to cope with any wooden ship if they choose to risk a battle; and they are fleet enough to avoid a conflict when they do not desire to fight. In case of a war with England, it is quite easy to see what the proper work of such cruisers would be. It would not be to fight the British Navy, for we have other ships better fitted for that work. It would not be their province to defend our coast and sea-board cities, for that can be done effectually by our iron-clads. But let one of these enormous sea-racers take in a full supply of coal, and then, using her engines only when absolutely necessary, cross the ocean under sail, and place herself on one of the highways of British commerce, prepared there to use steam or sails as might best suit her purpose, who can measure the havoc she would make? Suppose thirty such were scattered over the seas, how long would the merchant marine of England remain afloat? Such are the formid-

able weapons which Great Britain, by her unfriendly and deceitful course, has prepared against herself whenever the occasion comes. Compared with what these new American steamers are able to do, her *Alabamas*, and *Floridas*, and *Shenandoahs* are very harmless ships; and in a war with America now any foreign nation would meet such powers for destruction as Europe has never encountered."

Happily for Europe, and for this country in particular, the glowing anticipations here expressed have scarcely been realised in the ships of this class which have been completed and tried. This we shall proceed to show hereafter; but would remark before doing so that the general policy laid down in the foregoing extract—*minus* the "tall talk" with which Dr. Boynton has seen fit to embellish his outline of it—is undoubtedly a good one, and that there is no *prima facie* reason why it should not have been realised in most of its particulars. We have already drawn attention to the high speed and moderate armament which unarmoured cruisers should possess; these features the Americans intended to have obtained. The other points on which Dr. Boynton lays great stress,—the necessity for a large coal supply and good sail power,—are also of primary importance in this class of ship, and especially in cruisers belonging to a country which, unlike England, does not possess coaling stations in all parts of the world. When a steam ship is also efficient under sail alone, she can obviously economise her coal very greatly by performing the greater part of her ordinary services under sail, and reserving her steam-power for pressing occasions. We have an excellent illustration of this in the *Alabama* herself, of which Captain Semmes observes, "she was a perfect steamer and a perfect sailing ship at the same time, neither of her two modes of locomotion being at all dependent upon the other." This fact enabled her to perform nearly all her cruising services under sail alone, and to economise fuel to such an extent as to make what would have been an eighteen days' supply for continuous steaming last for more than three months. In short, it is obvious that unarmoured cruisers should never be without sufficient coal on board to enable them to avoid a war ship which they cannot fight; and to ensure this, as well as to enable them to proceed on distant and cruising services without renewing the coal supply, good sail power and large coal-carrying power must be conjoined. As they were burdened neither with heavy weights of armour nor large armaments, there was no reason why the intentions of the designers of the American ships should not have been realised in these respects; but we shall see that they have not.

Keeping in mind the foregoing statements, and especially the

opinions expressed by Dr. Boynton, let us now turn to a brief examination of what has been actually accomplished in America and in this country towards the creation of a fleet of unarmoured cruisers. As we have said, the Americans led the way, and we shall therefore give their ships the precedence. At present, from the best accounts in our possession, it appears that there are from ten to fifteen of these cruisers belonging to the United States navy, several of these being in commission, and others having been tried at sea. Their tonnages range from about 3000 to 3700 tons—that is, from three to four times the *Alabama's* burden—and their lengths from about 310 to 335 feet. In external form and proportions they resemble mail steamships rather than other classes of war ships, every precaution having been taken to provide the fine shape adapted to high speeds. The other essential provision for high speed under steam—great engine power—has also been made; in fact, it appears that in this respect Dr. Boynton's description falls below the truth, since instead of having "the most powerful engines that even their immense hulls can bear," they have engines so powerful as to seriously strain and shake those hulls, for we have it stated by reliable authorities that after a cruise under steam seams have to be caulked, and other repairs effected, in order to restore the ships to efficiency. But even with these, in one sense, *too* powerful engines, the high estimated speeds cannot be attained by most of the ships, the *Wampanoag* being the only vessel that appears to have exceeded thirteen knots at sea. This vessel has achieved the highest speed of any steam war ship on record, having, according to official American reports, under sail and steam proceeded for twenty-four hours at a speed but little below seventeen knots. What her speed would have been under steam only, we have no means of judging; but there can be little doubt that it would have reached fifteen knots. In this respect, however, she stands alone, and we shall see that her superiority to her consorts has been dearly purchased. The *Madawaska*, sister ship to the *Wampanoag*, made only twelve and three-quarter knots on trial; the *Guerrière*, another of the class, has been beaten by mail steamers in the South Atlantic, her speed not exceeding twelve knots; and the *Idaho*, which, like the others, should have gone fifteen knots, has not realised ten knots. The last-named ship has proved such a failure, that, when last heard of, she was in use as a store and hospital ship. These facts—drawn, be it remembered, from American authorities, who are scarcely likely to have exaggerated the failure of a class of ship on which they had so set their hearts—show that in the prime feature of speed under steam, the *Wampanoag* class, as a whole, are failures; and

that the "enormous sea-racers," as Dr. Boynton styles them, could be overtaken, not only by our finest wood frigates, like the *Orlando*, *Ariadne*, and *Galatea*, but also by most of our iron-clad ships. What their fate would be in either case, we need not attempt to describe. Dr. Boynton says they are not intended "to fight the British navy," and these facts show that they are *not* "fleet enough to avoid a conflict" with our ships; the conclusion is obvious that they cannot play the part for which they were designed.

The *Wampanoag* is, as we have said, an exception as respects speed, and a few additional remarks are required respecting this, the most successful vessel of her class. Everything in her design has been made to give way to the provision of space and weight for the propelling apparatus. Her hold is, to an unusually large extent, taken up with engines and boilers; the coal has, in consequence, to be carried on the lower deck instead of in the hold, thus inconveniencing the crew; the weight of the engines, &c., is so great, that the ship's carrying power has been seriously reduced, her coal supply, armament, &c., having suffered; and she has the unusual number of four funnels, nearly all other war ships having at most two. Perhaps these facts will be better understood if we give a few figures. The total weight of the ship and her lading is, in round numbers, 4400 tons; her hull weighs at least 2000 tons, and the remaining 2400 tons go into weight for engines, boilers, masts, rigging, guns, equipment, stores, and provisions. More than one-half of this weight (1250 tons) is put into propelling apparatus alone; and yet these heavy engines are not capable of developing greater power than engines by English makers—such as Penn or Maudslay—weighing at least 400 tons less, would develop. From this it will be seen that about seventeen per cent. of the *Wampanoag's* total carrying power has been sacrificed to the adoption of the type of engines which the American Bureau of Steam Engineering have designed; and to this fact must be attributed her failure in nearly every other particular except that of steaming capability. Both American and English scientific journals have joined in this opinion, and the former assert that the weight of coal intended to be carried has been cut down, that the equipment has been reduced greatly, and the sail-power almost sacrificed, in order to carry these unnecessarily heavy engines.

Most of the other cruisers appear to be defective in their engine-power in proportion to the weight of the engines, but in them the sacrifices made are not so great as in the *Wampanoag*. Still, as their speeds under steam are so low, we should be warranted in condemning them on that account, even if they had not failed in other most im-

portant respects—notably in sail-power and coal-supply. These two features are, as we have seen, closely connected; but it must be added here, that the rate of consumption of the American engines is much higher than—perhaps nearly twice as great as—that of the most improved engines made in this country. Hence the 700 tons of coal which some of these ships are said to carry, would not last longer than, say, 500 tons would in the same ship if she had English engines. This is most important. With respect to the sailing capabilities of these ships, reports are far from satisfactory—at least, to Americans. Their spread of canvas is, in fact, far from “enormous;” their propellers do not lift, and cause a heavy drag when the ships are sailing; and so far are they from having “the utmost speed attainable by vessels under sail,” that some of them are stated by American journals to be incapable of tacking without the aid of steam. The *Army and Navy Journal*, for example, says of this class, “the vessels which of all others should be of the highest efficiency under canvas are the least efficient under sail of any ever built for the navy. They cannot even tack without the use of steam.” All these statements go to prove that in these respects, as well as in speed under steam, the cruisers have fallen far below what was intended, and that they could not keep the sea for any length of time. As respects their armaments, nothing very definite is stated in the published accounts, but the original intention of carrying a few 9-inch guns seems to have been carried out. The real cause of their failure is, we think, to be found in the inferiority of their engines; but it must be stated that if lighter and more powerful engines were put into them, their hulls would soon be shaken to pieces, unless constantly repaired, for they are lightly built of wood, and have already shown signs of weakness. They can never play their intended rôle, since they are not able to outstrip armoured ships, or to overhaul mail steamers; and while they would probably do some damage to our mercantile marine in case of war, their career would probably be shorter, and they would probably cause less havoc, than the irregular fleet of steam privateers which we should be able to equip. Those of them at present in commission are employed as cruisers for the protection of the commercial marine of the United States, just as the unarmoured ships of our own navy are employed; and there is every reason to believe that although these ships were designed for very different and special services, they are little more efficient as war ships than many of our recent wood sloops, such as the *Danae* and *Blanche*. These facts are likely to prove satisfactory to English readers, who have from time to time heard of the progress made in America with these im-

proved *Alabamas*, but may not have become acquainted with the results of their trials.<sup>a</sup>

Next, let us glance at our side of the picture, and see what has been done to compete with the Americans, remembering that at the time when the Admiralty began to move in this matter it was known that a number of swift cruisers had been commenced in the States, and were being pressed on with all possible rapidity. At that time there seemed every prospect that these vessels would be successful; and we have shown that it was mainly in consequence of the defective engines that they did not succeed; so that there was then no reason whatever to anticipate their failure. Under the impulse of such considerations as these, involving as they did the future safety of our mercantile marine, the Admiralty ordered *one* ship, the *Inconstant*; and after a considerable interval, about two years ago, two smaller vessels, the *Volage* and *Active*, for the same service. In moving thus slowly the Admiralty were, of course, acting consistently to their traditional policy. When screw line-of-battle ships were introduced, they waited till the French had begun the *Napoleon* before they ordered the *Agamemnon*; when iron-clads came into vogue, *La Gloire* was almost finished before the *Warrior* was commenced; and in this case the *Wampanoag* class were well advanced before the *Inconstant* was laid down. Consistency in such a policy has, however, little merit; and had it not been for the failure of the American cruisers, we might have occupied a vastly different position relatively to them than we now do. There is no doubt that when once we had fixed the type, the numbers of our swift cruisers could have been rapidly multiplied in the numerous ship-building yards of this country; but we might have had to pay a terrible price for such delay.

At present, as we have said, we possess three swift unarmoured cruisers, which, without flattery to our national pride, may be considered as fully capable of playing the part for which the American ships were designed. In the design of the first of these, the *Inconstant*, the Admiralty were undoubtedly influenced by the wish to produce a vessel which in every respect should equal, if not surpass, the best of the American cruisers. The largest of these ships was of more than 3700 tons burden; the *Inconstant* was made of more than

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<sup>a</sup> The views expressed above receive striking confirmation by the following extract from the *Times* of December 13: "It is stated that the Secretary of the (United States) Navy, in his forthcoming report, will recommend . . . . the sale of all the old and worthless vessels of the Isherwood (*Wampanoag*) class, and the construction of some new and more serviceable ships."

4000 tons. The American ship was to carry nine-inch guns; the *Inconstant* was supplied with a battery of the same calibre. The estimated speed of the *Wampanoag* class was fifteen knots, so was that of the *Inconstant*; but means were employed which rendered it probable that the latter would exceed that speed on the measured mile, and she has since done so. It was intended that the American cruisers should be efficient under sail; the *Inconstant* was supplied with sail-power equalling that of our latest wood frigates, which had earned the highest praise for their sailing performances. Measures were also taken to secure a large coal supply, and to embody all the other features on which both English and American authorities were agreed as essential to efficiency in this special class. But while there were these similarities, there were also many important differences in the designs of the *Inconstant* and the *Wampanoag*. Experience with our longest and swiftest wood frigates had shown us that a wooden hull could not sustain efficiently the great strains which the powerful engines intended to be put into the *Inconstant* would cause; hence it was determined to construct the ship of iron. "But iron ships rapidly become foul," says the reader, "and foulness means a great falling off in speed; surely this could not have been overlooked?" It has not been, and the freedom from fouling of a coppered ship has been combined with the strength of an iron ship, by covering the iron hull with wood planking, and then nailing on the copper sheathing outside the wood. This plan has been carried out also in our other two cruisers, the *Volage* and *Active*; so that all those ships can keep the sea for long periods without any decrease in speed being caused by foulness of bottom, and their hulls are not at all likely to be weakened and strained, as those of the American ships have been.

Another most important difference between the *Inconstant's* design and that of the *Wampanoag* is, that in our ship the screw propeller can be lifted out of the water when the ship is under sail; so that there is no hindrance whatever to her progress. The want of this feature in the American cruisers has been the subject of much fault-finding, and in them the drag caused by the propeller is increased considerably by the fine pitch of the screw, which stands almost directly across the ship's path, and with its four blades causes great loss of speed under sail. In our other two ships care has been taken also to avoid this fault.

A few words will suffice respecting the actual performances and qualities of our first cruiser, which has now been completed at Portsmouth, and tried on the measured mile and at sea. Her speed on

the measured mile was a little over sixteen and a half knots—that is to say, was rather more than a knot and a half *above* her estimated speed. In this respect, therefore, she is all that can be desired. As to her sailing capability it is not as yet possible to speak with great authority, as no sufficient accounts of her recent trials at sea have been published; but the “enormous” spread of canvas that she actually *has*, will doubtless give her—if not, as Dr. Boynton says, “the utmost speed attainable by vessels under sail”—yet a very high speed; and she easily out-sailed all the iron-clads in the squadron during the Autumn cruise. Her resemblance in sail-power to ships that have succeeded so well, places her satisfactory performance under sail almost beyond doubt; and it is interesting to know that she proves very handy and steady as well as speedy. With respect to her armament, the only fear is that she is *too* powerful, for she has a battery of nine-inch twelve-ton guns, throwing as heavy a broadside as the iron-clad frigate *Bellerophon*, and would blow any unarmoured ship belonging to our own or any other navy almost “out of the water.” Her coal supply is, as it was intended to be, excellent, and, in proportion to her rate of consumption, is very large—in fact, quite out of proportion to that of her American rivals. In all these respects, therefore, she does not fall much short of the *beau idéal* of a swift cruiser. Speedy under sail or steam; capable of keeping the sea for a long period, and of economising her fuel; able to overhaul nearly every vessel afloat; more than a match for any unarmoured ship; and “fleet enough to avoid a conflict” with any iron-clad, the *Inconstant* is a vessel which reflects credit upon her designers, and is a valuable addition to our navy.

Although not strictly connected with the subject with which we have been dealing, it may be interesting to call attention to the contrast between the *Inconstant* and the *Bellerophon*—the one a typical unarmoured ship, and the other a typical iron-clad—as a very good idea will thus be gained of the sacrifices that must be made in order to reach the extremely high speed of the cruiser. The *Inconstant* is more than thirty feet longer, yet six feet narrower, than the *Bellerophon*; so that alongside the trim, sharp cruiser, the iron-clad looks dumpy and unhandy. Although so much shorter, the *Bellerophon* weighs altogether about one-third as much again as the *Inconstant*—a difference of nearly 2000 tons existing, of which more than one-half is put into protective armour. The two ships have engines of the same nominal power and have almost identical armaments; so that we may roughly say that 2000 tons of carrying-power is the price paid in




order to pass from an iron-clad, protected with six-inch armour and steaming fourteen knots per hour, to an unarmoured ship steaming sixteen and a half knots per hour. In steam propulsion, truly, *c'est le dernier pas qui coûte.*

A few remarks respecting our other two cruisers will suffice. Both are now nearly ready for sea, and are being completed at Portsmouth, where one of them, the *Volage*, has been recently tried on the measured mile, and attained a speed exceeding 15 knots per hour. They are much smaller than either the *Inconstant* or the *Wampanoag*, being only a little over 2300 tons burden—in fact are fast corvettes, carrying all their guns on the upper deck, instead of being frigates, like the *Inconstant*. In structural arrangements, fineness of form, high speed under steam, and great sail-power, they resemble the larger ship, the prime difference, irrespective of size, consisting in the character of their armaments. It has already been stated that the armament of the *Inconstant* was regulated by that intended to have been carried by the American cruisers, and it is this fact alone which can justify such a heavy armament having been given to her, since she could scarcely hope to do more than “show her heels” to an armoured ship. The *Volage* and *Active* have been armed more with a view to their special service as rapid steam privateers than with the intention of fighting heavily-armed iron-clad ships. Hence they only carry 6½-ton guns instead of 12-ton guns; but when we speak of their armament in this way, we only deal with it relatively to the heavier guns now carried on shipboard, for the 6½-ton gun is much more powerful than the 68-pounder, which was our most powerful naval gun ten years ago, and which was then considered unnecessarily heavy for use on the broadside, since 32-pounders could smash in the side of a wood ship. It should be stated also that from what is known of the guns actually carried by the American cruisers, and the speeds at which they can proceed, it appears that our vessels, though smaller, could venture to engage their rivals; their superior speed enabling them to take up any position they might desire, say at long range, and to severely damage their less active foes. On the whole, then, it appears that their lighter armament is quite heavy enough for all the purposes these ships have to serve; and for privateering service, which after all is their special vocation, their armament is more powerful than it need be, while that of the *Inconstant* is out of all proportion to the necessities of the case. The *Alabama* was not wanting in gun-power, so far as we know, and until her fight with the *Kearsage* no doubt was entertained of its sufficiency yet it consisted only of one 68-pounder, one 120-pounder Blakely gun

In view of all the facts, however, we are of opinion that a smaller and more lightly-armed cruiser of the *Volage* type will, in war, be found to do better service, proportionately to the cost of their maintenance, than the *Inconstant*; and in adding to the number of these vessels we trust the smaller type will be conformed to especially as in time of peace these ships will be capable of performing economically the distant and cruising services now undertaken by our wood ships.

The facts set forth in this article show that although the Americans are far in advance of us in the construction of these swift cruisers, and are still considerably ahead of us as far as numbers only are concerned, we are far above them in the quality and success of our ships, a fact which is due mainly to the superiority of our engines and of our method of constructing the hulls. There seems no immediate prospect of increasing the number of these ships completed in America, but it is nevertheless to be regretted as we possess in our sea-going iron-clad fleet a description of force which is not to be found in the American navy. Many of these vessels, as we have said, being faster under sail than most of the American cruisers, and having besides considerable sail-power. Should war ever break out between this country and America, there is little likelihood of our having to deal with an iron-clad fleet, so long as it continues to consist almost exclusively of monitors; but, these being retained on the coast in our shallow waters than most of our iron-clads could enter, our ships will have to deal mainly with their unarmoured cruisers. These for a time may make some havoc amongst our merchant ships; yet as we should have the full command of the sea by means

## LOVE IMMORTAL.



THE morn breaks on a thousand hills;  
But all the glory of the morn,  
Since I was left on earth forlorn,  
No more to me sweet peace distils.

The snow a shroud of beauty weaves  
For last year's flowers ; the wizzard earth  
Hath lost the secret of its birth,  
Dead with the dying of the leaves.

I walk among the silent fields,  
Which once a footstep trod with mine,  
But now a memory pure, divine,  
Is all to me the prospect yields.

The snows have fallen on my head ;  
My cup is flowing to the brim  
With sorrow, and these eyes are dim  
With constant weeping for the dead.

Dead ! Dead ! Nay, that shall never be,  
For every star that lights the sky,  
And darkness doth beautify,  
Proclaims her immortality.

Sleep on, beloved, till above  
I fly to meet thee, heart to heart ;  
And from the throne of God shall dart  
Eternal summer on our love!

## APPLAUSE, CALLS, AND ENCORES.

**L**AYERS, after all," averred Hazlitt, "have little reason to complain of their hard-earned, short-lived popularity. One thunder of applause from pit, boxes, and gallery is equal to a whole immortality of posthumous fame." Nevertheless, the transitory nature of an actor's rewards sometimes stirred regret and commiseration. Shakspeare, as we now know, makes sympathetic mention of the poor player,

"That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more."

Garrick, in his prologue to the "Clandestine Marriage," states thusly:—

"The painter dead, yet still he charms the eye,  
While England lives his fame can never die ;  
But he who struts his hour upon the stage,  
Can scarce extend his fame for half an age ;  
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save—  
The art and artist share one common grave."

Garrick, in his "Apology," laments mellifluously, "that the literary beauties flowing from an harmonious elocution cannot, the effluence of poetry, be their own record ; that the animated graces of an actor can live no longer than the instant breath and motion presents them ; or, at least, can but faintly glimmer through the imperfect attestation of a few surviving spectators." And Garrick, himself, notwithstanding his dictum on the subject above set on record certain expressions of tenderness for the evanescent glory. "When an author dies it is no matter, for his works remain. When a great actor dies, there is a void produced in the theatre, a gap which requires to be filled up. The literary amateur finds employment for his time in reading old authors only, and pours out his entire spleen in scouting new ones ; but the lover of the stage cannot amuse himself in his solitary fastidiousness by sitting to read a play got up by the departed ghosts of first-rate actors ; or contented with the perusal of a collection of old playbills : he may go to see Garrick, but he must go to see Kean, and, in his own defence,

must admire, or at least tolerate, what he sees, or stay away against his will." Hazlitt, it may be noted, was evidently writing under the impression that at no time would the stage be left without the support of players of the Garrick or Kean class. If he had survived until our present years of grace, it would have become a question with him how far he could admire or tolerate the condition of the modern stage; he might even be driven to accept the alternative he himself suggests, and stay away from our theatres altogether, only *with* his will rather than against it, in common with a very considerable section of society.

An actor, in regard to the honours of his profession, considered apart from its commercial results, occupies the position of one who has invested his whole fortune in the purchase of an annuity terminating at his decease, and who has become entitled, therefore, to a larger income than accrues to the man able to lay up treasure, and to provide for and bequeath property to posterity. The player can be rewarded only by the applause afforded him during the continuance of his theatrical career, and it is right, therefore, that such applause should fully correspond with and be adequate to his merits. The thunders of pit, boxes, and gallery, are evoked by his own efforts, are magnified and multitudinous echoes, as it were, of his individual speech; and when he "is heard no more," they, also, are silenced. Although it may be that

" In a theatre, the eyes of men  
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that follows next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious,"—

still, it is certain, no more plaudits will be forthcoming for the "well-graced," and in time the tedious prattler will be surely awarded his due share of recognition and favour. The retired actor can only console himself with the memory of his old by-gone triumphs, for certainly he can triumph no more. The shadow of an inevitable neglect falls upon him. A king has come to reign who does not know Joseph—who, indeed, has never had the chance of knowing him. A new public is delighting to honour new players. He suffers not so much from the world's fickleness,—though something might be urged, perhaps, on this head—as from its sheer ignorance of his merits. What, then, can an old actor do but die? It is true that a portrait or two of him may remain extant, for the consideration of the curious. From this the younger students of theatrical history, if such students should arise, may gather, if they will, something of what manner of

ersion and solace, and for the benefit of a somewhat fatigued  
less band of juvenile auditors, in rather garrulous, and perhaps  
olly accurate accounts of his merits and achievements ; but  
ese tales are told, and the tellers of them are mute for ever—  
ains? It will be much if his name abides for a brief term  
s minds, and to effect even *that* it will be necessary for some  
ortality of the stage to be constantly renewing and deepening  
ription on his tombstone. The rest is indeed, death—the  
silence and mere oblivion.

his audience thunder for him then, while they may, and may  
nder ever sound in his ears as harmoniously as possible. But  
the plaudits of the public may be as noisy as thunder, as a  
y are also as short-lived. Calm soon succeeds the tempest ;  
athy quickly follows enthusiasm. Still, they are the player's  
or only his due, for indeed they are as necessary to him as the  
reathes. Applause is not only his recompense ; it is also his  
nce. Instances have been known of an actor deliberately  
og his audience that if they did not applaud he could not act  
for them. Henderson was wont to say that no actor could  
well unless he was systematically flattered both on and off  
e : an exaggeration, no doubt, which had yet its basis of truth.  
udience is in no humour to applaud, it will frequently result  
e actor will find himself in no humour to act, while on the  
and, let the spectators show themselves quick to appreciate,  
ous to be entertained, and the player, though he may have

necessity of calling on the chief patrons of the theatre, to inform them that the actor was chagrined at their coolness, and could not play nearly so well as in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh. The York playgoers took the hint, and on Woodward's next performance greatly delighted him with the enthusiasm of their applause. Liston found applause, of whatever kind, so necessary and grateful, that he said he liked to see even a small dog wag his tail in approbation of his proceedings.

The system of calling, or recalling, a favourite performer, which now appears to be established in our theatres, is of foreign origin, and was first instituted in London at the Italian Opera House. "It is the highest ambition of the opera-singers—like the Methodists—to have a *call*," says Parke, the oboe-player, in his "Musical Memoirs," published in 1830; and he describes the opera season of 1824, when Rossini was director and composer to the King's Theatre, and his wife, Madame Colbran Rossini, appeared as *prima donna seria*; Madame Pasta and Madame Catalani being also engaged for a limited number of nights. He relates, as something remarkable, that at the fall of the curtain after the performance of Mayer's "Il Fanatico per la Musica," Madame Catalani "was *called for*, when she again presented herself, making her obeisance, amidst waving of handkerchiefs and tumultuous applause." Madame Pasta, after appearing as *Desdemona*, "also had a call when the curtain fell, and was brought back to receive the reward due to her distinguished talents." Two seasons later Mr. Parke says, in reference to Madame Pasta's performance of *Desdemona*:—"At the end of the opera, by desire of the audience, she came forward once more to receive that reward which is becoming so common that it will shortly cease to be a mark of distinction." And, two seasons after that, of her appearance in "Tancredi" he writes:—"She, *as usual*, delighted the audience; and was, *as usual*, enthusiastically applauded. After the curtain fell she was called for, *as usual*, to go through the ceremony of being unmercifully applauded."

In the non-operatic theatres it is probable that calls first came in vogue when epilogues went out. Certainly there is not much to be said in favour of the system of delivering epilogues, except that perhaps, in such wise, a sort of relief was given to the audience after the performance of some especially lugubrious tragedy, by demonstrating to them that the heroine they had lately seen the victim of the dagger or the bowl, expiring in great agonies in front of the footlights, was able to trip on the stage alive and well—indeed, one might almost say alive and kicking—smiling, arch, and graceful, to speak

score or so of pertly comic lines in deprecation of censure of the play and its players, in entreaty for its favourable reception, and in recommendation of "the bard" who had given it being. But the epilogue has vanished, and tragedy has gone after it, and players are now called before the curtain, not to assure those among the spectators who had been so wrought upon by the cunning of the scene as to entertain doubts whether the performers had really survived their simulated troubles and disasters, but simply to congratulate them on their success, and to express some sort of gratitude for their exertions. There is nothing to be urged against this method of applauding the players, when kept within reasonable bounds. Sometimes, it is to be feared, however, the least discreet of the audience indulge in calls rather for their own gratification—by way of pastime during the interval between one play and another—than out of any strict consideration of the abilities of the players; and, having called on one or two deserving members of a company, proceed to require the presence before the curtain of others who have done little to merit the compliment. Certain play-goers, indeed, appear to applaud no matter what, simply for the sake of applauding. They regard the theatre as a place to be noisy in, and for the vehement expression of their own restless natures. When they cannot greet a player with acclamations, they will clamorously deride a footman, or other servant of the theatre, who appears before the foot-lights with a broom, a watering-pot, a carpet, or other necessary of representation; or they will issue boisterous commands to the gentlemen of the orchestra to "strike up" and afford an interlude of music. To these of the audience it is almost painful that a theatre should be peaceful, or a stage vacant; rather than this should happen, they would prefer, if it could possibly be contrived, and they were acquainted with his name, that the call-boy or the prompter should be called for and congratulated upon the valuable aid he had furnished to the performance.

Calls in the middle of an act, or interruptive of the illusion of a representation, are wholly reprehensible, and should be suppressed as strenuously as possible. It was with this view the managers of the Theatre Royal at Dresden recently forbade the performers to accept calls before the termination of an act, as "the practice interrupted the progress of the action on the stage," and respectfully requested the audience to abstain from such demands in future.

Writing in 1830, Mr. Parke describes the custom of encoring performers as a prerogative that had been exercised by the public for more than a century; and says, with some justice, that it originated more from self-love in the audience than from gratitude to those who



had afforded them pleasure. He considered, however, that encoring had done service upon the whole, by exciting emulation, and stimulating singers to extraordinary exertion; and that though, in many instances, it destroyed the illusion of the scene, it had become so fixed that, in spite even of the burlesque of encoring *Lord Grizzle's* dying song in Fielding's "Tom Thumb," it continued to prevail as much as ever. He notes it as curious that, "in calling for a repetition, the audiences of the French and English theatres should each have selected a word forming no part of their respective languages—the former making use of the Latin word, *bis*; and the latter the French word, *encore*." Double encores, we gather from the same authority, first occurred in England, at the Opera House, during the season of 1808, when Madame Catalani was compelled to sing three times one of her songs in the comic opera, "La Freschetana." As none of the great singers, her predecessors—Mara, Banti, Grassini, and Billington—had ever received a similar compliment, this appeared extraordinary, until the fact oozed out that Catalani, as part of her engagement, had stipulated for the privilege of sending into the house fifty orders on each night of her performance. After this discovery double encores ceased for a time at the King's Theatre; but the system re-appeared at Covent Garden, by way of compliment to Braham, each time the great tenor sang the favourite pollaca in the opera of "The Cabinet;" and subsequently like honours were paid to Sinclair upon his return from Italy. Until then, it would seem, Mr. Sinclair had been well satisfied with one encore, and exceedingly anxious that smaller favour should, on no account, be withheld from him. When he played the part of *Don Carlos*, in the opera of "The Duenna," he was disappointed with the measure of applause bestowed upon his efforts, and complained that the obligato cadenza, —which Mr. Parke had time out of mind played on the oboe, in the symphony of the song, "Had I a heart for falsehood framed,"—interfered with the effect of his singing, and that the applause which was obtained by the cadenza deprived him of his encore. Accordingly he requested that the cadenza might be suppressed. "Though I thought this a mean and silly application," says Mr. Parke, "I complied with it, and never interfered with his encores afterwards." It must be said for Sinclair, however, that encores had come to be regarded as tests of a singer's merits, and that a re-engagement at the theatre sometimes depended upon this demonstration of public approval. At Vauxhall Gardens, indeed, the manager—"who was not," says Mr. Parke, "a musical luminary"—formed his opinion of the capacities of his singers from the report of a person appointed to

register the number of encores obtained by each during the season. The singers who had received the most encores were forthwith re-engaged for the next year. Upon the whole, however, the system was not found to be completely satisfactory. The inferior vocalists, stimulated by the fear of losing their engagements, took care to circulate orders judiciously among their friends, with instructions as to the songs that were to be particularly applauded; and it frequently resulted that the worst performers, if the most artful manoeuvrers, were at the head of the poll at the end of the season, and re-engaged over the heads of superior artists, and greatly to the ultimate detriment of the concern. In reference to this system of obtaining encores, Mr. Parke cautiously observes: "Without presuming to insinuate that it was surreptitiously introduced into our English theatres, I may be permitted to observe, after forty years' experience in theatrical tactics, that it would not be difficult, through a judicious distribution of determined *forcers* in various parts of a theatre, with Herculean hands and stentorian voices, to achieve that enviable distinction." Possibly the reader, bearing in mind certain great successes and double and treble encores of our own time, may confirm, from his own experience, Mr. Parke's opinions and suggestions in this respect.

It was a rule of the theatre of the last century that although the audience were at liberty to demand the presence of an actor upon the stage, particularly with a view of his giving an explanation of any matter in which he had offended them, this privilege did not extend to the case of any one connected with the theatre other than in a histrionic capacity. Thus, when in the year 1744 a serious riot occurred in Drury Lane Theatre, relative to the excessive charges made for admission to an old entertainment—it being understood that for new entertainments it was permissible to raise the prices—"the manager [Mr. Fleetwood] was called for by the audience in full cry; but, not being an actor, he pleaded his privilege of being exempted from appearing on the stage before them, and sent them word by one of the performers that he was ready to confer with any persons they should depute to meet him in his own room. A deputation, accordingly, went from the pit, and the house patiently waited their return."

At this time, no doubt, the actor laboured under certain social disadvantages; and the manager who did not act, however insignificant a person otherwise, was generally regarded as enjoying a more dignified position than that occupied by the most eminent of performers. In time, of course, the status of the actor improved, and he outgrew the *supposititious degradation* attaching to his exercise of

his profession. We have lived to see composers, authors, and even scene-painters summoned before the footlights, nothing loth, apparently, to accept this public recognition of their merits. But these are innovations of quite recent date. In a reputable literary and critical journal,<sup>a</sup> of thirty-five years back, appears an account of the production at the English Opera House (now the Lyceum Theatre) of the opera of "Nourjahad," the work of the late Mr. E. J. Loder, of Bath, then described as the leader of the theatrical orchestra there, and the son and successor of Mr. Loder, whose talents as a musician had been long known in that city, and at the Philharmonic and other concerts. Much praise is awarded to the work, and then we find the following paragraph :—

"The silly practice of calling for a favourite actor at the end of a play was upon this occasion, for the first time, extended to a composer; and Mr. E. J. Loder was produced upon the stage to make his bow. As the chance portion of the audience could not possibly be aware that a gentleman so little known in London was present, it would have betrayed less of the secrets of the prison house, if this bit of nonsense had not been preconcerted by injudicious and over zealous friends. The turn of successful authors will, we suppose, come next; and, therefore, such of them as are not actors had better take a few lessons in bowing over the lamps and be ready. We know some half dozen whom this process would cause to shake in their shoes more vehemently than even the already accumulated anxieties of a first night."

The critic was, in some sort, a seer. The turn of the authors arrived in due course, some years since, although history has not been careful to record the name of the first English dramatist who appeared before the curtain and bowed "over the lamps." How far the accomplishment of this proceeding is attended by shaking in the shoes, is precluded by lessons in the art of deportment, or adds to the anxieties of a first representation, must be left for some successful playwright to reveal.

It may be noted that this calling for the author is also of foreign origin. The first dramatist called before the curtain in France was Voltaire, after the production of "Merope;" the second was Marmontel, after the representation of his tragedy of "Dionysius." More than a century ago the author of a "Letter to Mr. Garrick" observed that it was then usual in France for the audience of a new and well-approved tragedy to summon the author before them that he might personally receive the tribute of public appro-

<sup>a</sup> *The Athenæum.*

bation due to his talents. "Nothing like this," he writes, "ever happened in England." "And, I may say, never will," commented the author of a reply to the letter, with more confidence than correctness of prophecy. Further, he writes, "I know not how far a French audience may carry their complaisance, but, were I in the author's case, I should be unwilling to trust to the civility of an English pit or gallery . . . Suppose that every play that is offered should be received, and suppose that some one of them should happen to be damned, might not an English audience on this occasion call for the author, not to partake of their applause, indeed, but to receive the tokens of their displeasure?" Fears in this respect have been proved groundless, however. When a play is condemned, the actors and the manager may suffer, and be subjected sometimes to very considerable affront; but the public wrath is not visibly inflicted upon the author. He is left to the punishment of his reflections and his disappointed hopes. Certainly he incurs no bodily risk from the incivility of the pit or gallery. But the old violent method of condemning a play is nearly out of vogue. The offending work is now left to expire of inanition, as it were. Empty benches and a void treasury are found to be efficacious means of convincing a manager that he has failed in his endeavour to entertain the public.

For some time the successful author, yielding to the demand that he should appear personally before the audience, was content to "bow his acknowledgments"—for so the proceeding is generally described—from a private box. It was felt, however, that this was but a half measure. He could be seen by a portion of the audience only. From the private box to the stage was but a step, and the opinion prevailed that if he was to appear at all, he must manifest himself thoroughly, and allow the whole house a fair opportunity of viewing him. Still it should be understood that it is at the option of the dramatist to present himself publicly or to remain in private, and leave the audience to form such conjectures as may occur to them concerning the nature of his physical aspect. The public have no more real right to insist on the dramatic author's crossing the stage than to require that a successful poet, or novelist, or historian, shall remain on view at his publisher's for a specified time after the production of his latest work. It is necessary to insist on this, because a little scene that occurred a short time since in a London theatre shows some misapprehension on the subject in the minds of certain of the public. A successful play had been produced by a well-known writer, who was called for in the usual manner at the conclusion of the performance. The stage-manager explained the

non-appearance of the author,—he was not in the house. Thereupon an angry gentleman stood up in the pit, and demanded "Why isn't he here? He was here during the performance, because I saw him." The stage-manager could only repeat that the dramatist was not then in the theatre. "But he never appears when he's called for," cried the complainant; and he proceeded to mention instances in support of his statement, the stage-manager being detained upon the stage some time during the progress of his argument. The sympathies of the house appeared to be altogether with the expostulant, and the notion that the author had any right to please himself in the matter failed to obtain countenance. Upon a subsequent occasion, indeed, the author in question—another of his works having been given to the stage—thought it prudent to comply with the public demand, and, though with evident reluctance, presented himself before the footlights, to be inspected by his admirers and to receive their congratulations. He yielded to a tyranny he was quite justified in resisting. Other authors, though whether or not from unwillingness to appear can hardly be affirmed, have foreborne to attend the first representation of their plays, and the audience have been compelled to be content with the announcement,—“Mr. — is absent from London.” Sometimes particulars are supplied, and happy Mr. — is stated to be “probably, at that precise moment, enjoying his cigar upon the esplanade at Brighton,” it being added, that “intelligence of the triumphant reception of his new play shall be forthwith despatched to him by means of the electric telegraph.”

After the calling on of authors came the calling on of scene-painters. (Are we, with due regard for the existing state of the drama, to say, with Mr. Fechter in “The Duke's Motto,” “after the lacqueys, the masters”?) But of late, with the help of much salutary criticism on the subject, a disposition has arisen to check this very preposterous method of acknowledging the merits of a worthy class, who should be satisfied with learning from the wings or the back of the stage the admiration excited by their achievements, and to consider themselves in such wise as sufficiently rewarded. If they are to appear between their scenes and the public, why not also the costumiers and the gas-fitters, and the numberless other contributors to theatrical success and glory? Indeed, as a rule, the applause calls, and encores of the theatre are honours to be conferred on singers and actors only, are their rightful and peculiar property, and should hardly be diverted from them or shared with others, upon any pretence whatever.

## PEAS WITH THE KNIFE.

**I** PROPOSE a Society. There are a hundred reasons why it should have an immediate and a signal success. I propose it at this season of the year, because it is the time when the holidays are in full flow; holidays being, if you will reduce them to their simple elements, the permission to do pretty much as you please. Freedom from the chain; the loosing of "the jesses of the tongue;" the silence of the overseer; the lock upon the school-room door; the dropped apron; the closed desk;—are holiday marks. The song says, "the bow must be sometimes loose." The dog must be unleashed; the man must go free. Not only the wight who has ten hours' work per diem; the statesman who dozes through the long debates; the man who keeps shop from cock-crow to sunset. These are not the only, perhaps not the hardest, workers. Why did the Queen delight in her evenings at Highland inns? Why have we countless anecdotes of kings and queens escaping to the modest, humble ways of life, to make holiday? Because there are folk to whom coarse clothes are a delight, and the eggs and bacon of a village inn, a rare treat. The love of masquerading is only an expression of weariness with the monotony of one's actual condition. The duchess revels in the disguise of a milk-maid. I can understand a John Howard radiant, for an evening, in the dress of Jack Sheppard; and a Princess Metternich happy under the waxlights, as a nun. The holidays of the people are being fairly looked after now; but who have troubled themselves about the vacations of the unfortunate among the unfortunate—those persons who never have anything to do?

It is at the merriest time of year they are to be pitied most. "Merry Christmas!" they cry with scorn—as well they may—for how should it be merry Christmas to them? Where is the novelty? Show them anything they cannot command at any other season. Their children have toys all the year round. Is roast beef a novelty? Is plum-pudding anything more or less than an elaborately concocted indigestion? In December, crowds of people are expectant of Norfolk turkeys, and are enraptured at the sight of the noble bird in the humble and doubtful company of sausages. The people for whom I claim public sympathy would as soon eat the oldest cock

out of a neglected farmyard. They have made the acquaintance of the turkey *aux Nouilles* and *à la Provençale*, and *truffée à la mode Toulouse*. They understand a turkey to mean truffles, or to be at any rate *à l'écarlate*. And why he should not be, I cannot, I must confess, fairly understand. The dish is easy enough; delicate, and to the British palate, novel. We can get a bunch of fresh celery leaves in this country: spice is within our reach: we have stewpans—and we have a pinch of intelligence within the Queen's dominions. An Englishman who gets a tough old turkey breaks his teeth upon him: a Frenchman stews him to tenderness, and flavours him. The turkey is the Frenchman's dish at this time of the year, as well as the Englishman's. The difference is in this—that while the Englishman has just skill enough to get his turkey from Norfolk to the spit; the Frenchman sits over his, and says, shall he contain truffles, or olives, or chestnuts, or even mushrooms? I want to know why a Norfolk turkey, which reaches a middle-class family that does not eat turkey as work-a-day food, should not be stuffed with sausage and chestnut? Moreover, why should not the turkey be accompanied to table by a dish of fine celery, in the Provençal manner? They who have eaten turkey *purée de marrons*, or with black olives, are not *en fête* when Christmas comes, bringing roast beef, and plain turkey with sausages.

The answer of many will be, if this thing content them not, let them go discontented; but I protest against the injustice, for they are the people who have the fewest holidays—who seldom or never get beyond rules—who cannot slip the cord. They are to be pitied at Christmas time, at Easter, at Whitsuntide, when they see thousands about them leaping with delight because there is a sprig of holly, aglow with berries, in the sirloin. Pity the poor creatures, I beg, who remain confined in the strict laws of their state, while the children are romping about the Christmas trees of Clapham and Bayswater, and Master Tommy has got his vagrant fingers in the apple-pie at Camden Town. What is the Michaelmas goose to them? Conceive the slavery of the gilded wretch whose evening is spoiled by the failure of a sauce! Show some commiseration to him who must, though he ache with rheumatism in every limb, dress for his Christmas dinner. Shed a tear upon the gouty man who put on a tight boot at 6 P.M., on the 25th. These slaves have no holiday. They scoff and sneer and chafe over "Merry Christmas," for it is a festive time to them. I have heard Christmas simply described just that particular season of the year "when Englishmen go ma about beef, and believe themselves bound to laugh while they eat a unscientific compound, the parallel of which is not to be found in an

poulterers' shops are still packed with birds, this January. Pheasant is the favourite with us, as with our neighbours. "Pheasant," the British housekeeper says, rubbing his red hands, "with bread sauce, I take it, nothing can be much finer than that." With what a zest he sets to on the 25th, a numerous and happy family about him! The roast pheasant is a treat, a Christmas and everybody present is free to confess it. The expectant guests about the table are accustomed to plain roast and boiled, a happy sight. It is a holiday, indeed! Not one of them has ever tasted *Faisan à la Silésienne*, with the *choucroute* and *choux*. None of them want their pheasant *piqué*. They are content with *quenelles aux truffes*, or pheasant *à la Bohémienne*. Christmas is a mighty festival; and the geese on Michaelmas, that come, *en bourgeois*, with sage and onions, are delights. The French woman will have no more idea of dishing up the remains of the Christmas dinner than she has of a bird *à la Monglas*; but her boys will romp in the street, and her girls will wear roses in their cheeks, and all agree that it is a very happy time. As, indeed, it is, and should be in sad England, where people so seldom stir themselves to put on clean clothes. Our neighbours have *fêtes* without number, and a *fête* to them means laughter, a banquet, and a dance. The air is filled with their laughter. They sing all the way out and home. The boldest and mightiest among them break out of the stiff school of the upper world in a downright manner, and romp and laugh. One of our travellers's accounts from Compiègne showed the *royne-façon* Empress



Their servants keep them in order. There is a circle round which they may move, and which, by way of change, they may cross; but beyond which they may not travel. They have an eminently polite Christmas dinner. You should see the weary eyes of the host falling upon the plum-pudding. The butler is as *blasé* as the rest; and, in his own mind, very much regrets that master feels himself compelled to dine on Christmas day very much as the grocer round the corner is dining. The ladies wonder what on earth can put the housemaids in such high spirits. "Christmas-day is very much like any other day to us," say they; "only we are obliged to see a monstrous joint of beef which sickens us, and the children *will* have us taste a pudding which we hold in abhorrence."

I pity these poor people, and it is in their favour I am venturing to plead that next Christmas may find them less desolate than they were in 1869.

"The beggars but a common fate deplore,  
The rich poor man's emphatically poor,"

writes Cowley. Compassionate the poor rich, I say, at all festive seasons of the year, for they bring no holiday to them. He who talked about the people to whom every day was a Sunday, was a superficial observer of the abject slaves of society; of the unfortunates without a want; of the miserable wretches who are never permitted to desire anything for five minutes. I beseech the fortunate reader to whom Christmas is a huge, long-anticipated holiday; the fortunate one who can joy in the toasting of chestnuts; the lucky elf whose eyes beam over the edges of a mince-pie; the favoured of fortune who is robust enough to send his plate up twice for pudding; the wight of strong tooth who can give a good account of the Michaelmas drumstick;—to vouchsafe one moment's thought to the plight of the rich man who sends the turkey away untasted, his memory carrying him back to black olives! I want to assemble some good Samaritans who will comfort him, and compel him to be merry with his happy poor fellow-creatures.

I propose to establish—just as there are Christmas goose-clubs in Whitechapel, and other quarters where the slender purses abide—a Society for Promoting the Eating of Peas with the Knife on Christmas Day. The patrons shall consist exclusively of persons who are in the habit of lifting peas to their lips with their knife whenever the peas present themselves. The society shall be governed by a committee of people who prefer a steel fork. During the sittings of the committee every member shall be bound to keep both his elbows firmly planted upon the table. The chairman shall wear his hat art-

fully pitched on the side of his head. The secretary shall smoke a pipe, the aperture of the bowl downwards. It shall be the duty of this august assembly to disseminate among the classes who are now unable to enjoy the Christmas holidays, and who have a positive aversion for the customary British fare, a new sensation, a Christmas custom which they shall be bound under pains and penalties to observe only on the 25th of December in each year.

This custom shall be the conveyance of peas to the mouth with the knife. I have selected peas for a good reason, I think, *viz.*, that it will be extremely difficult to get them. Now, I am quite certain that the trouble which it costs a poor man to obtain a roast and a pudding, with nuts and oranges to follow, is half the enjoyment. The table is his field of victory. His carving-knife, in his sight, is a trusty sword as well. In the same way the rich poor fellow who cannot enjoy Christmas festivities as they are regulated at present, will set to work with eagerness to procure the dish of green peas. What do you think of Christmas green-pea clubs, with the landlords of Mivart's and Long's for treasurers? There would be a tussle in that. We should hear soon of Benevolent Associations for the distribution of Christmas green peas among necessitous members of the upper class. A zest would, in short, be given to the national holiday among the rich poor creatures, whom the middle and lower classes have so long cruelly left out in the cold on Christmas day.

Then my committee would complete the delightful work of charity, and would gratuitously teach the upper class to eat the peas, got after so much toil and fret, with their knife. Think, only for a single moment, of the fun that would be imported to the Christmas banquet of the rich poor! The roasting of the chestnuts in the parlour behind the shop would be as tame as stocking-mending, to it. The butler would scarcely be able to contain himself.

I have thrown out this idea as an act of duty. I have been doomed to see so much of the dulness of Christmas; and to hear so much about its jollity. With an aching heart have I walked the streets of London on many a 25th of December, observing the thousands of happy faces that have shaken the shadows of London life off for twenty-four hours; wondering why I should be left cool, and placid, and unexpectant, going on my way to the table where the turkey will show the black diamonds through. And I drew up my plan for the relief of the rich poor at Christmas, as the consequence of these observations.

FIN-BEC.

## THE NEMESIS OF FLIRTATION.

**I**T is as difficult to define flirting as it is to give a reason for a prejudice. At the first glance it would seem to be the pastime of an advanced and cultivated race, and to be necessarily artificial; but we find it existing, flourishing as an amusement among savages who have never become acquainted with any of the other blessings of civilisation. It is, however, in a refined country that flirtation is best understood in all its bearings. Courtship in barbarous lands, ending with submission or capture of the bride, is a quick process, which admits only of odd displays of the moods and temper requisite for the pursuit. Here society for many reasons encourages the exercise of emotions without requiring positive results to follow, for the great aim and end of flirtation is that nothing should come of it. And flirtation may be called an art comprehending the exercise of emotions without positive results. Like most things with an abstract intention, it fails to finish its design in a concrete manner; and while willing to admit that if pursued in primitive simplicity, nothing could be more harmless, the variations from the innocuous purpose are so constant as to render the accidents the more interesting subjects of inquiry.

Our readers must have observed the enormous increase of cases in the law courts familiarly known as cases of breach of promise. A few years ago actions of this kind were comparatively rare, and at least rare enough to attract special notice and funny leaders in the daily journals. Taking it for granted that the newspapers fairly represented public opinion on the subject, we should decide that as a rule a breach case was regarded as an excellent theme for expansive humour. The letters were commented on, the speeches of counsel, the enormous incongruity of giving money damage for blighted affections, and all the rest of it, became, in fact, the properties of the social essayist, and very dexterous and comic use he made of them. But note the change. Actions for breach have multiplied, juries mulct defendants in sums that appear almost savage, the letters are as provocative of mirth as ever, and yet it is considered bad taste and bad form to go wagging a cap and beating over the suggestive trial and dénouement. One reason for this

that even a joke may be worn threadbare, and it is irritating to know that on a certain occurrence will arise a simultaneous giggling and cackling from wise fellows who have known better than to have experienced the follies of love. But the real cause lies deeper than the surface. Marriage is every day becoming a more serious affair for women. All the talk, all the flatulent hyperbole, all the solid but one-sided logic of the advocates for female rights, have not assured a single reflective person that it is better for a lady to be independent of male support, than to have a husband to comfort and cherish her. It is only a sorry and a foolish oaf who would desire to bound the horizon of woman's sphere by unnatural and narrow limits. Open sensible employments and offices to the sex with all our hearts, give them intellectual breathing space, take them out of the dull bread-and-butter atmosphere of "Mangnall's Questions" or "Pinnock's Catechism," and let them learn something of the deeds of historic men, of the poets to whom the world has hearkened for a thousand years, of the chemical and geological wonders of the universe. Improve their teachers by necessitating higher qualifications for imparting knowledge, and do not stifle them in moral hot-houses at home until their notions of right and wrong become too fragile for everyday wear; but give us not for the wives of men, and the mothers of children, politicians in petticoats, women inferior to their own natures by having strained them in aping ours, women who have lost the delicate instincts of an emotional organisation by vainly endeavouring in a strife in which they are strong enough to hold their own ground, but unfit to shove and to shoulder men in the fields of purely masculine enterprise. When this is done, and in this direction we are tending, men should be all the more chivalrous and faithful to women. If it be laid down that the sphere of the family, the scheme of matronhood, as it might be called, is the first and best thing for the sex to ambition, it is only right that it should be protected, and in a certain measure assisted to that design. Hence it is, we believe, that juries, who are influenced by reasons which are rather in the air than in their heads, but which, nevertheless, do imperceptibly jog them into particular courses, hence it is that they of late have given such heavy damages in cases of breach, and with a fidelity to a belief on the lady's side of the question which now and then argues a foregone conclusion in her favour.

It is a woman's right to flirt. Coquetry may be serious or it may be gay, but no one can deny that a woman who is not allowed to declare a preference in words may reasonably show her regard for a

particular male acquaintance by her manner and deportment. If these tokens of esteem are responded to, if the gentleman appreciates the regards bestowed on him, he must of course reciprocate; and here we have the groundwork for a flirtation at once. Supposing matters to go on smoothly, it ought to be a simple affair of stages:—acquaintance (1); partiality mutual (2); flirtation (3); engagement (4); marriage (5). This, however, seldom happens. There are, we regret to write it, but the truth must be told, women who have a passion for flirting, and for nothing else. At first it is little more to them than a penchant might be for lobster salad, a thing to be desired on occasions, after the ball or at a picnic, but from frequent indulgence in varieties of the sport, it seizes upon them as a desire for drams does upon an intemperate person. They cannot subsist without the excitation of having a dangerous pet about them, a man mouse to stroke, or a man spaniel to fetch and carry. At first they are entirely innocent of a feeling other than that of mere wantonness, but after a while they learn the secret and revolting delights of cruelty. This arrives, this wicked, unwomanly sense, from a special experience. Amongst the living objects of amusement in the circle of the flirt, there turns up one who happens to entertain a serious attachment for the lady. She knows it quickly enough, and is here tried by a host of temptations, the common result of the codes of society. She has learned to distrust love. Marriage means a settlement, and a comfortable one; love, without a good establishment, means a bothering, affectionate husband, with limited possibilities of satisfying a taste for dress and amusement, a succession of children who cannot be stowed out of sight, a sinking from the level in which one drives one's carriage while yet single, and so on. But although my lady has no intention of marrying her admirer, that is no obstacle to having a good deal of fun out of him. He can be made jealous and to look miserable; he can be coaxed and made to look happy; he can be thrown a smile to mumble and play with; he can be made useful as a foil, or as a decoy duck to attract fowl better worth the plucking; and so he is kept on hands. Now, there are a great many men who once in their lives, at least, are capable of putting up from one woman with this sort of treatment. They discover and curse their folly at last, and do not retire into backwoods, as romancists occasionally represent, and languish for years in the midst of a sheep farm. But they carry a sharp pain with them wherever they go. They have lost belief. Their ideal of womanhood has become degraded, not because a woman has had the *taste to refuse* their overtures, but that a woman of, to them, the

most attractive qualities, has used them with a shameless and most unfeeling unconcern. And the woman herself?

She has tasted the fatal banquet and loses all palate for other food. She picks up a fresh victim when she changes her spots, and has been known to fly at a country curate after chasing very different quarry in town. And this goes on season after season, until her power begins to fade with the false light of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks. The Nemesis of flirtation at last overtakes her. She has, to use a coarse phrase, lost her market time. The men are eager now to be off, when she would have them advance. Every newspaper in which she reads the chronicle of the marriage of an acquaintance gives her a bitter pang, a keen sting. She is quite capable of weeping real tears in the character of a bridesmaid, but the tears are salted with spite that she is not the bride herself. Old dramatists said cruel things of this type of female, and even shouted them after her when she had passed out of life. Let us be more charitable. Let us believe that the decayed flirt is prepared for her closing state by a fortunate unconsciousness of its reality. So shall she hope and ogle to the last, a sad spectacle, but not at all an unusual one. But flirtation affects other women in a different manner. Women of strong romantic temperaments are perpetually thinking themselves in love. They have a series of heroes on whom they expend their emotions, and wish for an interchange which frightens them when it comes. Of real love they are incapable, of love that is demanding sacrifice, honourable submission, loyalty, and supreme faith. At best, if they had not spoiled their faculties by drugging them with stimulants, they might have settled into mothers with a turn for the nursery, and perhaps exhibit the accomplishment of keeping the ante-nuptial glamour over the eyes of their husbands, but flirting destroys their domestic prospects. Should they drop it at the church door they cannot shake off the memories so easily. And when vexed afterwards at a trifle, these creatures will mope in secret over the image of some man they never sincerely cared a button for, but who happens to have cut a figure in the series above mentioned. It is these puling, nonsensical wives that sometimes drive men out of their wits, helpless and tortured, while the whimpering and the nagging proceeds with a desolate unity of intention.

The Blanche Amory class of flirt is not extinct, although albums of the *Mes Larmes* kind are out of fashion. Blanche was a flirt constitutionally. You remember the awful disclosures of the wolf in masquerade before *he proceeded to gobble up Red Ridinghood!* His

dimensions and capacities were established seriatim, for the more convenient and complete consumption of his prey. So is it with the Blanche Amorys around us—the syrens against whose charms you had better at once stuff your ears—aye, and blindfold your eye-balls. The great satirist seems to me to have become so enraged at the abominable store of mischief laid up in the pretty casket so innocently and softly named, that before he was done with Miss Amory he lost temper with her, and just gave her a cut of his whip over the white shoulders. What a hypocrite, liar, glutton, and shrew! Well, this is only my translation of the text; but I declare it ought to be plainly interpreted for the benefit of the Miss Amorys who exist outside books. They it is who scandalise their sex. They are limp, treacherous and indefinite in their style, not fast but sly, sly to a degree which might be characterised by the famous Bagstockian epithet. Save us from them at all risks of celibacy! I should like to hope that Blanche Amory married a poor man in the end, who had not a particle of soul, and could only afford beer, pickles, and cold mutton on his board. The white beauty wanes or develops into a stout, cross woman, with tawny hair. She is careless in her dress and slatternly; perhaps she resorts to eau de Cologne for comfort, and wanders from the strong waters of Cologne to the cream gin of the valley. Then—but the picture is distasteful. Thackeray did so serve a flirt upon canvas. Becky Sharpe, who hides a bottle under her counterpane, and falls amongst thieves and all sorts of bad company, when she has had her short run of triumph. And yet, of the two women, I should prefer Miss Sharpe to Miss Amory, and I am sorry that poetical justice dealt so hardly with the former. Miss Sharpe has a better claim to be called a syren or a mermaid; for if you look closely, Blanche dissolves into, not a mermaid, but a jelly fish. Literature presents us with innumerable specimens of the sort of women under notice. How indeed could the story-tellers or the poets get on without them? There is a recent taste set in for female ogresses. It is not Bluebeard who is cruel to flesh and blood, but sister Ann, who comes in for a reversion of the castle, and stuffs its secret chambers with captives of her bow and spear. Strange, too, it is that men are found who love these basilisk furies and come to their feet. There is a Nemesis also for these women:—

“ Between the nightfall and the dawn, threescore ;  
 Threescore between the dawn and evening ;  
 The shuddering in thy lips, the shuddering  
 In thy sad eyelids, tremulous like fire,  
 Makes love seem shameful, and a wretched thing.”

But come we now to the male flirts. The male flirt is pretty equally distributed through various ranks in the social scale, but the higher atmospheres are best suited for his complete development. He is of course a squire of dames, but his object is to single a few from the herd roaming through his ordinary hunting-grounds. He does not care to meet his match, nor does his match care to meet him. The precious pair soon discover that they might as well drop their foils when they can neither hit nor disarm each other. Our man flirt, however, does not want for recreation. The country supplies him at the start of every season. It is his agreeable, self-imposed duty to attach himself to a young girl as much as possible, and imply that he is madly fond of her. The elegant fellow does it with his tongue in his cheek all the time. He never commits himself, to use a favourite phrase. That is, he has never the courage of his intention when his intention is bad, and he is equally brave when his inclinations are good. If women only knew the utter worthlessness of some of the nincompoops they occasionally favour! I have seen a male flirt—his soft brains rendered softer by the heat of wine—pull out your tender, and indeed harmless, note, Miss Laura, for the criticism of a circle of mean snobs, of his own quality, in a club smoking-room. The pleasant dandies are bartering confidences and testimonials you perceive, and are so far honest as to keep back nothing. Well, these fellows are vulgar exceptions if you will, but let me warn ladies addicted even to “harmless flirtations,” against trusting MS. with a common “yours sincerely” to the end of it, to male friends. This advice augurs badly for *my* male acquaintances, does it? Not at all, miss, I assure you. I have known the most honourable man in the world thoughtlessly leave an ordinary note of thanks for the loan of a book on his shelf, and a miserable sequel to follow. And this is a trap of the male flirt's. To establish an intimacy with just a whiff of impropriety about it, is what he desires of all things. What a grand triumph it is for him to win a girl's heart,—to see the love for him growing in her face day by day, to baulk it now, to challenge its symptoms again, to discover its shrinking sensitiveness, to subject it to sudden chills, warmth, and fickle returns, until the pure feeling has died, and lies cold as a corpse and heavy as a stone at the soul's gate of the woman for the rest of her life. A noble success and victory this, is it not? And even without risk—for the male flirt never goes beyond the *convenances*; never, if one may be permitted, attempts absolute seduction. No, he is a much superior artist; and his prosperity carries its own reward with it. Women like him the better for his cruelty.



To return to the breach of promise cases. The male flirt is no and again brought to book in court. The mean blackguard is shown up in true colours. He is shaken and tost until his figure is as loo and ragged as that of a scarecrow. He is by the publishing of t trial hung out in the open fields as a warning and a cautio as a scarecrow ; but, Lord bless you, if not married before, he is greater favourite than ever. Until women have amongst themselv settled that jilting a woman is a cowardly thing which unfits t perpetrator for decent intercourse, the male flirt will always fir employment for his talents. That women do not regard the matt in this light, is evident. But the male flirt does not always escap He is never kicked in these degenerate times, but I have know him either to catch a tartar, to bring a dove home with him, and fir it casting its plumage, altering its beak, assuming claws, and turni out a fierce fowl to peck ; or fate attends him by lopping off t acquaintances, and leaving him utterly friendless and desolate in t old age. He is not difficult to please *then*, and perhaps exalts cook to his table, who soon takes the whip-hand of the dotard, a stands guarding his door like a harpy, against the approach of tho who retain the slightest commiseration for his state.

Real love is yet to be found. Paste or Bristol diamonds are co stantly offering themselves, yet the brilliant is to be got for searchir But it is an evil day for those who find it and cast it away again mistake. Between the pages of this essay I took a stroll in Ke sington Gardens—a favourite lounge of mine—and, I there saw t following piece of melodrame. A girl with a pale, thoughtful fa sat under a tree, in which the wind was soughing and struggli like an imprisoned spirit. She sat waiting there, waiting w glances very wistful towards the broad walk. In a minute or t a young man approaches ; there is no greeting between the p but the woman stands up, and both step slowly down to the wa They speak not a word for a while, but as they near the pond young fellow whispers something ; the girl shakes her head, and t hands her companion a packet. He gives her another in excha Is there anything more to be done ? With a sudden wild ges which contrasts painfully with her previous faltering manner, the pulls a trinket from her neck and flings it glittering in the sun. It d with a light splash in the pool. Quick as thought the lad—for is not much more, breaks a souvenir from his watch-chain, and v a very affected laugh, sends it after the trinket. Then both walk in different directions. Twice or thrice they look round (*but as would have it never catch each other in the act*). Well, I say to my:

here is the end of a little romance which might have ended otherwise than in this cruel fashion ; and so I light a cigar, and muse over many might-have-beens. Hallo ! what's this ? As I live, our young gentleman stealing cautiously back to the water-side ! After looking carefully round he pulis off his shoes and stockings, and is carefully raking and fishing in the mud—for what?—for what ? Oh, foolish Curly-locks ! He appears to have been successful, the treacherous dog ! for he comes on shore and wends his way in my direction. He blushes at being detected, but he does more. His whole countenance brightens up, and he makes a rush behind a tree, close to where I am seated, and lo ! there are the two idiots revealed ; mademoiselle having—the little puss—been watching the movements of monsieur—tears on her handsome cheeks, I dare say—all the time. And, sir essayist, what is your moral, and what has this to do with the Nemesis of flirtation ? Why should I tell you ? Suppose Curly-locks had the strength of mind to keep his resolution (whatever it was) to leave his gewgaws in the duckweeds, and his lady to keep guard for nothing ? Would they not have been punished for the sweet pleasures of their former trysts, and, for aught I know, saved the torture of a genuine interment of love of which this ceremony was only a mock funeral ?

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# WILL HE ESCAPE?

## BOOK THE SECOND.

(Continued.)

### CHAPTER V.

A DOUBT.

**W**HILE the Beauty sings, we look across the country to his pleasant home, through the glasses of that little cabinet, where are enshrined the two gentle female hearts. Their eyes would pierce, if they could, all the plantations, the hills, and mountains, and towns that lay between them and their darling. As it was, they filled up many an hour speculating as to what the Beauty was busy with, how he was amusing himself. They had a full and accurate list of the company, as they thought, and they knew there could be no danger. He was sure to be good friends with that old Lady Seaman. The Woods were fussy, but safe people. The Mariner girls "would not look at him." They were very happy together, and could enjoy themselves, for, to say the truth, the Beauty was rather a heavy strain and responsibility. They were not alone, for that good fellow, young Hardman, was over with them morning, noon, and night. He, too, had a great deal off his mind; for he had got leave from his colonel and had returned as soon as The Towers was free. His honest good will, his open devotion to Livy, increasing every hour, made him a welcome visitor, and before long, Mrs. Talbot saw what was coming—just as the careless loungee, standing by the water's edge, sees two blocks of wood slowly, but surely, drifting together. Livy was human, was a girl,—a tender, impulsive girl,—though there seemed to be an impression that she was bound by a vow of almost conventual celibacy. Mrs. Talbot soon saw with a sigh that her inclination to the young man could not now be checked without much suffering and misery to both. There was also her enmity to *that* house; but that had gone into the past. The woman had been routed. She *was, besides*, a widow, and had bitterly atoned for any offences in

that way. So she could justly tolerate, if not afford to look back with pity and contempt. Livy herself knowing towards what a forbidden country she was straying, yet to her so delightful and attractive, kept her eyes turned away as she walked on. It was so new and pleasant, if she but dared. But her vocation seemed to lead her in another direction. How noble, how generous, how "off-hand" and manly he was, so tender and delicate, and yet so bold and generous. He had that natural simplicity, so charming in a man, which to some has the air of egotism, from personal experiences told; but which, indeed, only arises from a wish to please. Now that he was relieved from the Upas tree at home, that dreadful tree whose branches were of "Brummagem" metal, and kept the bright sunlight from falling, he seemed as happy as a child. He was full of plans for their entertainment, and it was he who suggested that special journey to London, when all the shops of the Mechi exploitation were to be ransacked to choose a dressing-case for the Beauty—a surprise for him on his return. There were to be new ivory brushes; the others had, indeed, served their full time, veterans that might go into hospital. It was properly Mrs. Talbot's office to receive such an offering; but transactions with the Beauty of this description generally took the shape of some trifle to her, to be compensated for by something of ten times its worth to him. The giving a present to her amounted, in fact, to the giving one to him. They had some delightful days in London, engaged in these exploring parties, and at last a small "chest" was selected, stored with costly vessels for holding all sorts of scented and greasy things, with the Beauty's crest and monogram peering out of an ambuscade at every corner. The cost of this sumptuous present was defrayed out of certain little savings put by for many years, but which were not half so valuable as the anticipated delight and surprise of their Beauty.

During these days the young man has been growing more and more sensible of the sweet nature of Livy—more drawn to her every hour. Mrs. Talbot had seen and seen again, and one night, when the Beauty had been gone but three or four days—her old fashionable heart seemed to soften—the memory of the dear child's devotion and unwearied labours in her cause came back on her, and it seemed to her it might now be time for all this to end; so when she had sent Livy away on some pretence she led the young man on to speak of his attachment, which he did with a delighted openness, enlarging on his prospects and difficulties.

"My father will, of course, never agree to it; he wishes me to buy—that is his own word—some young girl who belongs to some

noble family. I *could* not do it, even if I had never seen your daughter. It seems to me so mean, so base — this trafficking in love and riches and titles.”

A faint tint came into her face ; for this had been *her* old trade. He did not see it, and went on—

“ Not that my father is to blame, as that is the fashion after which he has lived and in which he was born. But I have great friends who will push me on. I know, too, that my sister was foolish enough to offend you, but a heavy chastisement has overtaken her, and she has trials enough to punish her. You are too generous to think any more of *that*.”

Mrs. Talbot was pleased. She liked this boy ; she would not be sorry to snatch him from among that corrupt set. She spoke her mind frankly.

“ Our ideas change so strangely, I cannot account for it : but still it will be for the best, though I thought we never could bring ourselves to part with her. But still she has done so much for us—she has been a joy in the house—that I must not be too selfish, but must at last think of her.”

“ O, how good and kind of you,” the young man cried in a rapture. “ But you shall not lose her. We shall always be with or near you. I shall get some place close by, and we shall be so happy.”

The colour came into our Livy's face when she was told of this arrangement. She could hardly believe her senses. It seemed to her so natural that the old arrangement—the old “ watch-dog ” arrangement—should go on until she became old or died. Such a sacrifice seemed to her but the natural order. Within that same order it seemed unaccountable that her dream of such things should be accepted.

This news was to be a surprise for the Beauty when he returned. Of course his consent would have to be asked in a formal way—a courtesy that was due ; but his “ ways ” were so well known by this time that, as conjurors can extract any wine named from the wonderful bottle, so could they extract any answer they pleased from their Beauty. He would, indeed, find an *inconvenience* in the loss of that indefatigably affectionate girl. Pleased, they had all but planned the wedding ; for a kind of soft anticipation, and even romance, seemed to fill Mrs. Talbot. She spoke a great deal of being “ unselfish ; ” and, indeed, it seemed to have flashed on her suddenly that, after all it was only fitting that her daughter should enter on the same course as she herself had done. As for Livy, this gracious enfranchisement was something too charming. She would otherwise have never 14

father thought enter her gentle brains. It was as though she was a child, enlarged into a garden among the flowers. It was so with her young lover, though he trembled as he thought of his rough and rude father. Indeed, if a strict analysis had been made of Mrs. Talbot's motives, some such earthy sediment as this—a satisfaction in frustrating the scheme—would have been found precipitated to the bottom.

One evening he had dined with them, as usual, when the carrier arrived with a small chest. This was the Mechian present, sent down from London, all furnished and glorious. There was great delight in opening and laying out their noble trophies—brushes, pots, &c.—each of which was splendid with a most complicated monogram.

There were actual cries of joy; but louder than the cries were the anticipations—how delighted the Beauty would be! how enchanted! for he had not the remotest conception that so costly a present was in store for him. Usually it took the shape of a little two-guinea jewel case for his studs, rings, &c.; now that of studs and rings themselves; but this was something gigantic—strained, as the resources of the two women were somewhat—and was in the nature of a premium for a good boy, which Mr. Talbot had exhibited himself to be for so many years.

Just as the treasure had been put by, and the raptures were over, the postman's ring was heard; and Livy, starting up, as was her custom, flew to take in the letter. She came back holding it up in triumph. It was from the Beauty—his first letter.

"And to me, mamma; and *such* a long one."

"To *you*?" repeated the mother. "How strange!"

The daughter's pleasure made it seem only delightful to her. It was opened, and found to be amazingly long for the Beauty. It ran:—

"DEAREST LIVY,—I got your letter, and was glad to hear that you and mamma are so well. We are all very pleasant in this house, which is full of people, and very nice people, too. They are all so civil to me, asking me to sing; and Lord Bindley has got quite fond of "The Last and Lingering Smile," and asks for it every night. They are delighted, too, with my new song, and want me to publish it at once; so I think I shall, as soon as I can get a moment of time to put it in shape. There is to be a grand event upon Saturday next—a great concert, given to the people round. Over one hundred and fifty invited. Only think! I have had *deputations* coming to me to ask me to be the *leading tenor*, and Lord Bindley is quite

serious about it, and will be out with us for ever. He says I will *spoil* his concert, and he will have to give it up. I really hardly know what to do, there is such pressure brought to bear on one. They think it so childish and unmeaning, as it would only make the difference of a day; and they say I could get the first train next morning, and be with you early. Of course I told them I was pledged to you, that I had never missed it once, and could not do it for anything. So I told them; but they say that all the great people—the queen, &c.—change about their birthdays, according to convenience—that is, the keeping of them. Of course I shall go to you, as I *said* so; but I am in a most disagreeable fix, as Lord Bindley thinks it “unmeaning” and “ungracious.” So a lady here said it had quite *that* air. Of course it was not her view; but she said people would *say* that. However, I am quite ready to do *whatever* you wish; and, *of course*, keep to what I said, at all risks.

“Ever, my darling Livy, yours, &c.,

“T.”

There was a silence after this letter was finished; and, indeed, Livy's voice grew unsteady as she went on. She did not give the latter part with the dramatic enthusiasm and spirit with which she had started.

“What does he mean?” said Mrs. Talbot, looking about her.

“O, mamma, dear! to give up your birthday—and the beautiful present you got for him! But,” she added, seeing her mother's hopeless face, “you see he *is* coming; yes, mamma, and with all that pleasure, as he says. O, it is noble of him!”

“But he wishes to stay!—he means to stay. That is, he would think of it—of abandoning us, who are always thinking of him. O, but it was folly—sheer folly!—and I deserve it.”

Livy knew what her mother meant, and was silent.

“This is always the way,” Mrs. Talbot went on, “with characters of this sort. Give them liberty but for a day, and they lose their heads. So unkind, too, to give us up for anything—for a song!”

“He will do nothing of the kind,” Livy said. “You see it is not dear Beauty who speaks, but some of those people. They have some object in keeping him. He does sing that song so nicely!”

“Some object in keeping him?” Mrs. Talbot repeated, mechanically, looking at her daughter. “No doubt some foolish girl has been flattering him. Well, he must come back, in spite of all his Lord Bindleys.”

Mrs. Talbot wrote an answer herself that night. It ran:—

"MY DEAREST BEAUTY,—We are delighted you are enjoying yourself so much. We long to see you, and we know that you are anxious to be with us. Of course, when they know it is my birthday, they will see you could not stay. Livy and the ponies will be at the station at nine, P.M. We have got a little present, which we know you will be pleased with; and, besides, we have a bit of news to surprise you with. So come quickly, dear, and even before my birthday, if you can."

After this letter had been despatched, Livy somehow felt that her mother was very grave and troubled. The mother and daughter had a longer talk that night than usual, and the mother's last words were, "It was a folly for him to go at all."

## CHAPTER VI.

## "THE PROPER THING TO DO."

EVERYONE at Bindley pronounced it was a most "delightful" time,—that nothing could be more charming than Lord Bindley himself. That concert, too! It was such a capital notion, that of giving a concert. The versatile Miss Malcolms—who had what is called "a hearty will" for anything, and if necessary would have gone in for prizes at a gymnastic festival; anything, in short, so as to "keep up" matters—were contributing themselves in the most ingenious variety of shapes. "A Duett (Scotch)," by the Sisters Malcolm; "A Solo," by the elder Sister Malcolm; "Ditto," by the younger; "Duett (English)," by the Sisters Malcolm. They were, in theatrical parlance, "general utility" girls, and would take any part in social life, from a singing, flirting girl, to a demure maiden. Another gentleman had consented "to take a part"—one Mr X., as the French call one of the insignificants, and who indeed has no more need to have a name to trouble others to remember him by, than one of the stage soldiers who carries a banner need be known to the leading player. What was a little thing at first, had grown by a sort of consent into something of great anxiety and interest. "The Concert" was on all minds. They had all set their souls to the hazard of the die. The Woods were on horseback—socially speaking—day and night. The invitations had gone out, and the rehearsals were in progress. There was Mr. Talbot—but the Woods, inspired, we may suppose, by Mrs. Labouchere, had given out that he was not to be asked or worried; it was to be *assumed* that he



could not remain. With a curiously "meaning" manner, Lord Bindley adopted this tone, and gave it to be understood that he did not wish Talbot to be pressed; and the servile crowd carried out the instructions with delight,—nay, rather bettered it; for they felt they were admitted to a sort of companionship in mystery—a thing in which weak natures hug themselves.

The concert was in every mouth. The invitations were out, and even the local paper had a paragraph about the "distinguished galaxy of talent now assembled at Bindley."

The Beauty alone did not share in the general enthusiasm. He went "moping" about,—gloomy, uncomfortable, and much troubled in mind.

The post brought him Mrs. Talbot's letter, and he read it with fresh discomfort.

"I knew it," he said to himself. "Just like them. *Think of nothing but themselves*—so selfish!"

This from him to those two faithful, hard-working women, whose hands had been under his feet!

"All my little enjoyments interfered with in this way. Of course, I'll have to give it up. It's always the way—always!"

Never was man so treated, never did schoolboy so pout and glower; and in this mood did Mrs. Labouchere find him. He told her, reluctantly.

"What, they won't let you off?"

"O, no. She expects me;—that is, she doesn't seem to see any need of my staying. I'm sure I don't understand why."

"O, if you don't, we can't," she said, laughing. "Your case is a very hard one, Mr. Talbot. You should get up an agitation, and lay it all before the public, who, I am sure, would support you."

"I am sure they would," the Beauty answered, with perfect gravity. "The only thing I have set my heart on—that I would give my eyes for!"

"It is very unfortunate; but they can't be so hard-hearted. Did you put it well before them?"

There was a sort of scoffing tone in all this; but it led him on.

"Yes, of course I did. Any one else would have agreed."

"And they won't allow you?—won't give their consent? I don't know which to wonder at most,—their stern despotism, or your unswerving obedience. Why, such a husband as you should be kept at the British Museum, to be shown to the good rustics from the country."

The Beauty coloured.

"O, it is very easy to turn anything into ridicule—very."

"Turn into ridicule?" she said, with a sharp, stern look, from which he shrank. "Pray, what do you mean? I would only do that to an enemy. Do you mean that I have been turning *you* into ridicule?"

The Beauty stammered, "O, not exactly."

"Not exactly!" she repeated. "Yes, exactly. Then let me explain, Mr. Talbot, since you do not understand. What I meant was, that it seemed a great contrast to the behaviour of our habitual lords and masters, who do not submit so implicitly to the rule of a wife and daughter. It seems a sort of phenomenon. Even at a distance their authority seems to extend. It is quite interesting to see it."

"O, there is no authority, and that sort of thing," said the Beauty, colouring. "You are so clever, you know, and you like hitting at people."

"Like hitting at people! Well, *you* should not say that! What I said was all in your own interest, to save you from remarks and speeches, and from furnishing amusement. However, I meet the usual return. That stroke was a little unkind of you, Mr. Talbot."

"I didn't mean—indeed no," he said, in confusion. "But what I wanted to say was, I could do as I liked—like every man. As to their laughing——"

"Laughing!—oh, no, I did not say that. But I merely meant a friendly part. However, I shall give no more advice now to any one."

"Why do you speak in that way?" said the Beauty, pettishly. "I am sure I can't please every one. O, I should so like to stay! But then they will make such a fuss and worry. They take things so seriously, really a man doesn't know what to do."

"Oh, a man *could* know," said Mrs. Labouchere, seriously; "if he only thought a little, he would not need anyone's advice. In the present instance you are Lord Bindley's guest. He is your host—he is a man of rank, and he asks this trifle. I tell you freely you are bound to put aside any little domestic matters about birthdays and the like. It seems childish and old-fashioned. You asked me; so I speak plainly."

The Beauty had some very miserable thoughts, saying to himself that it was cruel and scandalous, and that he wouldn't put up with it.

Mr. Wood now came dashing up, and flung himself from his foaming steed—that fanciful one we have spoken of.

"Here, Talbot," he said, "I am sending to the printers. Here, will you sing or not? Yes or no."

"O, I am sure I should so like—that I can't say at——"

"O, then, you won't. We can't keep the bills waiting. And by the way I must tell you, Talbot, his Lordship thinks he has not been treated fairly in this matter. Every one else helps cheerfully and makes sacrifices, but you are making all this fuss. Best go to him openly, and tell him your wife won't allow it——"

"There is nothing of the kind," said the Beauty, ready to cry almost. "That is some story they have got up. I am not such a fool. I could stay at any moment."

"Then show that you can stay; and that will dispose of all such ill-natured remarks," said she.

The Beauty was quite "put out." He had a good deal of the ill-nature of a monkey, or of the spoiled child.

"You say that rather spitefully, as if you wanted to annoy me; but I could give a reason for it, Mrs. Labouchere."

Her haughty, cold stare, accompanied with a drawing up of the figure, he did not soon forget.

"Go on," she said; "explain what you mean."

"O nothing," he faltered almost; "indeed, nothing."

"That is, you would withdraw your speech. As you please, Mr. Talbot. There are some who would not quite like that story to be revived. However, the *intention* was not generous on your side, Mr. Talbot—a little unkind, as return for my taking interest in your concerns. Sing and compose your ballads for the future. Give a thousand 'last and lingering smiles.' I shall never interfere."

With this she passed on, leaving the Beauty dreadfully ashamed of himself, and full of compunction. Up comes Lord Bindley.

"Oh, Talbot, sorry you're leaving us; can't get leave, eh? Never mind these fellows laughing a bit. You're quite right to be a decent husband; and don't mind us now,—for, what do you say, Miss Malcolms have found us out a tenor, and they are going to telegraph for him?"

A thousand emotions rushed on the Beauty. He felt himself called on to act. It was absurd, ridiculous—putting him into such position; he could hardly forgive himself for having put *himself* into such a position. All doubt was gone, and, without hesitation, he answered,—

"O, I intended to stay, if you will allow me; and do my best for the concert."

"Capital!" said Lord Bindley. "Now everything is going well. Ah, here's Wood, just in time. Well, he'll stay, Wood."

Wood had his hand full of papers.

"Ah, I knew he would. Then come this way, Talbot, and give me the exact titles of your songs for the printers. His lordship will excuse you."

"Yes, go with Wood."

It was delightful—too exciting. Going with Wood, he set down the "'Last and Lingering Smile,' *ballad*; music by W. Talbot, Esq.," his pulse fluttering.

There was a sensation through the house—a kind of diffused joy. (So it seemed to the Beauty.)

"We hear you have consented to stay, Talbot. His lordship feels quite indebted to you," said one, coming up to him later. Then, dropping his voice,— "We sha'n't forget it to you; and you have done the proper thing. I said it to him."

The Beauty began to consider himself quite a hero. He was in a tumult of delight. Everybody was so good, so kind, so charming. This dandified Rip Van Winkle had awakened from his long sleep, and was walking through the village—wondering, and delighted at all he saw. Here was Mendelssohn Jackson, organist and local teacher, to whom his lordship had entrusted the direction of the concert, looking for him. Mendelssohn Jackson was a composer himself, and had written "The Soldier's Grave," with other well-known—among his pupils—ballads. Would Mr. Talbot favour him with half an hour, to try over his song?

Mendelssohn Jackson was a character in his way, whose aim in life was to strike out some obsequious compromise between the gentleman and the music-master—an odiously low designation. He drew the line between himself and the common fellows of the profession, "the grinders," as he pleasantly called "the men that carry the hod, you know." Had he been willing to carry the hod, he might have made a good deal of money; but his wish to be considered an equal of genteel people made him submit to some heavy sacrifices, and a system of heavy sacrifices—these persons having condescension enough to avail themselves of his gratuitous services. He had been delighted when Lord Bindley had placed the whole affair under his direction, as so many of his pupils learned, when he looked hurriedly at his watch.

"Bless me—must be off to Bindley—take a fly—pay the man double—some good talent there—a voice that I could make something of. Clever girls, those Malcolms."

His demeanour to Mr. Talbot was characteristic.

"What is this?" he said, at the piano, opening the music leisurely. "'Give him a lingering smile.' Tum-tum-ti—nice, and pretty—melody flows. You should have a diminished seventh there, that would have brought you back again. Very nice! Then, of course, you have the burden. I can tell you, there are some of the hod men, in the big village yonder, get their twenty guineas—for—queer stuff, compared with this. Mortar, eh?—and bad mortar, too. As for that woman, Florizel—not music—not a note of music in all she writes. Well, let us sec. Suppose we begin now."

And the Beauty went through his ditty, to a *sotto voce* accompaniment.

"Fairly done. Open your mouth."

Then Mendelssohn Jackson got out his gold pencil-case.

"Think we could do a little macadamising here. There, that *tum* would be more the thing, more singable, you know. There again, there seems to be something *short*. We must make sense, you know. Let me see—hm—that will be better."

"O but, you know, that spoils the whole effect. I didn't mean *that*," said the Beauty, much hurt.

"Well, as you like ; you know it must balance. However, I dare say it won't be noticed. The rustics haven't wit enough to find it out."

The director of the concert, later, spoke with different voices of this production. It was fair and "singable," without pretension, and Talbot was a gentlemanly fellow. To some of his friends he inveighed against the scandal of setting him down—him, Mendelssohn Jackson—to play that fellow's trash. "The twaddle that he had strummed out on his piano." To his lordship he spoke in high commendation, especially when his lordship praised himself. "Yes, I think I know a good thing ; the moment I heard his voice I picked him out. I said, that will take, that will hit with the public. Yet I have never gone to school in music, eh, Jackson ! What I want is to show 'em that I can get up the best music in the country when I like !"

After this excitement, the responsibility of the heavy step he had taken, began to weigh on the Beauty. At all events, he would dismiss it for that day. That night there was the rehearsal. Greatest excitement still in the Grand Hall when a few of the tenants' wives and daughters, and all the servants were admitted. It went off admirably. Our Beauty was in Paradise—soft light, softer clouds seemed to be floating about him ; everybody was kind, good, charming, and romantic. He was the old self back again, the same figure of

his youth, which he had often looked back on, and which he thought had faded out like an old photograph. He sang his song "splendidly" to muttered accompaniment from Mendelssohn Jackson; "take time—now collect yourself, softer, softer, &c." Sometimes the eminent director stopped a piece in the middle, "Never do, never do. Try back to—let me see—to five, six, seven bars, to where the *tempo primo* comes in." Thus interrupted in the Scotch duet, the sisters Malcolm began to show signs of ill blood. "Now, hurry on. Won't do, excuse me. Not the thing at all. I heard those Bosioni girls sing it at Exeter Hall; a little more of the 'setting one's cap' style, you know. Now try again." Again were the sisters pursuing a tortuous path "in thirds" like two performers on velocipedes, twisting and winding in parallel lines. Again Mr. Jackson jerked the rein. "Won't do, still." One of the young ladies' cheeks began to glow—the younger's nose. "We had better not sing it at all," one said; "please let us sing it our way."

"With all my heart," and thereupon Mr. Jackson allowed his hands to stray very wildly over the keys, now taking a spasm forward like a shying horse, and dragging the young ladies with him; now "jibbing" unaccountably, and not to be got on at all. It was always a foolish thing to offend Mendelssohn Jackson, people said, "he had so much in his power."

Lord Bindley took great credit for the proceedings, and with a wise air, "though he hadn't a note of music in him," declared that he was determined to have good music at that house. But our Beauty, thrilled and fluttered like a young *débutante*—he was "the new tenor" whom Lord Bindley had found out.

After it was over, Mrs. Labouchere was the first to come up and congratulate the blushing performer. "You were angry with me, to-day, because I spoke candidly, and in your interest. You *set me down*, too."

"I!" said the delighted Beauty. "I set you down! No, indeed." No, indeed. How many years was it since the Beauty had been accused of setting any one down? Most acceptable flattery.

"But you liked the song—it was your choosing."

"Liked it!" repeated Mrs. Labouchere, without adding a word more; perhaps the briefest, as the most satisfactory, shape of commendation known. It is all in the inflection, and does admirably for the common chroniclers of small beer, though the woman of intelligence coldly asks, "Well, but what did you think of it?"

"I knew you would not be sorry to stay. O, you could hardly have done anything else."

"You think so?" said the Beauty.

"O, not *I*, but everyone. Lord Bindley seems to think you have laid him under an obligation. Of course, something must be put to his vanity; for he boasts that he has discovered a new tenor, which he could not have done had you gone away. You sang well to-night."

The delighted Beauty looked at her with great interest and gratitude.

"How kind of you to say this, to encourage me!"

"We know, too, what a little sacrifice you have made," she added, smiling; "not only in giving up your treat at home, but in boldly facing a certain sort of greeting that awaits you there."

Uneasiness came into his face.

"I am sure I don't care," he said; "it is nothing to me."

She shook her head.

"I am a woman, and know what I should think of such treatment. But were I a man, I know what I should do."

This Beauty could be played upon like a fiddle.

"What? Tell me—do," he said, eagerly.

"What all men of the world—statesmen, soldiers—do when they have something awkward or disagreeable before them,—do it boldly, as if it was a matter of course. I naturally do not understand what special relations you may have to your family, but I may assume that you enjoy average liberty; that you do not live a Polish husband under a Russian wife; that in this nineteenth century there is not in England to be found so comic a state of things as that the head of a house could not outstay his leave a day——"

Again the Beauty was blushing and getting flustered.

"No," she went on; "you have shown that this cannot be said. Some might have yielded to avoid feminine reproaches—things to be always deprecated. Shall I tell you a little passage from my own history? My husband was a soldier, and when I was first married I thought he loved me so, that I could make him do what I pleased. One day he was absent from dinner. I waited and waited until it came to ten o'clock at night, and then he returned. I burst out with a storm of reproaches and upbraidings, which he took most good-humouredly. This only inflamed me more, and I reproached him haughtily and bitterly. Then he looked at me sternly. 'And what was the reason?' I said. 'A good one,' he said, bluntly; 'my will and pleasure. That must do you now. Had you let me speak at first, I should have told you everything, and made you all apologies.' From that moment he was my master. You may smile at my telling you this; but I should like you to think me your

friend. And as you have saved us from a difficulty here, we should not like you to have any difficulty in return — though it is an imaginary one."

The Beauty was touched by this sympathy.

"You see," he said, "I was only thinking of the fuss they might make. Every man hates fuss. But as for doing as I like——"

"O dear, no," she said; "don't twist my words that way. Do as you like, and then I desert you. Savages, Hottentots, do as they like, and a certain sort of husband. No, don't do as you like. But Mr. Talbot knows well the *juste milieu*."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE GREAT CONCERT.

WHEN she had gone, the Beauty went to his room, and entering with great importance, said aloud, "Really, most unreasonable!" On the table was a letter—a letter from his Livy.

"MY DARLING BEAUTY,—This is a private letter from your own Livy, and of which dear mamma knows nothing. I fear those people may not let you go, and indeed I do not wonder, as our dear Beauty can make himself so agreeable. But she has set her heart on your being back; and O! it would so mortify her if you were not with her on her birthday. She only thinks of you, and if you but saw the lovely present she has got, as a surprise! It will delight you to see it. But I know my dear papa will do what is right, and *keep to his promise*, and he will recollect that this was a sort of condition, and I have just told mamma I would stake my poor life on dear papa's keeping to his word.—Your own

"LIVY."

The Beauty tossed this down fretfully.

"They will worry me to death!"

Alas! the indiscreet little Livy had set down a very foolish expression. Made it a condition! The little boy would not have been *allowed* out for his holiday if they had thought this.

"This is rather too good. I am not *quite* a child. As Mrs. Labouchere says, this is getting a little too much."

He sat down and wrote:—

"DEAREST LIVY,—I have just come from the rehearsal. It went off magnificently. I am afraid you and your mother do not exactly see



how I stand. Lord Bindley is my host, and there is a certain courtesy due to him when he makes a request. If you were here you would see this quite clearly. It surely would be ridiculous, and it looks absurd, that I should be *ordered home* to the day, like a school-boy. It is really very unfortunate, and I have done my best ; but I am not called on to appear *boorish* or *churlish*, or to spoil the whole thing. My song at the rehearsal was the great success of the night. Lord Bindley calls me *his tenor*, and says he found me out. Everybody is so nice and kind, and seems to take such an interest in me. If I were to put my eyes upon sticks, my dear Livy, I could not leave this ; so this is final, and there is no use writing me *any worrying* letters.—Ever yours,

“T.”

He thought this an “uncommon good letter,” and went down again to post it.

Mr. Hardman, who still led his pariah life, and, in truth, never had spent so dismal a time, came to him obsequiously.—“You sing admirably, Mr. Talbot. His lordship is quite pleased. I tell you what, you must come and stop with us at The Towers, and—er—we should try and get up some music. We could ask those Miss Malcolms.” The Beauty was too happy not to promise all and everything. He was actually “getting engagements,” and there are people among the amateurs who go about the country with their little songs, quite delighted when their services are secured. But the musical amateur world is a microcosm in itself. Mr. Hardman's tactics were highly characteristic, and most people, after a few minutes' conversation, found the conversation get round rather violently to “The Towers,” on which the owner would expatiate, — then, trapped into a conventional expression of praise, would be surprised by an invitation.—“We must have you down at The Towers, if you will do me that honour. We shall find means to amuse you, or rather, give you the means, and let you amuse yourself. That's my way.” As for the host, he openly expressed his dislike. “What on earth made me ask that dreadful man—he is making life a burden. He sticks to me like a burr.” It was after dinner, however, when the ladies were gone, that Mr. Hardman was unavoidable. Fixed in his chair a wooden figure, a white metal cravat about his throat, he dealt in strange pedantic discourse ; extracts from newspapers. “I see in the *Times*, my lord ;”—“The *Times* says, my lord,” until at last Lord Robert christened him “Old Times,” by a happy flight of humour.

At home they were in a flutter of expectation. Mrs. Talbot was nervous and “put out.” “He will come, of course, dearest,” Livy said

"Of course he will," said her mother, haughtily; "have I not required him. He must."

It was a restless day, dragging its slow length along, when towards evening a strange instinct, which with affection amounts almost to forecast, made her go down to the post-office just before the post came in. There she found her father's letter. It came like a shock upon her. "Then he will stay," she said, "and what dreadful thing is coming!"

A spectator might have smiled; but in their little world every little mist became a cloud. His little flower for the prisoner was more precious than the gardens of a palace. She determined not to tell her mother of the news, and this "not telling" is the favourite resource of gentle minds. Some shift or device—anything that will put off evil news, even a day—the bill-drawer's resource. All that evening the mother made no remark; but when they were going to bed, she said, with a deep sigh, "He will not come. I know he will not."

"O, he will, dearest. I am sure he will. At the last moment he will change, and——"

The mother turned on her. "You know something. What is he to change from? Tell me. You have heard."

Livy, poor little domestic hare, driven to her form, had to give up her letter. Her mother read it, returned it to her calmly, and after a pause, said:

"This is not his doing, some wretched girl has been flattering him. *His* singing, indeed!" but she checked herself; even between the two she felt that old affectionate deception must be carried out.

Meanwhile, at Bindley, the great night came round. Workmen had been turned into the large dining-room, who had erected a platform at the farther end. The large "auditorium," so Mendelssohn Jackson had christened it, was filled up with rows upon rows of chairs. Flowers had been arranged in front by "his lordship's gardener," and the whole had quite a theatrical air. About eight the guests began to arrive "in herds." As Lord Robert, who was inclined to be merry with the whole, remarked,—"*I declare,*" he reported, "*such a set of human steers; such agricultural broadbacks!* I was looking at every man's shoulder to see the brand." About Bindley there *was* rather a cattle country. At eight punctually, his lordship and party entered the hall, and took their places in the "reserved seats" to a round of applause. Then the programmes were distributed, of which we are enabled to subjoin a copy.

## BINDLEY CONCERT HALL.

## PATRON—THE LORD BINDLEY.

## GRAND CONCERT.

## PARTE PRIMA.

- "BLACKSMITH'S CHORUS," "Il Trovatore." ..... *Verdi.*  
(Compressed by MENDELSSOHN JACKSON.)
- DUETT.—Scotch. "Cam hame wi' the Kye."  
THE MISSES MALCOLM.
- SOLO. "Il Balen" ..... *Verdi.*  
MR. BAKER.  
(Accompanied by MR. MENDELSSOHN JACKSON.)
- SOLO. "Bindlina Valse" ..... *Mendelssohn Jackson.*  
(Aria con variazioni, composta è dedicata al S. E. il  
Conde di BINDLEY.)
- CORO. "Dal tuo Stellato" ..... *Rossini.*

## PARTE SECONDA.

- CORO. "Blow, Gentle Gales" ..... *Bishop.*  
*Soli* by the MISSES MALCOLM, MR. TALBOT, MR. BAKER,  
and MR. MENDELSSOHN JACKSON.
- SOLO. "Good Bye, Sweetheart" ..... *Bishop.*  
MISS GEORGINA MALCOLM.
- SOLO,—Piano. "Caprice à Ricambole."  
Dédié à son élève, L'Honorable GIUDETТА BINDLEY,  
par MENDELSSOHN JACKSON.]
- SOLO. "He Gave One Last and Lingering Smile" ..... *Talbot.*  
MR. TALBOT.
- DUETT. "Now Glides Our Pretty Bark" ..... *H. Frables.*  
THE MISSES MALCOLM.
- SOLO. "Let me Like a Soldier Fall." ..... *Wallace.*  
(Transposed by MENDELSSOHN JACKSON.)  
MISS MALCOLM.

## GRANDE FINALE.—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

Such was the bill of fare fluttering in everyone's fingers. No wonder it was said, "You could hardly know it from a real concert." From it might be gathered the kind and unsparing way in which Mr. Mendelssohn Jackson had thrown his whole soul into the performance. He carried it all through, arranging, compressing, transposing, fitting everything to everybody. How graceful, too, the little compliments to the noble host and hostess. "Things" just

ruck off at a heat, and after he had remarked at one of the last rehearsals, "Won't do, this; a want of go and rattle. The thing aags somehow." He then went home, and knocked off the little facts in question.

Talking of the likeness to real concerts, it was the more remarkable when the singing ladies and gentlemen came in a sort of procession, exactly like the professionals," rustling in silks, and sat in a row. This they were carefully drilled by Mendelssohn Jackson, who made them copy the precedent of the "Norwich Festival" concerts, where he had once assisted as "counter tenor." Thus it is, and by exercise of a little thought, that a sort of realism is imparted to what would otherwise be a loose and incoherent performance. Well might Mr. Jackson say afterwards, that "not for five times five guineas" would he go through the harassing wear and tear of soul and body undergone during that week.

That sneerer, Lord Robert, was almost ungentlemanly in his remarks on the large share which the director took in the performance. "He *is* the concert. Take it up and down, cross wise, any way, it is all one tune—Jackson." And indeed during the performance Jackson was everywhere; now beating time; now from the piano making a sudden dart at a piece of music; setting all going, setting all right. Next to this indefatigable actor came the Misses Malcolm, who laboured in the heats and dews, and "worked like horses." Amazing was it to see their self-possession before that audience, their boldness in standing up well to the front, their perfect coolness and *aplomb*. The courage of women is indeed truer courage than that of men. The two sisters came forward smiling, clad the same, each with a pink scarf garterwise across their chests, to sing their piquant Scotch duett. Who did not recal the words?—

"The night is braw and bonnie,  
The moon is shining clear,  
And I gae forth sae gaily,  
For my laddie is near,  
For my laddie is near."

The arch way in which they nodded and looked over their shoulders was truly piquant, and led to a rapturous encore. The first, too, with which Miss Malcolm gave her dashing song, "Let me like a Soldier fall," at the end waving her music as if it was a sword, led to a deserved recal. As for Mendelssohn Jackson's own "things," how he set down the music stand, threw open the piano, wheeled it to an angle, drew in his chair, looked up to the ceiling

a moment in thought, as if to recover lost inspiration; these tokens of genius were all noted and admired. But we all know how Mendelssohn Jackson and his brethren behave on such occasions. The first chord "dug" vigorously into the clay of the piano; the gay canter to the top; the pause; the gentle riding motion of the figure; the sweetly smiling and bowing in pleasant recognition to the back of the hands as they go through their labour; their leaps into the air; their clearing of each other, like clowns on all fours, who are fond of going over each other in this way: have we not seen this at a hundred concerts of more pretension than the Bindley one? But we are approaching the event of the night.

Pleased as they had been, that rustic audience had been instructed that the noble host had something in reserve with which he desired they should be far more pleased. "The new tenor!" how that sound fluttered about.

"They are asking which is the new tenor; do point him out, and of course I did," said Mrs. Labouchere, coming up to him about five minutes before his song.

He was sitting in "the green room"—so called—not nervous, but in a dreaming state of excitement.

"You will do it admirably, I see," she went on; "and if you bring the house down, I shall claim some share in the credit. I think it was I who urged you—urged you—well, on your wild career."

"Indeed, yes," said the Beauty, warmly. "But for you, I should not be here now."

A curious smile answered and encouraged him.

"You have been very kind and good, and taken much trouble with me. *Indeed*, Mrs. Labouchere, I shall not forget it."

At such and at kindred moments—as during amateur play—we can take the whole world to our bosom. Every one is "my dear boy" or girl, and a certain *épanchement de cœur* is pardonable. There was even a tremble in the Beauty's voice as he spoke. She looked majestic and splendid, in velvets and diamonds; haughty as Grisi in "Norma;" despising the whole thing, save the one solitary portion in which she had interested herself.

"I have come from my room solely to hear you sing," she went on, "I feel such a restless interest in it. There, here comes the man to tell you all is ready. Now, courage. *Think of me* at your first bar."

It was Mr. Jackson tramping in, "Where's Mr. Talbot? Where's your song? Audience is waiting. Come." And taking it up, he led the way.

When the Bindley audience saw the soft features, the divided black hair, and the glossy, oiled moustache of the Beauty, his faultless and lady-like linen, and even inhaled the cloud of perfume that floated before him, they were filled with enthusiasm, and greeted the interesting performer with a round of enthusiastic applause. It was really the same as when after town profusely "billed" and newspaper-paragraphed, and a shower of puffs, and talk and whispers, and suggested disappointment, we have seen, and often seen, the well heralded artist enter on the platform. Then we see, as it were, bills and puffs and whispers all concentrated in the bowing figure before us, and it becomes heroic. So was it with the Beauty. He was the hero of the night.

Mendelssohn Jackson, after a few careless chords, struck into the symphony, playing the air with intense expression, only drawing it out to a degree that made the Beauty uncomfortable. Then the Beauty began, faltering a little at first, but getting courage. His voice was clear and tender, though, like that of conscience, "a still, small one." The teaching and tutoring of Mendelssohn Jackson, half contemptuous, had not been thrown away. He really gave a gentlemanlike, inoffensive, and in parts, effective rendering of the famous ballad; and when, after hovering suspended over the edge, for the prescribed time—

"One last and lin-G'RING . . . ."

he finally leaped and lighted on his feet, in the word "SMILE," on which he "died off" softly and sadly, down came a volley of applause, with an irresistible demand for an encore; for which, indeed, the signal came from his lordship, who was seen smiling, pleased, and delighted, and heard to whisper to his neighbour, "I knew he'd do!" Club friends in town wondered afterwards as they heard Bindley laying down the law on musical matters, with a very critical air; a person who up to that had about as much music in him as "a carpenter's saw in good work." It was a sweet and most delightful moment!—paradise!—something to have dreams of, something that might never come back again.

So it seemed to him that night when the concert was over, when he was receiving the gentle spray of compliments showered on him, figure succeeding figure. "Such a treat, Mr. Talbot." "Such a charming voice." One such note kept pouring into his ear.

"I cannot tell you the effect produced; everybody is talking of it. They should give *me* a testimonial, surely. Ah, if I had only known you long ago! What time wasted, what glories lost! Here

you are a public man. A change, indeed, from the hermit-like life you have been leading. How many years now?"

"Indeed, it is a long, long time," said the Beauty.

"I often think how many men of genius are thus forced to live a mole-like existence—underground, as it were. It is not right—it should not be—it is wasting the precious blessings of heaven. Be a monk, if you please; but then do it regularly: choose your convent, and get professed. But do not act after this lay fashion."

Strange thoughts were flitting through the Beauty's mind. Yes, he had led a curious, unsatisfactory life. How was it that he was so misunderstood at home? Here, the very first opportunity of his enlargement, he was raised to the pinnacle of social celebrity.

Now comes up Lord Bindley, rather excited.

"My dear Talbot, a word with you; we must not let this drop. Having found a mine—ha, ha!—I am not going to let it go unworked. I have a royalty in you, my dear fellow—ha, ha! See, we are going to repeat this concert; it has been really such a great success, and you are re-engaged for Wednesday. So no thoughts of going home."

The Beauty's cheeks flushed with pleasure.

"See what it is to become a public man," said Mrs. Labouchere. "Publicity has its duties as well as its rights. There will be no escaping from this."

The Beauty began excuses, but they would not be listened to. It was charming—delightful—too exquisite. Kindly faces on all sides crowding round; all pressing, entreating—*imploring*, was it?—that he should remain. What could he do, a public man? In his place, what would any one do? It was wrung from him: he would see in the morning. He would do what he could. Sweet, sweet night!

## CHAPTER VIII.

### UNDECIDED.

A WEARY day, though, for the two ladies far away. It drew on heavily from morn till midday, from midday till dusk, still with hopes that he would at last return. They clung to that hope, as everyone does in that wonderful way for which there is no analogy—from the sentenced criminal downwards. At last it grew dark, and drew on to the hour when the concert was beginning. They did not reckon on the step of sending the carriage to the station, for they knew a porter could be sent up to the house for it. But the long

night dragged on ; all Livy's little shifts and devices in the way of excuse or defence of the culprit, broke down.

"You don't think," said her mother, almost passionately, "that I mind his staying a day, or days even, at any country house? I am not such a foolish creature. But I know what this means—what it is the certain beginning of. His poor head has been turned by some girl's praise. You see how he spoke of his song."

"Indeed, no," said Livy, warmly ; "he will tell the whole thing to us to-morrow morning. You will see, dear. Oh, it is a trifle—not worth thinking of ; fifty gentlemen would do the same."

"When he comes in the morning?"

"Come! Oh, yes, he must come in the morning. But who knows?"

Livy looked a little wild at this supposition, and it attended her to her room that night, and waited on her during the night, like an ugly sight. What if he should not come in the morning?

This may all seem ludicrous enough—a social puddle in a storm ; but from these two hearts proceeded two fibres that joined the Beauty's noble figure, and which any motion of his caused to vibrate, and almost to jangle.

In the morning—a Sunday morning—there was but the one train by which he could arrive, about noon. It was an uneasy church time, and when it was over Livy's ponies were got out, and trotted her down to the station. But the train came, and the Beauty, as we know, was not in it. From her seat, with fluttering heart, she saw the doors open and flap, and give up their passenger or two, and the train move on. She saw it was not the Beauty that was left, and her soul sank. This was alarming ; and, half terrified, she turned her ponies away from the house, for she had not courage to face her mother. On the road she saw her lover and worshipper coming gaily along. His face fell also.

"I was certain he would come to-day. What can be over him?"

(He, too, had been drawn into the little microcosm.)

"But what are we to do?" she cried. "I cannot go back with this news."

The young man paused a few seconds.

"I was going to propose something, only he might not like it. Here is rather an important letter come in for my father, which he ought to see at once. I was about sending a special messenger ; but——"

"O, if you would—the very thing!" she cried eagerly, leaping to his meaning. "Do go quick, and speak to him. Tell him he must



return to us—or find out the reason. But don't—don't hurt his pride, or let him think——”

“I understand; leave it to me.”

“She is not well, and is so nervous always that this is certain——”

“I understand,” he said again. “You will find me a willing and clever ambassador. Leave it to me. I am just going to the train, and shall be home late to-night.”

At Bindley that morning there was quite a clatter of delighted talk and congratulation. Bindley had, indeed, up to this time been a kind of old-fashioned house—“behind the time,” and with a bad name through the country, as being the most stupid place going; and this gala was a sort of surprise and delight. This feeling was duly quickened by the indefatigable Woods, who had been, as it were, in the saddle for four and twenty hours. They were like the man in the French theatre, who gets up the *claque* for his wife, appears on the first tier at the back of a box, with an obstreperous “Bravo!” and a vigorous fusilade of clapping, then hurries away higher, and repeats his applause. It was impossible to resist the zeal of the Woods; and every one was convinced that this had been an almost national success, and should be in the *Times*.

Mr. Talbot came down from, and in, the seventh heaven. Already the humdrums of domestic life—the poor rusticity of the women—seemed very tedious and fretting. People ought to take a larger and wholesome view. He seemed to regard them more as a statesman might a nursery and its little commotions, such as Master Jackey's having stolen a pot of jam. But what came back on him oftenest was that true speech of his friend, Mrs. Labouchere, whose kindness and encouragement he should never forget. A generous, clever woman: clever, because she had seized on his true character; generous, because she had the magnanimity to forget the past. It is surprising once a bad step has been taken, how the next impulse is not to palliate its effect, but, with a sort of desperation, to widen the breach. The feeling is, in vulgar phrase, “In for a penny, in for a pound;” and so the Beauty, shutting his eyes, as it were, found it impossible to resist the sweet pressure put upon him, and thought it best to leave things as they were. “Time enough to-morrow to write to ‘them.’” For, alas! such was the shape they were taking for him—a sort of “party,” “they,” those who were keeping him down in obscurity.

It was a sunshiny winter's morning, and these thoughts came floating on him as he sat in the church, with the whole distinguished party

from Bindley. Did he fancy that the soft glances of the young girls were stealing over the edges of their books to have a secret gaze at the hero of last night? He felt as if it was his home. When he returned he found his way to the "concert hall," still in the pleasant disorder of last night—chairs disarranged, bills strewn about, music all scattered. There was where he stood and sang. Someone fluttering by stopped and looked in.

"It was a very pleasant night—something to think of," said she—it was Mrs. Labouchere.

He answered, with enthusiasm,—

"O, was it not charming?"

"But you must stay for Wednesday. There is to be a new programme. You will have to practise. Will you be once more advised by me? Though, indeed, I have no reason to advise. I daresay you think poorly of me for being so forgetful."

"How?" he asked. "O, Mrs. Talbot!"

"I have lost my poor husband: she had nearly made me lose him once before. Did she ever tell you the device which she used to shipwreck my happiness? Not likely, I should think."

"No, indeed," said the Beauty, looking at her with interest; "but we must forget all that. We must be very intimate in future. Leave it to me. She is very sensible; or even if she is not inclined, you and I are great friends. O yes, we must see a great deal of you."

She laughed.

"O, *we* must, must we? Are you certain of that? Take care you are not going beyond your powers. You know you can only speak for one; and as for *me*, she has reasons for not liking me. She cannot easily forget *that*, and she will not let you forget it. You must obey, Mr. Talbot."

She left him with a sort of scornful smile. The Beauty, much put out, determined he would not write that day.

In the evening, just before dinner, a carriage drove up, and his lordship came to look for Mr. Hardman.

"Mr. Hardman,"—O, that he would say "Hardman!" but never would—"your son has come with some papers, and wishes to see you. He seems a nice young fellow. I have asked him to dine with us."

"O dear, no, my lord, no need," said the other, never relishing the distribution of common blessings to his own family; a protest of which his host took no notice.

The father and son met and transacted the business.

"Here, you," said the father, "you need not be hanging on here. You can't stay on that sort of invitation."

"But he has made it such a point, father—and I have agreed."

"Overrunning the place in this way! Better send for all the servants, and quarter my family here at once."

There was other business, too, the youth would like to have introduced, but he saw that the humour his father was in would not admit of it. However, this was a reason to make him yield to what was wished.

He at once sought Mr. Talbot, and found him at the piano by himself "composing." A brilliant idea had struck him: he would like to put it into shape. How charming would it be to have an entirely new song, "composed for the occasion"—and again, "words selected by Mrs. Labouchere"—the whole "respectfully inscribed to the Lord Bindley." He was in a fever till he put it in execution. What a surprise and delight for the crowd! Mrs. Labouchere, in her languid, contemptuous way, did select: that is, took down one of the old rose-silk-bound annuals for which our grandfathers paid their guinea cheerfully—"Amulet," "Charm," "Bijou," and the rest—and laid her finger at random on one of Milkton Monsey's lyrics—then, alas! a curly-headed darling, writing with a jewelled pen,

"Yes, his was love sincere and true."

Young Hardman approached him with an almost tender reverence. He saw him now in quite a different light. He was awe-stricken at the important labours of his future father.

"O, how d'ye do?" the Beauty said, fretfully. "Beg pardon, I must finish this phrase." And he wrote it down on the music paper, first trying the chords. This was the Beauty's fashion of composition.

"I saw them," said the young man, nervously, "this morning."

"They?—who? O, yes," said the Beauty, turning to his music paper.

"They were so dreadfully disappointed yesterday; and they had such a splendid present waiting. Miss Olivia saved up her money."

"O, it couldn't be," said the other; "out of the question. One has duties to one's host. They can't understand the thing. One must give and take."

"Ah, yes, to be sure. But, now, Mr. Talbot, I can go back and tell them you shall be home to-morrow."

"Indeed you cannot. Never was any one so worried. There is another concert on Wednesday, and I *must* wait."

"O, you could not! They will be so hurt. I know she will be *so anxious*—and you promised them, and it will look so like a slight.

be repeated. It was too seductive, and he could not give it was unfair, unreasonable to ask him. He said, suddenly,—  
I can't do it, really; and I am glad you have come, as you yourself how things stand here. Ladies can't understand. I'm really not a child, to come back to the day and hour, and all the rest of thing. So tell them, please, I'll be back on Thursday. I'm here, now, Hardman, you are a reasonable fellow, and see what thing can't be done—don't you?"

It was a temptation for the young man. A little adhesion here would have forwarded his interests. But he answered,—

Of course, I have no business to interfere; but I *do* think they would do much hurt if you do not go back."

When he got out to see after his carriage, he met Lord Bindley. That man, who thought him a cheerful, pleasant fellow, and a strange contrast to his father, took him to show him the place. Towards dinner when the young fellow had gone, his lordship was heard asking "What's the matter with Talbot?" Aide-de-camp Wood found him speedily.

"What's the matter with Talbot," said his lordship, "we must try and get on with you. It isn't fair to keep you here, and it mustn't be."

Beauty was so confounded that he knew not what to answer. "It mustn't be," he repeated. "Yes, we must turn you out—send you home to Mrs. Talbot. I'm not about to come between man and wife. And, indeed, if I had known, I shouldn't have kept you here the other night."

Beauty was a gentleman born and bred, and with all his folly he had a certain tact.

It all means, Lord Bindley, since you wish— I was only staying

"O yes," said he, with mystery, "it is quite proper, : You see, his wife does not quite like it, and he has l truant. It is not right, you know, to keep a husband fr

"Out of France. Yes. But the poor concert. Wha

"A *fiasco*, eh? No. We shall do famously. Mendels says he knows of another tenor, far better."

"Of course, a thousand far better. By-the-way, I suppo boy who came with the story ; he is in love with our Beaut Now, don't you see, my lord? Wheels within wheel what he was about, that artless, ingenuous youth."

Even the hint of being taken in is not agreeable. I was put out.

"Then the concert—" she went on ; "it is most unfo country people, the second relay who are coming, wi have the notion that they were to hear a prodigy—a l swan—a Rubini for nothing. Their disappointment v He has a nice voice ; but they will magnify him."

His lordship looked irresolute. "It is very annoyi voking," he said.

Mrs. Labouchere went on.

"He is dying to stay. It is rather absurd the poor cr amuse himself for two or three days, and in this harmles all very innocent. Bindley will not corrupt him."

Lord Bindley laughed. The other was but a spasm he was sorry afterwards, that he had given way to it. in his mind, had assumed the dimensions of something even exhibition-like. The cares of dinner then superv that meal had been transacted, he came up to her and s a little plan of my own. We shall keep Talbot, and m at the concert."

The lady wondered. Lord Bindley was not accou bright nobleman. This was probably what the America some "foolish scare," and she dismissed it. The Bea gloomy and depressed all that night, as if ordered f His dream was over, his happy furlough gone for ev oppressed and ill-treated. He was under sentence, as it Bindley had always made it a point to be ecclesiastical company, and read prayers on Sunday mellifuously, a had been ordained. He took the Beauty aside after t offices, and said :

"My dear Talbot, I hope you will stay with us. I ma I tell you what, I am going up to town to-morrow, ar

Mrs. Talbot on my way, and arrange the whole with her. I know she will be reasonable, and a few words with her will settle the whole business."

A sparkle came into the Beauty's eye. That was indeed like business. That would compose matters. She could not, as he expected, resist that aristocratic influence. Later, he met Mrs. Labouchere; but she said not a word, looking at him with a sort of amused glance, which made him feel quite uncomfortable. Perhaps he had fallen low in her estimation. When he met her again, he said:

"You have heard how happily everything has been arranged."

"No," she said, indifferently, "I hear so much."

"I mean about Lord Bindley's going to town."

"O, and see your people, and *get you leave*. Well, it sounds strangely."

"Not *that*, you always say that; no, just to speak to them."

There was a look of contempt on her face. "I would rather anything than that. It is too humiliating. But of course it sounds strange, my interfering. Still, I am sorry for the whole thing. If you had been advised by me—even if you felt bound to be so nice about staying a day or two—there was a different plan of going about it, which even my poor wits could have helped you to."

The Beauty looked at her eagerly. "O tell me, tell me," he said.

"Would you follow it, if I told you?" she said. "No. Besides, really it would sound strange, supplying you with a plan against your wife, in the face of all law and morals."

"Yes," he said; "but when they turn against me—and so many years as I have——"

"Ah, there it is; so many years you have been good and obedient and docile, and here, at the eleventh hour, or rather, at five minutes to twelve, you wish to throw off the yoke. It is only reasonable they should be astonished. No, no; you have put yourself into Lord Bindley's hands, and we had best leave you there."

*(To be continued.)*

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## NOTES & INCIDENTS.

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IN our youth we used to ask what became of all the old moons which were dethroned to make way for the new ones that the almanacs continually announced. Sometimes we were told that they were chopped up to make stars. This childish notion nearly resembles a theory put forth by an assiduous student of meteoric phenomena, M. Stanislas Meunier, in answer to the question—Whence come aërolites? The masses of iron and stone that are continually falling upon us from the skies, he says, are scraps of an exploded satellite, fragments of a shattered moon, perhaps of several little moons—that once revolved round the earth, or, possibly, round our existing moon, and that was, or were, split up by some such internal force as that which has fissured and furrowed the lunar crust as we now behold it. Right or wrong about their origin, M. Meunier's researches on meteorolites reveal some curious points. He tells us that they are never found but in the earth's superficial strata: this argues their comparatively modern arrival in our system, or the recent breaking up of the mass of which they are the *dissecta membra*, if the above theory be correct. Secondly, the meteorites which fall now are not of the same mineralogical nature as those which fell in past ages. Old visitors were of iron, new ones are stony. Thirdly, it is presumable that an entirely new class is beginning to appear, for several carbonaceous masses of meteoric matter have fallen since the year 1803, before which date no such things were known. M. Meunier makes a theory to fit these facts; but it requires keeping to ascertain its soundness. He goes so far as to anticipate the arrival of meteorites analogous to our crystallized formations, and even to our stratified beds. Organisms ought to follow.

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No forgery so rife as that of antiquities. Supply follows demand in this branch of business dealing, as in all others. Do you want a museum stocked with old curiosities? You can have it in a week—cases and closets beautifully filled, without a genuine article in the collection. The trade done in the world by archæological counterfeiters must be enormous. A newspaper paragraph lately told us that Flint Jack—real name Edward Simpson—had lately disposed of some sixty flint arrow-heads and dozen stone hatchets, all of his own make, to green connoisseurs in York and that another ingenious individual—name not cited—had been driving a large trade in the same fictitious goods at Melton. Was this second worthy the famous William Smith, *alias* Skin and Grief or Snake Will

who had an extensive flint weapon factory in Yorkshire some dozen years ago, and who so successfully gulled the students that some of his specimens got engraved as genuine in archæological publications? Or did he make his fortune and retire? But these two items are bagatelles compared with the artificial specimen trade that is done without the world's knowledge. Lately there was an advertisement in a London paper to the effect that stone and bronze implements from Denmark, Sweden, the South Sea Islands, America, and elsewhere, were *always on hand* in a certain warehouse. Was the warehouse the manufactory? English ingenuity is often invoked to aid dishonesty in far-off lands. The traveller in Egypt sees a sepulchral figure in glazed porcelain dug from the ground, and eagerly buys it, only to find when he gets home that it was made in England and sent out to be buried, that he, or someone else, and it might be sold together. This is a favourite trick with Belgian guides on Waterloo. The plough tears up a sword hilt that is competed for by the visitors, and bought dearly because of its obvious genuineness. Bless the innocent buyer's heart, it was made at Nismes a month before. Did you ever know earthworks to go on in London without a find of weapons, or pottery, or coins, or something kindred? The next time you see such works in progress ask an excavator if he has got any curiosities: ten to one he will show some: if not, he will tell you some will surely turn up by to-morrow. Go the next day, and if the articles produced do not exactly accord with your knowledge of England's ancient history, be not surprised. The lake-dwellings of Switzerland, the gravel beds of Suffolk, Amiens, and Abbeville have been Tom Tiddler's grounds in their time, and will be again.

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MAN is a marvel, physically no less than mentally. Put the vital principle out of sight, and look upon him only as a piece of mechanism, and what a beautiful combination of powers and appliances his little frame exhibits. Every part of a well-devised engine has its counterpart in the human body; and now that mechanical subjects come to be analysed mathematically, all the forces of a man's body submit to exact calculation. Lately an American physician has been computing the "horse-power" of human hearts—the pumping engines, for such they are, that we all carry in our bosoms. There is nothing in the figuring that a mere tyro in arithmetic cannot master, though the data to work upon are not accessible to ordinary folk. Blood has very nearly the same specific gravity as water: its pressure at the mouth of the aorta, as measured by gauges, is about equal to a column of water six feet high. The average discharge at each pulsation may be estimated at an ounce and a half, and the number of pulsations at seventy-five per minute, making an aggregate of seven pounds discharged per minute. As the engineer would say, then, seven pounds of water are raised six feet high each minute, or what is the same thing, forty-two pounds are raised one foot high in the same time. The power of your heart, then, is forty-two foot-pounds per minute. A horse-power is thirty-three thousand foot-pounds per minute: therefore



your heart does something more than one eight-hundredth part of the work of a horse. This may not seem much, but reckon what it amounts to in a lifetime: calculate what the united heart-pumpings of a city represents. London hearts altogether do the work of some four thousand horses. According to the best estimates of the population of the whole world, the heart-work done over the globe comes out equal to the engine-work that would be required to propel a fleet of over one hundred *Great Easterns*. An engineer would tell you that to generate steam for this, you would have to burn four thousand six hundred tons of coal per hour. This refers to men alone: could we include animals, we should get a prodigious idea of the energy of the world's heart-beatings.

ONE day a shoe-black, unnoticed and unknown; the next, an artist—admired and sought for. Such was the lot of one Charles Knubel, orphan son of a German musician settled in New York—a waif on the human sea, an outcast in the world; with a genius for music, that had been fostered by the parent, and developed into a talent. But talent without patronage is seed without soil. This boy at fourteen years old was thrown upon the world, without a solitary chance to hang an effort on. To live honestly he took to boot-blackening, and his brush led him to fame by a lucky accident. A few weeks since there was a sort of Industrial Exhibition in New York—the Fair of the American Institute it was called; and Knubel stationed himself near one of its entrances to catch muddy-footed customers. There came a patron, an urbane man, who turned out to be the Secretary of the Exhibition Managing Board. After his pedicure had been operated upon, he asked the boy if he would like to see the show, and told him that if he would present himself next day with a clean face he should be admitted. On the morrow, with shining countenance, the lad called at the secretary's office and duly received the promised pass. By-and-by the official, strolling through the musical department, found a crowd of people listening to a masterly performance on the piano-forte. He elbowed his way to the instrument, there to find the clavichord twittering beneath the hands that had polished his boots the day before. Fortune followed up the good work she had begun. The makers upon whose instrument the boy had done such good execution took him into their service. He was clad in new attire; and every day during the rest of the Exhibition period he was to be heard performing upon the piano and electric organ. If ever Knubel becomes a famous name, this little story may be recollected.

CURING should be as important as killing in the arts of war: extracting your enemy's bullets from your own flesh is the next duty after putting your bullets into his flesh. Now, bullet probing is a tiresome and painful operation; one that ought to be reduced to the perfection of simplicity. So humane philosophers have thought; and they have done

their best to give their thinkings tangibility. But we are bounded by our means ; and while there were none known whereby a lump of buried lead could be told from a fragment of shattered bone, probing was slow work. However, the next time—far be it—that wholesale bullet extraction has to be performed, it is to be expected that the army surgeons' labours will be lightened by the help that electricity will afford ; for two inventors have independently proposed methods of searching for and drawing out metallic missiles from the wounds they have inflicted. Both men told their ideas to the French Institute at one and the same meeting during the past month. M. Trouvé was one ; he who made the electrical jewels that delighted fashionable Paris for a few months two years ago. His new bullet probe is a double-pointed needle, each point being connected by a wire with a little electric battery and a bell, which rings whenever the two needle points are united electrically ; that is to say, whenever they both touch a piece of metal. With this divining rod, bullet searching is a simple business. The suspected part of the body is probed with it, and the instant the points touch lead the bell announces the fact. The bullet found, the worst half of the extractor's task is over. This plan was suggested by an Englishman, I fancy, some two years ago, but not put to trial till M. Trouvé made an instrument. The other proposal is of more limited application. M. Melsens is its author, and he promises to draw fragments of iron or steel from a flesh wound by the help of powerful magnets. He can do nothing with lead, though, because it does not follow the loadstone. Trouvé's is the best idea. There is quaintness in the notion of a bullet telegraphing its whereabouts.

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POETS have written pretty things about the needle that directs the mariner in safety o'er the trackless sea, and so forth. But between poetry and reality there are wide differences. The fact is, that nowadays many a ship goes to sea with a compass to steer by that is worse than useless : if it be trustworthy one day, it may be a false guide the next. As everybody knows, a large proportion of our mercantile fleet consists of iron vessels, and a compass in an iron ship is subject to ever-changing deviations, complicated and unpredictable. No longer, as in the case of a wooden ship, directed by the earth's magnetic force alone, the needle becomes subjected to directive influences from earth and ship at the same time. The consequences are errors in the instrument, which change with the direction of the ship's head, alter with her geographical position, and are affected as she heels before the wind. There are methods of correction which have been mastered by scientific men at great pains to themselves. But these require outlay for additional compasses, and for adjustments ; while, for maintaining efficiency under varying circumstances, knowledge of the principles of magnetism is essential to those who have charge of iron ships. The second matter has the highest importance. Seeing that lives in vast numbers and property of immense value are at the mercy of the little needle, is it not paramount that shipmasters should

## *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

ould unfit for their work unless they can watch for causes of error i  
woodle's indications, and apply the remedies? What say you, the  
e fact that "the authorities" have persistently turned deaf ears to th  
ent and repeated appeals from various quarters for a system of trait  
and examination for masters and mates in the principles and practic  
compass correction? The Board of Trade argues that the Governmen  
not take upon themselves responsibilities which belong to shipowne  
and insurers, and urges that the proper supply and adjustment of con  
sses is a matter so material to the safety and success of maritim  
undertakings, that motives of self-interest are likely to effect much mo  
than legislative interference. But they who are behind the scenes, an  
amiliar with the consequences of the cupidity of owners and the rashne  
of competing insurers, will tell a different tale. The Board of Trade onc  
consulted Lloyds', and the committee replied that it appeared that th  
subject was encompassed with difficulties, and that it was not in the  
power to take any active steps in the matter! England has taught th  
whole world the science of iron-ship compass correction, and in her teach  
ing she has a theme for proud expressions. How long before she insis  
upon the practice of her preaching?

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BERLIN, the "city of the plain," is offered a luxury in the way of house  
warming that may be proffered to other cities if the Prussian capital accept  
it. The term house-warming is to be taken in its literal sense, as meat  
ing room-heating, not jollification. What gas has done for lighting the  
great towns of the civilised world, we all know: what it can do toward  
heating them, is what the Berliners are about to try. There is nothing  
new in the idea of burning gas in stoves for cookery and warming; it  
so employed in hundreds of instances. Yet, considering its cleanliness  
and convenience, one might expect it to be used almost universally. Co  
however, prevents. A thousand cubic feet of gas can not compete  
its money's worth of coal in generating heat. But there is a reason  
it cannot, in that at present gas is made solely for lighting, and its  
mical constitution is so maintained that it shall give the maximum  
illumination with the minimum of heat. The order of things mu  
reversed: the light-giving element may be kept under, and the  
yielding component freely introduced. Obviously the result will be  
useless in the gaselier but invaluable in the stove. Berlin has  
distance extensive mines of lignite—a form of coal—which gives  
of this abnormal quality, and works are planned for generating da  
two and a half millions of cubic feet of it; a quantity which it  
mated would provide domestic fuel for about half the houses of Ber  
company formed to carry out the works promise to supply the g  
city at sixpence a thousand cubic feet; and it is asserted that n  
sand cubic feet (value 4s. 6d.) will possess as much heating power  
pit coal. Can anything like this be done by English gas co  
*they make us a heating gas that will compete with coal?*

likely that they can get more heat from a ton of black diamonds than burning in the grate would yield. But in our grates we sacrifice eighty or ninety per cent. of the heat the coal emits to arrangements for getting rid of the smoke and ashes. Give us a stove that can be fixed in the centre of a room, to radiate its heat freely all around, without sending any up chimneys, or uselessly imparting it to hearths and grate surroundings, and we can do with a quarter the caloric we now generate. Such a stove must burn gas to be clean and convenient. If heating gas could be made and sold cheaply, a new system of economical house-warming might thus be inaugurated; only there would be a mountain of popular prejudice to remove.

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THE illustrated press has a notable accession of strength in *The Illustrated Midland News* and *The Graphic*. The former marks a new era in provincial journalism. It is the first illustrated newspaper printed and published in the country. Birmingham, the metropolis of the Midlands, is the head-quarters of the new publication. *The Graphic* is, in every respect, a London publication, with an ambition that is European. It professes open rivalry to the *The Illustrated London News*. On the first week of the new paper's publication, the *London News* published the largest, and perhaps the best illustrated paper of the century. At Christmas *The Graphic* made amends for its first issues, in a Christmas Number that outdistances its rivals. We are curious about the results of these two ventures. They are important to the nation as Art educators. We hope to see them flourish and prosper. The provincial paper already appears to have made its mark, commercially.

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## CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

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### THE WILD CAT, AND THE KEILDER DISTRICT.

MR. URBAN,—In *The Gentleman's Magazine* for November, there is a letter from Mr. Sidney Gibson, which includes a short note from the late Duke of Northumberland, regarding the appearance of wild cats at Keilder Castle, and a reference also to Macaulay's description of the district a century ago. Keilder Castle is a hunting seat of the Dukes of Northumberland, on the borders of Liddesdale, and in its neighbourhood lived James Telfer, the schoolmaster who narrated to the duke the story of the wild cats. It is more circumstantially given in the shape of an extract from a letter written by Mr. Telfer to Mr. Robert White, of Newcastle, editor of Leyden's works. The extract is as follows:—

"Keilder, you may have been told, is, indeed, a bleak, wild, out-of-the-way place as any to be found on the Middle Marches. Till within the memory of man the lower parts of the district were overgrown with natural wood, which afforded a refuge for a breed of wild cats, the last, I believe, that were known on the Border. My grandfather, as you have doubtless heard me say, was a shepherd, and it so chanced that being one day either herding or hunting in Keilder, he was attacked by a wild cat. The creature, without the least provocation, sprang upon him before he was aware, making right for his throat, and although he was then a very athletic man, it required all his strength and agility to baffle it in its purpose. He made several attempts to strangle it, or to fling it from him; but these proving ineffectual, he contrived in the end to pin it to the ground under one of his knees, and then he and his dog together managed to dispatch it. His dog, you must understand, chanced not to be within sight of him when the creature made its attack, and it was always his opinion that if the dog had been out of hearing, and not come to his call, he would in the end have fought a losing battle. After his assailant was fairly dead, my grandfather, from curiosity, stretched it out at its length upon the grass, and found that, from the nose to the tip of the tail, it rather out-measured the dog; and a collie dog, you know, from the nose to the tail, is not a very short animal. As may be supposed, from the nature of the contest, my grandfather got his hands severely bit and lacerated. Among other injuries, he got the nail of one of his thumbs split by a stroke of the creature's claw, and his thumb was disfigured ever afterwards. I can yet remember it. This adventure of my grandfather's might occur a little after the middle of last century, or about a hundred years ago. There are, I believe, no wild cats in Keilder now, nor, as far as I know, in any part of the country."

The letter to Mr. Sidney Gibson, from Algernon, fourth Duke of Northumberland, also refers to "Macaulay's absurdities or untruths about Keilder." The passage in Macaulay is as follows:—

"Within the memory of some whom this generation has seen, the sportsmen who wandered in pursuit of game to the sources of the Tyne, found the heaths round Keilder Castle peopled by a race scarcely less savage than the Indians of California, and heard with surprise the half-naked women chaunting a wild measure, while the men, with brandished dirks, danced a war dance."

authority given by Macaulay for this statement, is a reference to the letter of Sir Walter Scott, from which we find that Macaulay's account of this passage actually came from Alnwick Castle. In his letter, dated, October 7, 1827, Sir Walter says :—

The Duke "tells me his people in Keilder were all quite wild the first time he went up to shoot there. The women had no other dress than a bodice and petticoat. The men were savage, and could hardly be brought to any sense of decency, either from sullenness or fear. They sang a wild tune, the refrain of which was *Orsina, orsina, orsina*. The females sang, the men danced, and at a certain point of the tune they drew their dirks, which they always

carried about with them. The origin of Macaulay's so called "absurdities or inaccuracies about Keilder." When the history of England appeared, a gentleman writing on the Scottish side of the Border, wrote to the historian, pointing out the inaccuracy. Macaulay wrote a reply in which he promised to delete the sentence in subsequent editions, but said he would require the strongest evidence to undo entirely what had been accepted by the public, who knew so much of Border history.

The story narrated to Sir Walter by the Duke of Northumberland is a gross misapprehension, which was excusable, however, in a nobleman who had never before the first time an outlandish portion of his vast estates. Telfer, some years ago, knew a man who remembered the duke's visit, and who alleged the barbarous state of society was by him, very naturally,

The half-naked women with bedgown and petticoat, were working at hay-making, and in the heat of summer they may still be seen every day in the same dress at similar occupations. The "dirk" which the shepherds was really a large clasp knife, called in Scotland a "clasp knife," with a long and sharp pointed blade, kept for flaying sheep and dead in the moors, as they often are. About the refrain, "Orsina," there is some difficulty; but it is suggested by a gentleman acquainted with the district and its ways, that it was really the avowed Tynedale ejaculation of "Oor syde yet, oor syde yet," which is used in the district dialect, a practice that still prevails at combats of skill or strength,—I am, Sir, yours sincerely,

J. T.

Nov. 1869.

#### SUEZ CANAL.

URBAN,—As the Suez Canal is now the question of the day, it may interest some of your readers to learn that one hundred years ago, the attention of the English people was called to the project of constructing such a canal from the Red Sea to the Nile, by your correspondent of yours, who modestly veiled himself under the name F. In *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1763 (p. 607), is the letter :—

URBAN,—Whilst our projectors are forming schemes, and busied in setting them out, for the facilitation of trade and commerce, by cutting canals from one part of the country to another, I would just crave leave to mention one, which, if put in practice, will not only be beneficial to particular countries, but all mean the uniting of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, by a cut or

canal. This is by no means a visionary scheme, but certainly practicable, as will, I think, evidently appear, by the following extract from the memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, 1701,—I am, &c., “F.”

The extract referred to is too long to be quoted in full. It relates to a map of the Delta, made from actual observation, by M. Boutier, as a contribution to one of the entire country, prepared by M. Delisle.

“But what is most remarkable in this map, is an extremity of a canal, which goes out of the most eastern arm of the Nile, and which M. Delisle judges to have been part of that which formerly made the communication of the Nile and the Mediterranean with the Red Sea.”

The well-known passages in Herodotus and Diodorus are then commented upon.

“M. Delisle, refining upon M. Boutier, has carried his inquiries even to the Arabian authors. Elmaun, lib. i. chap. 3, says that under the Caliph Omar, towards the year 635 of the Christian era, Amir caused a canal to be made to transport the corn from Egypt into Arabia. Probably he only renewed the old one, the navigation of which might easily have been neglected in the decline of the Roman empire. But in the year 150 of the Hegira, which agrees with the year 775 of Christ, Albuizafar Almanzor II., Caliph of the Abbasides, caused this canal to be stopped on the side of the sea. If ever this union should be renewed, the world would change its face; China and France, for example, would become neighbours, and our posterity would lament the fate of the barbarous ages, when the Europeans were obliged to go round Africa to get into Asia.”

I am, yours truly,

W. E. A. A.

*Joynton Street, Strangeways.*

#### A BULLOCK OF THE LAST CENTURY.

MR. URBAN,—As the prize Christmas bullocks are hardly yet forgotten, it may be worth while to state some particulars regarding a prime Scottish bullock of the 18th century, just to indicate the contrast 'twixt now and then. The calculation of profit and loss is given in the “Select Transactions of the Improvers in Agriculture,” a society formed in 1723, and which existed fully twenty years. The prime cost of the bullock was 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and he entered Mr. Hope of Rankellor's grass at Hope Park, in the suburbs of Edinburgh, on the 24th of November, 1729. Here he continued till the 2nd of March, 1730, at a cost of 1*d.* sterling per 24 hours, or 8*s.* for the three months. On the 2nd of March he was taken to the Sciennes Walls, near Edinburgh, for fresh grass, and here he continued till the 22nd of June, at a farther cost of 13*s.* sterling. From the 1st December, 1729, till the 4th May, 1730, he got hay, what he could eat, at 5*d.* per stone, which cost 1*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* The total cost of the bullock was 3*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.*, and being presented in the Edinburgh market on the 20th June, 1730, his owner was offered for him 3*l.* 15*s.*, which would have yielded a profit of only 1*s.* 2*d.* The owner preferred to kill his bullock, and the total weight proved to be 392 pounds of beef and tallow, which, at 4*d.* a pound, brought 6*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.*, showing a profit on the animal of 2*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.* The hide, head, feet, and in-meat, were given for attendance.

—Yours, sincerely,

J. T.

THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1870.

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THE CHRISTIAN VAGABOND.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

*(Continued from p. 61.)*

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CHAPTER III.

DAME REBECCA'S STORY.

“**S**O much as I may and should tell to him who is called the Christian Vagabond—and much more to him than should be told to any other of God's creatures—I have promised.” Our Lady of Charity sate with the Vagabond in the common room of the Sisterhood, on the morrow of Dame Rebecca's death. She was putting together, with a sweet sadness, a mass of flowers which two Sisters had laid upon the table before her, and which were jewelled still with the dew of the fresh summer morning. It was near the break-up of the summer time when Dame Rebecca died: the time when the insect dies within the petals of the rose, and the birds turn rough feathers to the crisp air of sunrise.

The eyes of the Vagabond fell upon the serious flower bearers, and then turned, with a plain question in them, to the Lady of Charity.

“Our Sisters of the Garden; and these are the flowers they grow to brighten the graves of our poor: to gladden the sick-room, and to lay upon the bosom of the dead. These have brought Dame Rebecca's flowers; and, while I prepare them for her bosom, will you listen to all I can say of her—that you may judge whether she is the creature of long ago, to whom your memory seems to carry you back, with uncertain steps.



The Christian Vagabond took up flower after flower, scented them, and mused over them.

"Yes, let me turn upon the past now; but the threads, to my weak vision, are tangled overmuch."

"Dame Rebecca had been with me more than two years, I see by our Tables of Hospitality. It seemed to me that we had had her much longer."

"We are carried forward at a ringing pace, as we age," the venerable Pilgrim interrupted. "We feel less acutely, we are arrested by fewer landmarks, and all the years soften to a level surface. It is so smooth that, in the end, we hardly feel that we are moving. My journeying has been very far beyond the reach of most men; so that I can take an extraordinary stride of experiences—and mark how the glowing uplands and valleys of our freshest days, roll into a flat land of equal tint. But—" here he laid a gentle hand upon the flannel sleeve of the Lady of Charity—"But, of Dame Rebecca."

"She came to us one spring evening: a most melancholy wet and grey, and chilly time it was. I have been accustomed to the faces of the miserable all my life; but I was never so startled and pained with the sight of distress, as when Sister Ursula drew me to the door of the Chamber of Christ, and begged me to look within.

"Rebecca looked much older, to me, on that evening, than when she passed away from us and her troubles yesterday. She was huddled up—a confused heap of clothes and limb—deep in a big arm-chair we keep in the chamber, the very chair by which you said your prayers last night;—and out of her livid face burned two eyes that spell-bound me, as I fell within their range. I saw a soul in agony then; making a last desperate effort to speak. She tried to articulate. Her lips moved swiftly; but not the murmur of a word came forth. Then she was desperate in her effort to express herself by motion; but the poor body would not answer to her will, save by a quiver. When I approached her and took her stone-cold hands, so wasted, that they felt as though a little pressing would break them; her eyes, still glowing, followed me. The mouth dropped open; and thin flakes of white hair loosened over her brow of a thousand wrinkles. I took her in my arms. I am weak enough—but I could lift her—and laid her upon the warm bed to which Sister Ursula had been attending. Still those two eyes, from that silent creature smote me: for I knew they meant to speak that which the palsied tongue could not utter. The eyes of some of the many dying creatures I have seen have reminded me of Dame Rebecca's on that night. It is the cruellest watching of all, when the sick are silent, and the implorers

glances speak, and you cannot understand. Death comes, and leaves the wish unrecorded : the prayer unsaid.

"But to Rebecca, God mercifully vouchsafed a long, I think, happy and comforting pause by the gates of Eternity. We nursed her to the utmost of our power and knowledge."

"God knows it!" the solemn listener interrupted.

"She had been wandering for years. We found her black staff worn to a stump, outside our gates on the morrow of her appearance. And when I told her so, the first smile flickered over her face. She felt, she told me afterwards, that she had done with the road-side, with the bed in the barn, and the beggar's wallet. She was of Jewish birth, and she used to say that in wandering she had only followed the instinct of her race, which had been pressed into their blood by the oppression of Christian hands."

"Her country, Sister Charity?"

"She used to say, 'the country of the swallow;' for she had passed her life flying from the cold to the warm. But she knew most about France: and it was there she passed her early, she used to say, peering wistfully through her window, her happiest and her worst days. She was, in her heart of hearts, repentant: and she shall have some of our whitest flowers over her grave."

The Lady of Charity lifted a guelder rose, and added it to the funeral wreath as she spoke on, in a low, sweet, dreamy voice. "She had been very sinful in her early splendid days. She was a child of sin: and her father was a Christian. But she remained a Jewess at heart to the end. Her father was, to the world, a great man. He was powerful at court: and he brought up his daughter (whose mother had died in one of his remote châteaux of a broken heart, or a heart wrung dry by grief), as his lawful child and heiress. For in wedlock he had no children. His brothers had been killed in the wars. There was nothing but war and murder just then, upon the wicked earth.

"Amid her ragged garments we found, when we undressed her in the chamber, a small picture heavily fixed in gold. She had sunk into a deep sleep, when we took her rags from her, and discovered her remaining treasure. For this, I felt, had her fervent eyes been fixed on me. She knew that it must fall into my keeping; and all the fire she put into her sight was burned, as beacons are burned. They warned us from the danger of striking upon the last, fondly-kept treasure of her life."

"The portrait told her story?" The chin of the venerable listener rested heavily upon his staff, and his look was fixed upon Dame Rebecca's growing funeral wreath.

"It was her own face when she was young."

"Have you kept it?"

"It is to be laid, is laid by this hour, upon her bosom."

"I am listening, Sister Charity; I am listening."

"She confessed that when her father took her to the court of his sovereign, where he bore a wand of office; she was bewitched with the painted chambers, the gardens jewelled with a hundred fountains, the silks and satins, the diamonds and the pearls; and the pride of man and woman speaking in a hundred glowing and wickedly wasteful shapes. She was very young, badly educated, beautiful in the sight of men, complimented by the king. The courtiers made a pathway whither she tended through the court chambers. Her phrase was, 'My heart sang like a happy bird, just then.' The song was brief as the sunshine was."

"Poor child!"

The Lady of Charity, searching amid the tumbled flowers, and finding a violet or two, went on—"She was fond of these flowers and our gardens show some beautiful Parma violets in the season. Her story is a very common one of the world, I hear."

"Common as notes in the sun's beam," the Vagabond muttered; "but let me, I beseech you, hear it to the end. You are lifting a veil that lies between me and scores of buried years."

"While she was in the hey-day of her pride and worldly glory, and she seemed to be fixed in a citadel of pleasure, through which the common sorrows of the world would never be able to make a way—(you will tell me, who have seen so much of men, whether it is not a very common human story)—a personage appeared at court, upon whom all eyes were fixed. He was, it would appear, an eccentric man, to the world in which he moved. Of high birth, of fine manners, rich beyond the wealth even of Rebecca's father, over whose lands the poor creature used to boast, it took a tough horseman some trouble to ride in a day; the new comer advanced through the silks, jewels, and lace, in the homeliest leather, and cloth. He wore neither plume nor spur. But she said he had an eminently knightly aspect; an open, honourable countenance; a proud carriage; and gracious, kindly, winning ways, tinged always with a becoming gravity. The king deferred to his wisdom; only the queen laughed at his guise, till her trembling stores of jewels blazed upon her. The king had frequent conferences with him; while placemen and coxcombs laughed and trembled at the same time in the antechamber. It was said he had come, the messenger of the poor, and with a warning to the reckless king. The country was one poor house vaulted by the heavens. There was not a laugh left in the king's subjects, so lot g

and merrily and recklessly had his majesty and his courtiers kept up their revelries. The plain noble had ventured in his sober grey, through the throng of pitiless spendthrifts, to speak the mind of the poor, nor leave the warning of the surly hosts of the Hungry out of it. Every narrow forehead trembled; every scapegrace's wand of office shook in his hand. They would have been glad to carry forth the intruder and drown him under Neptune's marble eyes, in the dancing waters of the fountain. But he strode, in the conscious strength of the good workman, through them; and, on a certain day his eyes fell upon the Lady Rebecca, where she sate in a window, laughing with the lightest-headed gallants of the court."

"Yea, Lady of Charity, the story is very old; but—the wreath is not finished yet—I pray you, tell me to the end."

"I am near it; that is, so much of it as I may tell. It will hardly last me to the tying of Rebecca's flowers. The good messenger of that wicked court spoke to the Lady Rebecca. He singled her out from the rest of the dames of the palace; he had serious converse with her on his mission, and on the wickedness of which she, in her thoughtlessness of youth, was part. There was a fund of goodness in her, he thought; and he asked her when he was leaving the king, hopeless, to go forth with him among the miserable people, as his wife."

"Rebecca would have put her cloak gladly about her; but her father had given her to the basest of the young courtiers, who bore the highest name, shouldered the most dazzling honours, and had the least heart of any. The grave suitor had high words with Rebecca's father; for this one hated the intruder who had come to meddle with the pleasures of the court, and to persuade the king to take wands and tasteful dignities from his spendthrift courtiers; and turn the tide of the gold, to heal the sores of the vulgar.

"From a window in the palace, when she was embroidering, at her father's command, for the base, dissolute man to whom she was given; she saw the Good Messenger of the Poor mount his horse in the court yard, and ride away. He never turned to wave a good-bye. In that place of a hundred windows, how should he tell which was hers? She cast the embroidery towards him, hoping to attract his farewell, and let him take the assurance of her eternal good-will with him; but he did not see the work; and presently a page brought it back to her, at her father's request, and asking to know when she would have finished it for the duke whose duchess he had commanded her to be."

The Vagabond's forehead was pressed upon his hands, which grasped the crown of his staff.

"The Lady Rebecca married the duke. I have but two more flowers: I thought they would outlast my story. They were unhappy. They parted. The miserable people rose, as the good messenger had warned the king they would; fell upon him and his courtiers; broke open their money-chests; and, through all the violence, disorder, shame, and sin, and sorrow, the laughing Lady Rebecca fell, year after year, lower and lower, to—our gateway."

"But how, Sister Charity?"

"I have folded the last flower in the wreath: see, it has a bright appearance."

"But, I pray you, how fell?"

"As much as I may tell," the Lady of Charity said, rising, to bear away the wreath to Dame Rebecca's bier, "I have told."

"But of the picture, Sister; you forgot."

"Nay, it is to be laid with her; unseen by any save Sister Ursula and me."

Wild, uncouth, and noisy as at the moment of Dame Rebecca's death; the cripple, still wild with grief, blundered to the Lady of Charity's feet, and holding up in his clutched hand a massive gold locket, passionately implored her to let him wear it at his heart henceforth. And then a flood of tears came, and the picture fell at the feet of the Christian Vagabond.

The old man looked for an instant; but was reproached by the Lady of Charity, who let fall the wreath to cover it.

And then he rose to go forth into the air. The cripple clutched at his blue robe, and fastened to his stick, and screamed,—

"Holy visitor within our gates, intercede with me. Dame Rebecca was—my mother!"

The Lady of Charity drew her flannel hood over her face, folded wreath and picture in her sleeves; and passed out.

And Dame Rebecca's child was carried, fainting, to his chamber.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A FUNERAL IN CHARITY.

THE sky was paling with the morning light—just paling; and chilly eddies of air played under the corridors, and lifted the dust of yesterday's feet; the swallows were stirring under the capitals of the columns, earliest messengers that it was time for living creatures to cast away the poppies of sleep, and be doing in their place in Nature. The first play of birds in the dead stillness of the last night moments,

es with a vivid touch on the imagination. It is the daily resurrec-  
; and he who is woke by a wing to his duties, and rises in  
rent spirit to them, feels all the solemnity of the moment.

he first swallow was sweeping, it seemed, an experimental flight  
in the quadrangle, as not determined to go bravely forth until  
sun should have peeped above the horizon of his day ; when the  
; barring the Chamber of Christ were shaken down, and the  
istian Vagabond stood in the open corridor, and the ring of his  
startled the birds to a general chatter. The day had come.

n an instant the Lady of Charity was in the door-way of the refec-  
to salute their guest. They said not a word ; but all bowed to  
guest's salute as he passed on to the chapel, where his place was  
t from the Community of Charity—a private chapel within theirs.  
re the organ spoke the first audible utterance of the day within  
holy place ; and so, all passed, through prayer, to work.

he Christian Vagabond sate apart, and alone, in a corner of the  
ctory, with his book, vellum-bound and umber-edged, lying open  
n his knees. The Lady of Charity had gone out to her waiting-  
n ; for the poor were garnered very early by the lean fingers of  
it in the olive grove which led to the gates.

nder the covered gallery upon which the Chamber of Death  
e, silent groups of Sisters were at work. Their flannel robes  
pt hither and thither, between and behind the marble columns ;  
lin the silent room, to the distant ends of the corridor and back  
in ; in that seeming confusion to the unknowing eye, which active  
er makes. The stillness of the place amid the life and work,  
e an unearthly atmosphere to it. There is noise in the bustle of  
world ; there was a heavenly quiet here, as the last offices were  
ceeding. When the coffin containing the mortal part of Dame  
becca was ushered forth from the Chamber of Death into the  
ped space in the open corridor, the stillness of the tomb still  
ered all. The bier glided out of the darkness into the silver  
ming light, at touches from the hands of the Sisters who surrounded  
No pall covered it ; it was cloaked with the flannel robe of  
er Ursula, who had attended upon the ancient dame through her  
sickness ; and a cross lay, the silver Saviour gleaming icily in the  
ting rays of light, upon the sleeper's breast.

rom the garden entrance, under the corridor by the chapel, two  
ers advanced, bearing each an armful of lilies. They placed the  
liest opened flowers of the morning which their garden afforded,  
he Lady of Charity's wreath at the foot of the cross ; and then  
strewed, with lilies *white and golden*, the way from the bier to

the chapel. Not a sound throughout these simple ceremonies, save the busy notes of the swallows.

The Christian Vagabond sate apart, and alone, in a corner of the refectory, with his book, vellum-bound, and umber-edged, lying open upon his knees. His head was thrown back; his arms were crossed; and he was looking at the brightening of another day.

"God, in thy mercy," he said, "grant that it was not the painful pilgrimage I have been dreaming. More than eighty years since, for the second time I was permitted to take up my staff anew, and bare my breast to the wind; worlds and centuries lie between the Now and Then, and yet this night I strode over them as over a brook, and stood, early, and at home, on the other side. That was the face then—the spring of this hoar winter, the bud of this mould—the beginning of this end!

"What has lain between? Eighty summers, and winters: eighty springs, and autumns! It is a long time, and yet not so long; for many tempests must have wrought such havoc. That was the picture, nearly finished at the time: since perfected by the painter's cunning hand, willingly running over the fairness again, and yet again. But thenceforward, through the eighty years! I see driving clouds of tears. Wailing floats through the air. My ears are shells with sad, low murmurs in them, of prison tones. In my dream the click of chains, not the electric points of anchor weighing; but the rusty clank of gaol fetters, disturbed me. In the cruellest dungeon there is a thread of light; but I was hurried to utter blackness, to a night with heaven bricked wholly out!

"I pray, I implore thee, O my God, that it was not quite this. The heart was noble in the main, in youth; *that* I know, that I feel, as I feel the throbbing of my temples. Those virgin hands sought the innocence of flowers, and were shaped for buds like these which are passing softly as heaven's lambs<sup>a</sup> are flocking past the window. In all the shameless, glittering wickedness, there was a good heart, upon whom the story of the poor smote, as it never smote upon the king's.

"Given, like a pulseless thing of prettiness, to the vilest of the spangled brutes who laughed at the famine in the land, with the best part of a fat capon duly placed within his own diseased anatomy; made president of his orgies, chief at his board; his, like his ancestral plate, shimmering over the broad expanse of the buffets in his hall of riot—how did the tragedy come to a violent end—for ~~the~~

<sup>a</sup> The Germans call the white summer clouds thus.

the bowed figure. At intervals, wide as the passages of the passing bell, a sob shook through his being; and the tears beaded his baby face. He was trying with his half-wits, yet with a whole heart, to form some purpose or plan, of which the Christian Vagabond should be the motive power. His finger was withdrawn sharply from his mouth, and raised and shaken towards the corridor, in the direction where the Sisters moved in busy silence around his mother's rest. He crept (every motion of his limbs appeared to express pain) with gentleness, to the side of the ancient man, who had buried his brain too deep to be aroused by a light footfall. When near the Vagabond's knees, and touching the blue folds of his robe or cloak, the dwarf halted irresolute; not daring to open his appeal. The working of his agonised face was tumultuous; the tears rained from his poor, red eyes; and the gaunt figure of the tramp remained motionless and vast as a saint in marble by an ancient hand.

A sob, that almost rooted his heart from its cavity, brought the dwarf in a heap to the Christian Vagabond's feet. The dreamer was, on the instant, a wakeful man.

"The penalty is heaviest upon him," the Vagabond said, looking, with an angel's peace and kindness in his expression, upon the prostrate mourner, who was now freely weeping, his head buried in the rushes. "And no share of the fault: no word in the bargain that disgraced her: no voice in the court, or the street tumult: but charged with the fardel, to the bending of his spine, and the abasing of his brain."

As he spoke, the old man lifted the dwarf from the ground, having claintily laid his book aside.

"Be comforted, boy: be comforted. Look into my face, and see that you are with a friend."

The dwarf raised his hairy face, matted with his weeping, and looked into the Vagabond's meek eyes. Under their influence he crept closer to the old man's heart, and implored him without speaking.

"What is the craving in your grief? Speak."

The dwarf clutched the leather band that crossed the Vagabond's ample chest, and held his wallet, from which he was never parted.

"Speak; I am your friend. I shall say—and remember me, boy, through the time we have to spend together on this earth—the best friend left to you. Speak."

The dwarf hung upon the Vagabond's shoulders, and drew his lips close to his white beard.

"Her face, her pretty face, give it to me!"



The unfortunate cripple, broken utterly with this effort, slipped out of the Vagabond's arms, back amid the rushes.

"Her heart is there. Its light breaks through everything. Poor boy, you ask me the thing which cannot——"

"Cannot!" Dame Rebecca's son started to his feet, in a frenzy, in which the rage matched the grief.

The Vagabond stretched out his arms to soothe him; but the "boy" (he was far past fifty, and still to the ancient traveller he was a child) drew quickly back, and glared at him.

"You my best friend! Where is the picture, then?"

"By your mother's wish it lies upon her bosom, and will be buried with her."

"You my best friend!" was the answer, with that laugh which expresses the uttermost depth of grief. The cripple seized the book at the Vagabond's elbow, hurled it to the further end of the refectory and scrambled away.

The Lady of Charity who met him at the door, and for whom he had a loving reverence that was inexpressibly beautiful to see, spoke and was unheeded. A distant door was slammed, startling the stillness.

"He will be better there, with the nurses."

The Lady of Charity was unruffled; being beyond, above grief, she had purged sorrow of all its earthliness; and through pain, which only the most gifted in heart know, she had risen to a level, whence she could be the steady ministrant of comfort to her kind. It has been said: "The sorrow that deepens not love, and runs not off with it, must ever flood the spirit and bear it down. Our best and sweetest life, that which we live in the good of others, is richly stocked with charities."<sup>b</sup> Therefore, the holiest nurse is calmest. She minds not that her hands are puddled in the sweat of death: she breathes freely in the stifling room: her serene eye looks down upon pain. Love has borne her to a tranquil place between heaven and earth, just prone enough to mankind to let her hand reach the pillow, and her voice the aching ear.

The Lady of Charity sate, presiding over the first repast of the day when Dame Rebecca was to be buried; and ate the broken bread and spare morsels from the platters of her poor, among her Sisters, with her daily appetite, neither more nor less. Custom had not staled her heart; love and faith had carried it to a safe place.

But the Christian Vagabond ate not with his usual zest that day.

<sup>b</sup> Herman Hooker's "The Uses of Adversity."

"I am sick, Sister Charity," he confessed; "for I have a disturbed night, dreaming of memories which crowd the pilgrims' footsteps I have stretched round the world, cast hot together."

The Field of Rest lay through the Chapel. From the Gate of Death to the Chapel entrance, the Sisters of the Garden it has been already said, strewn the way with lily leaves; and from the Chapel to the grave. Two Sisters had sat by the sick while the rest who could be spared from the beds of the sick ate at the morning meal. At its close, the Lady of Charity went into the quadrangle, and the Sisters followed to where bread, of baked meats, of comforts of many kinds, were distributed near the dead.

By the Lady of Charity, at her elbow, the Christian Visitor walked, holding his staff across his breast. The sick who crowded their chambers—the women from the eastern, the men from the western wings; came hobbling, crawling along, or wheeling in chairs, or supported by Sisters. The broad entrance to the Chapel was opened, showing the olive grove. Thence the poor of the town without came, and made a semicircle in the quadrangle: a motley, weird company, upon which an imaginative mind might have speculated for many hours.

In the presence of the dead, Charity was extended to the living. The Lady of Charity and her Sisters, in silence gave to each poor the needful help of food and comfort. In no hap-hazard way forgetting the humble and shame-faced, and ministering to each with woe and lying tale; but after anxious counsel, and under various conditions. He was a thorough cripple who got a crutch.

The organ's tones vibrated upon the impressive scene, and the voices of the Sisters sang with a sweet and quiet sadness. When the bread was distributed, the Lady of Charity, attended by the Christian Visitor, led the way to the Chapel over the fresh lily leaves. It was the privilege of poor folk, whom Sister Charity singled out for the honor, to guide the bier, that moved upon broad wheels, silent as a slipper, to the Chapel. Among the bearers were men and women who had themselves been waiting long in the vestibule of the Chapel. The maimed; the enfeebled; the blind; the dumb. The Chapel was filled with Charity. The poor prayed for the poor: for the poor of poverty they had brought to be buried.

Silently, as in the early dawn, the Sisters had issued from their rooms, the crowd dispersed. The outer-world poor passed the quadrangle, with their gifts, to the olive grove: the ga-

closed : the Sisters took up their duties where they had left them : and the Christian Vagabond patiently picked up the book which had been thrown amid the rushes, and smoothed it anew upon his knees.

That night the ashes of Dame Rebecca lay in the Chapel. On the morrow, an hour after sunrise, they were borne through to the Field of Rest ; and the Lady of Charity stood at the head of the grave, and the Christian Vagabond at its foot, while mother earth received the mortal part of Dame Rebecca.

From the grave the Vagabond strode to the room where Rebecca's cripple son abode.

He was gone.

*(To be continued.)*

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# BY ORDER OF THE KING.

(*L'Homme qui Rit.*)

A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY: BY VICTOR HUGO.

## PART II.—BOOK THE FOURTH.

(*Continued.*)

### CHAPTER III.

LEX, REX, FEN.

**U**NEXPLAINED arrest, which would greatly astonish an Englishman now-a-days, was then a very usual proceeding of the police. Recourse was had to it, notwithstanding the Habeas Corpus Act, up to George II.'s time, especially in such delicate cases as were provided for by *lettres de cachet* in France; and one of the accusations against which Walpole had to defend himself was that he had caused or allowed Neuhoff to be arrested in that manner. The accusation was probably without foundation, for Neuhoff, King of Corsica, was put in prison by his creditors.

These silent captures of the person, very usual with the Holy Vehme in Germany, were admitted by German custom, which rules one half of the old English laws, and recommended in certain cases by Norman custom, which rules the other half. Justinian's chief of the palace police was called "*Silentarius Imperialis.*" The English magistrates who practised the captures in question relied upon numerous Norman texts:—*Canes latrant, sergentes silent. Sergente agere, id est tacere.* They quoted Lundulphus Sagax, paragraph 16: *Facit Imperator silentium.* They quoted the charter of King Philip in 1307: *Multos tenebimus bastoneros qui, obmutescentes, sergentes valeant.* They quoted the statutes of Henry I. of England, cap. 53: *Surge signo jussus Taciturnior esto. Hoc est esse in captione regis.* They took advantage especially of the following prescription, held to form part of the ancient feudal franchises of England:—"Sous les

viscomtes sont les serjans de l'espée, lesquels doivent justicier vertueusement à l'espée tous ceux qui suient malveses compagnies, gens diffamez d'aucuns crimes, et gens fuites et forbannis . . . et les doivent si vigoureusement et discrètement apprehendés, que la bonne gent qui sont paisibles soient gardez paisiblement, et que les malfeteurs soient espoantés." To be thus arrested was to be seized "à le glaive de l'espée." (*Vetus Consuetudo Normanniæ*, MS. part 1, sect. 1, ch. 11.) The jurisconsults referred besides "*in Charta Ludovici Hutini pro Normannis*," chapter *Servientes spathæ*. *Servientes spathæ*, in the gradual approach of base Latin to our idioms, became *sergentes spadae*.

These silent arrests were the contrary of the *Clameur de Haro*, and gave warning that it was advisable to hold one's tongue until such time as light should be thrown upon certain matters still in the dark. They signified questions reserved, and showed in the operation of the police a certain amount of *raison d'état*.

The legal term "private" was applied to arrests of this description. It was thus that Edward III., according to some chroniclers, caused Mortimer to be seized in the bed of his mother, Isabella of France.

This, again, we may take leave to doubt; for Mortimer sustained a siege in his town before his capture.

Warwick, the king-maker, delighted in practising this mode of "attaching people." Cromwell made use of it, especially in Connaught; and it was with this precaution of silence that Trailie Arcklo, a relation of the Earl of Ormond, was arrested at Kilmacraugh.

These captures of the body by the mere motion of justice, represented rather the *mandat de comparution* than the warrant of arrest. Sometimes they were but processes of inquiry, and even argued, by the silence imposed upon all, a certain consideration for the person seized. For the mass of the people, little versed as they were in the estimate of such shades of difference, they had peculiar terrors.

It must not be forgotten that in 1705, and even much later, England was far from being what she is to-day. The general features of its constitution were confused and, at times, very oppressive. Daniel Defoe, who had himself had a taste of the pillory, characterises the social order of England, somewhere in his writings, as the "iron hands of the law." There was not only the law, there was its arbitrary administration. We have but to recall Steele, ejected from Parliament; Locke, driven from his chair; Hobbes and Gibbon, compelled to flight; Charles Churchill, Hume, and Priestley, persecuted; John Wilkes, sent to the Tower. The task would be a long one, were we to count over the victims of the statute against seditious

libel. The inquisition had, to some extent, infected all Europe with its system; and its police practice was taken as a guide. A monstrous attempt against all rights was possible in England. We have only to recall the *Gazetier Cuirassé*. In the midst of the eighteenth century, Louis XV. had writers whose works displeased him arrested in Piccadilly. It is true that George II. laid his hands on the Pretender in France, right in the middle of the hall at the opera. Those were two long arms! that of the King of France reaching London; that of the King of England, Paris! Such was liberty!

We may add, that they were fond of putting folk to death privately in prisons. Jugglery mingled with capital punishment; a hideous expedient to which England is reverting at the present moment, thus giving to the world the strange spectacle of a great people, which, in its desire of taking the better part, chooses the worse; and which, having before it the past on one side and progress on the other, mistakes the right side and takes night for day.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### URSUS SPIES THE POLICE.

As we have already said, according to the very severe laws of the police of those days, the summons to follow the wäpentake addressed to an individual, implied to all other persons present the command not to stir.

Some curious persons, however, were stubborn, and accompanied at a distance the cortege which had taken Gwynplaine into custody.

Ursus was of them. Ursus had been as much petrified as any one has a right to be. But Ursus, so often assailed by the surprises incident to a wandering life, and by the malice of chance, was, like a ship-of-war, prepared for action, and could call to the post of danger all his crew—that is to say, all the aid of his intelligence.

He flung off his stupor, and began to think. He strove not to give way to emotion, but to stand face to face with circumstances.

To look fortune in the face, is the duty of everyone not an idiot; to seek,—not to understand, but to act.

Presently he asked himself. What could he do?

Gwynplaine taken away, Ursus was placed between two terrors—a fear for Gwynplaine, which instigated him to follow; and a fear for himself, which urged him to remain where he was.

*Ursus* had the intrepidity of a fly, and the impassibility of

plant. His agitation was not to be described. However, his resolution heroically, and decided to brave the law, and the wapentake, so anxious was he concerning the fate of Gwynplaine.

error must have been great to prompt so much courage.

That valiant acts will not fear drive a hare?

Chamois in despair jumps a precipice. To be terrified into flight is one of the forms of fear.

Gwynplaine had been carried off rather than arrested. The operation of the police had been executed so rapidly that the fair-field, so little frequented at that hour in the morning, had scarcely any cognizance of the circumstance.

Not only any one in the caravans had any idea that the wapentake was to take Gwynplaine. Hence the smallness of the crowd.

Gwynplaine, thanks to his mantle and his hat, which nearly concealed his face, could not be recognised by the passers-by.

When he went out to follow Gwynplaine, Ursus took a precaution.

He went to Master Nicless, to the boy Govicum, and to Fibi and insisted on their keeping absolute silence before Dea,

Dea ignorant of everything. That they should not utter a word

that could make her suspect what had occurred; that they should not make her understand that the cares of the management of the

business necessitated the absence of Gwynplaine and Ursus; that it would soon be the time of her daily sleep, and that before

long he and Gwynplaine would have returned; that all which had taken place had arisen from a mistake; that it would be very

easy for Gwynplaine and himself to clear themselves before the

magistrate and police; that a touch of the finger would put the matter straight, after which they should both return; above all, that Ursus should say a word on the subject to Dea. This advice Ursus departed.

Ursus was able to follow Gwynplaine without being remarked. When he kept at the greatest possible distance, he so managed as to be out of the sight of him. Boldness in ambuscade is the bravery of the

fox.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding the solemnity of the attendant circumstances, Gwynplaine might have been summoned before the magistrate

for some unimportant infraction of the law. Ursus assured himself that the question would be decided at once.

The resolution of the mystery was to be made under his very eyes by the

action taken by the *cortège* which took Gwynplaine from Tarboon. IV., N. S. 1870.

rinzeau Field when it reached the entrance of the lanes of the Little Strand.

If it turned to the left, it would conduct Gwynplaine to the justice hall in Southwark. In that case there would be little to fear: some trifling municipal offence, an admonition from the magistrate, two or three shillings to pay, then Gwynplaine would be set at liberty, and the representation of "Chaos Vanquished" would take place that same evening as usual. In such case no one would find out anything unusual.

If the *cortège* turned to the right, matters would be serious.

There were frightful places in that direction.

At the instant that the wapentake, leading the file of soldiers between whom Gwynplaine walked, had arrived at the small streets, Ursus, panting, watched them. Moments exist when a man's whole being passes into his eyes.

Which way were they about to turn?

They turned to the right.

Ursus, staggering with terror, leant against a wall that he might not fall.

There is no hypocrisy so great as the words that we say to ourselves, "*I wish to know the worst!*" At heart, we do not wish it at all. We have a dreadful fear lest we should know it. Agony is mingled with a dim effort not to see the end. We do not own this to ourselves. We would draw back if we dared; and when we have advanced, we reproach ourselves for having done so.

Thus did Ursus. He shuddered as he thought—

"Here are things going wrong. I should have found it out soon enough. What business had I to follow Gwynplaine?"

Having made this reflection, as man is but a contradiction, he redoubled his pace, and, mastering his anxiety, he hastened to get nearer the troop, so as not to break, in the maze of small streets, the thread between Gwynplaine and himself.

The *cortège* of police could not move quickly, on account of the solemnity of their pace.

The wapentake led it.

The justice of the quorum closed it.

This order compelled a certain deliberation of movement.

All the majesty possible in an official shone in the justice of the quorum. His costume held a middle place between the splendid robe of a doctor of music at Oxford, and the sober, black habiliments of a doctor of divinity at Cambridge. He wore the dress of a gentleman under a long godebert, which is a mantle trimmed with the fur



of the Norwegian hare. He was half gothic and half modern, wearing a wig like Lamoignon, and sleeves like Tristan L'Hermite. His large, round eye watched Gwynplaine with the fixedness of an owl's.

He walked with a cadence. Never did honest man look fiercer.

Ursus, for a moment thrown out of his way in the tangled skein of streets, overtook, close to Saint Mary Overy, the *cortège*, which, fortunately, had been retarded in the churchyard by a battery of children and dogs, a common incident in the streets in those days. "*Dogs and boys*," say the old police registers, which place the dogs before the boys. A man, being taken before a magistrate by the police, was, after all, an every day affair, and each one having his own business to attend to, the small crowd which had followed soon dispersed. There remained but Ursus on the track of Gwynplaine.

They passed before the two chapels which were face to face, one belonging to the Recreative Religionists, and the other to the Hallelujah League, sects which flourished then, and still exist at the present day.

Then the *cortège* wound from street to street, making a zig-zag, choosing by preference lanes not yet built on, roads where the grass grew, and deserted alleys.

At length it stopped.

It was in a small street, no houses except two or three hovels. This narrow alley was composed of two walls, one on the left, low; the other on the right, high. The high wall was black, and built in the Saxon style with narrow holes, scorpions, and large square gratings over narrow loop-holes. There was no window on it, but here and there slits, which were the old embrasures of pierriers and archegayes. At the foot of this high wall was seen, something like the hole at the bottom of a rat trap, a little wicket gate, very elliptical in its arch.

This small door, encased in a full, heavy girding of stone, had a grated peep-hole, a heavy knocker, a large bolt, hinges thick and knotted, a bristling of nails, an armour of plates, and hinges, which made it more of iron than of wood.

There was no one in the lane. No shops, no passengers; but in it there was heard a continual noise, as if the lane ran parallel to a torrent. It was a tumult of voices and of carriages. It seemed that on the other side of the black edifice there must be a great street, without doubt the principal street of Southwark, which ran at one end into the Canterbury road, and at the other on to London Bridge.

All the length of the street, any one watching outside the *cortège* which surrounded Gwynplaine would have seen no other human

face than the pale profile of Ursus hazarding a half advance from the shadow of the corner of the wall, looking, and fearing to see. He had posted himself behind the wall at a turn of the lane.

The troop of constables grouped themselves before the wicket. Gwynplaine was in the centre, having behind him the wapentake and his baton of iron.

The justice of the quorum raised the knocker, and struck the door three times. The loophole opened.

The justice of the quorum said,—

“By order of Her Majesty.”

The heavy door of oak and iron turned on its hinges, making a chilly opening, like the mouth of a cavern. A hideous depth yawned in the shadow.

Ursus saw Gwynplaine disappear within it.

## CHAPTER V.

### A FEARFUL PLACE.

THE wapentake entered after Gwynplaine.

Then the justice of the quorum.

Then the whole troop.

The wicket was closed.

The heavy door swung to, closing hermetically on the stone sills, without any one seeing who had opened or shut it. It seemed as if the bolts re-entered their sockets by their own act. Some of these mechanisms, invented by antique intimidation, still exist in old prisons; doors of which you saw no doorkeeper. They looked like a cross between the entrance to a prison and the entrance to a tomb.

This wicket was the lower door of Southwark Jail.

There was nothing in the harsh and worm-eaten aspect of this prison to soften its appropriate air of rigour.

It was a pagan temple, built by the Catiuechlans for the Mogous, the ancient English gods, became a palace for Ethelwolfe, and a fortress for Edward the Confessor; then it was elevated to the dignity of a prison, in 1199, by John Lackland. It was Southwark Jail. This jail, at first crossed by a street, as Chenonceaux is by a river, had been for a century or two a gate; that is to say, the gate of the suburb; after which the passage had been walled up. There remain in England some prisons of this nature. In London, Newgate; at Canterbury, Westgate; at Edinburgh, Canongate. In France the Bastille was originally a gate.

Almost all the jails of England present the same appearance—a high wall without and a hive of cells within. Nothing could be more funereal than the aspect of these prisons, where spiders and justice spread their webs, and where John Howard, that ray of light, had not yet penetrated. All, like the old Gehanna of Brussels, might well have been designated Treurenberg—the *house of tears*.

Men felt before such buildings, at once so savage and comfortless, such agony as the ancient navigators suffered before the hell of slaves mentioned by Plautus, islands of creaking chains, *ferricrepidite insula*, when they passed near enough to hear the clank of the fetters.

The Southwark Jail, an old place for exorcisms and torture, was originally used solely for the imprisonment of sorcerers, as is indicated in two verses engraved on a defaced stone at the foot of the wicket,—

“Sunt arreptitii, vexati dæmone multo  
Est energumenus quem dæmon possidet unus.”

Lines which make a delicate distinction between the demoniac and the possessed by a devil.

At the bottom of this inscription, nailed flat against the wall, was a stone ladder, which had been originally made of wood, but had been changed into stone by being buried in earth of petrifying qualities in a place called Apsley Gowois, near Woburn Abbey.

The prison of Southwark, now demolished, opened into two streets between which a gate formerly served as means of communication. It had two doors. In the large street a door, apparently destined for the authorities; and in the lane the door of punishment, destined for the rest of the living and for the dead also, because when a prisoner in the jail died it was by that issue the corpse was carried out. A liberation as good as another. Death is release into infinity.

It was by the gate of punishment that Gwynplaine had been taken into the prison. The lane, as we have said, was nothing but a little road, paved with flints, confined between two opposite walls. There is one of this nature at Brussels called “*Rue d'une Personne*.”

The two walls were unequal in height. The high one was the prison; the low one, the cemetery—an enclosure for the mortuary remains of the jail—was not higher than the ordinary stature of a man. In it was a gate almost opposite the prison wicket. The dead had only to cross the street; the cemetery was but twenty steps from the jail. To the high one was affixed a moveable ladder; on the low was sculptured a Death's head. Neither of these walls made its opposite neighbour more cheerful.

## CHAPTER VI.

WHAT KIND OF MAGISTRACY WAS UNDER THE WIGS OF FORMER DAYS.

ANY one looking at that moment at the other side of the prison—the side of the façade—would have perceived the great street of Southwark, and might have remarked, stationed before the monumental and official entrance of the jail, a travelling carriage, recognised as such by its imperial. A few curious people surrounded this carriage. On it was a coat of arms, and a personage was seen to descend from it and enter the prison. “Probably a magistrate,” conjectured the crowd. Many of the magistrates in England were noble, and almost all had the right of bearing arms. In France blazon and robe are almost dissevered. The Duke Saint-Simon says, in speaking of magistrates, “People of that class.” In England a gentleman is not despised for being a judge.

Travelling magistrates exist in England; they are called judges of circuit, and nothing was easier than to recognise in this kind of carriage the vehicle of a judge on circuit. That which was less comprehensible was, that the supposed magistrate got down, not from the carriage itself, but from the box, a place which is not habitually occupied by the owner. Another unusual thing. They travelled at that period in England in two ways. By coach, at the rate of a shilling for five miles, and post, paying three halfpence per mile, and twopence to the postillion after each stage. A private carriage, whose owner desired to travel by relays, paid as many shillings per horse per mile as the horseman paid pence. The carriage drawn up before the jail at Southwark, being harnessed with four horses and two postillions, displayed princely state. Finally, that which excited and disconcerted conjectures to the utmost, was the circumstance that this carriage was sedulously shut up. The blinds of the windows were pulled up. The glass was darkened by blinds; every opening by which the eye might have penetrated was masked. From without nothing within could be seen, and it is probable that from within, nothing could be seen without. However, it did not seem probable that anyone was in the carriage.

Southwark being in Surrey, the prison belonged to the jurisdiction of the sheriff of the county.

These distinct jurisdictions were very frequent in England. Thus, for example, the Tower of London was not supposed to be situated in any county; that is to say, that, legally, it was considered to be *in* *vacuo*. The Tower recognised no authority of jurisdiction except in

own constable, who was qualified as *custos turris*. The Tower had its jurisdiction, its church, its court of justice, and its government apart.

The authority of the *custos* or constable extended, out of London, over twenty-one hamlets. As in Great Britain legal singularities engraft one on another, the office of the master gunner of England is derived from the Tower of London. Other legal customs seem still more whimsical. Thus the English Court of Admiralty consults and applies the laws of Rhodes and Oleron, a French island which was once English.

The sheriff of a county was a person highly considered. He was always an esquire, and sometimes a knight. He was called *spectabilis* in the old deeds, "a man to be looked at," a kind of intermediate title between *illustris* and *clarissimus*,—less than the first, more than the second. Long ago the sheriffs of the counties were chosen by the people; but Edward II., and after him Henry VI., having claimed this nomination for the crown, the sheriff became a royal emanation.

All received their commissions from majesty, except the sheriff of Westmoreland, whose office was hereditary, and the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, who were elected by the livery in the common hall. Sheriffs of Wales and Chester possessed certain fiscal prerogatives. All these appointments still exist in England, but, subjected little by little to the friction of manners and ideas, they have not the same aspect as formerly. It was the duty of the sheriff of the county to escort and protect the judges on circuit. As we have two arms, he had two officers; his right arm the under sheriff, his left arm the justice of the quorum. The justice of the quorum, assisted by the bailiff of the hundred, termed wapentake, apprehended, examined, and under the responsibility of the sheriff imprisoned, that they might be tried by the judges of circuit, thieves, murderers, rebels, vagabonds, and all sorts of felons.

The shade of difference between the under-sheriff and the justice of the quorum, in their hierarchical service towards the sheriff, was that the under-sheriff accompanied, and the justice of the quorum assisted.

The sheriff held two courts, one fixed and central, the county court, and a moveable court, the sheriff's turn. Thus was represented unity and ubiquity. He might as judge be aided and informed on legal questions by the serjeant of the coif, called *sergens coiffe*, who is a serjeant-at-law, and who wore under his black skull-cap a fillet of white Cambray linen.

The sheriff delivered the jails. When he arrived at one of the

cities in his province, he had the right of summary trial of the prisoners, of which he might cause either their release or their execution. This was called a jail delivery. The sheriff presented bills of indictment to the twenty-four members of the grand jury. If they approved, they wrote above, *billa vera*; if the contrary, they wrote *ignoramus*. Then the accusation was annulled, and the sheriff had the privilege of tearing up the bill. If during the deliberation a juror died, this legally acquitted the prisoner and made him innocent, and the sheriff, who had the privilege of arresting the accused, could also set him at liberty.

That which made the sheriff singularly feared and esteemed was that he had the charge of executing all the orders of her majesty, fearful latitude. An arbitrary power lodges in such commissions.

The officers termed vergers, and the coroners making part of the sheriff's *cortège*, and the clerks of the road lending him help, with the gentlemen on horseback and the servants in livery, made a handsome suite. The sheriff, says Chamberlayne, is the "life of justice, of law, and of the country."

In England an insensible demolition pulverises and dissevers constantly laws and customs. You must understand in our day that neither the sheriff, the wapentake, nor the justice of the quorum could exercise their functions as they did then. There was in the England of the Past a certain confusion of powers, and ill-defined attributes resulted in their overstepping their real powers at times, which would be impossible in the present day. The usurpation of power by police and justices has ceased. We believe that even the word wapentake has changed its meaning. It implied a magisterial function; then it signified a territorial division; it specified the centurion; it now specifies the hundred (*centum*).

Moreover, in those days the sheriff of the county, combined with something more and something less, and condensed in his authority, at once royal and municipal, the two magistrates called formerly in France the civil lieutenant of Paris and the lieutenant of police. The civil lieutenant of Paris, Monsieur, is pretty well described in this old police note:—"The civil lieutenant had no dislike to domestic quarrels, because he always has the pickings." (22nd July, 1704.) As to the lieutenant of police, he was a redoubtable person, multiple and vague. The best personification of him was René d'Argenson, who, as was said by Saint-Simon, showed in his face the three judges of hell united.

These three judges of hell sat, as has already been seen, at Bishopsgate, London.



Ursus Watching the Procession of Justice.—See p. 276.

## CHAPTER VII.

## SHUDDERING.

WHEN Gwynplaine heard the wicket shut, creaking in all its irons, he trembled. It seemed to him that the door, which had just closed, was the communication between light and darkness; opening on one side on the living, human crowd, and on the other on a dead world, and now that everything illumined by the sun was behind him, that he had stepped over the boundary of life and was standing without it, his heart contracted. What were they going to do with him? What did it all mean? Where was he?

He saw nothing around him; he found himself in perfect darkness. The shutting of the door had momentarily blinded him. The window in the door had been closed as well. No loophole, no lamp. Such was the precaution of old times. It was forbidden to light the entrance to the jails, so that the new comers should take no observations.

Gwynplaine extended his arms, and touched the wall on his right side and on the left. He was in a passage. Little by little a cavernous daylight exuding, no one knows from whence, and which floats into dark places, and to which the dilation of the pupil adjusts itself slowly, enabled him to distinguish a lineament here and there, and the corridor was vaguely sketched out before him.

Gwynplaine, who had never had a glimpse of penal severities, save from the exaggerations of Ursus, felt as though seized by a sort of vague gigantic hand. To be caught in the mysterious toils of the law is frightful. He who is brave in all other dangers, is disconcerted in the presence of justice. Why? It is that the justice of man works in twilight, and the judge gropes his way. Gwynplaine recalled all that Ursus had told him of the necessity for silence. He wished to see Dea again; he felt some discretionary instinct, which urged him not to irritate. Sometimes the wish to be enlightened is to make matters worse; on the other hand, however, the thought of this adventure was so overwhelming, that he gave way at length and could not restrain a question.

"Gentlemen," said he, "whither do you conduct me?"

They made no answer.

It was the law to take prisoners silently, and the Norman text is formal: *A silentiariis ostio, præpositis introducti sunt.*

This silence froze Gwynplaine. Up to that moment he had



believed himself to be firm : he was self-sufficing. To be self-sufficing is to be powerful. He had lived isolated from the world, and imagined that being solitary he was unassailable ; and now all at once he felt himself under the pressure of this hideous collective force. In what manner could he combat this horrible anonyma, the law ? He felt faint under the perplexity ; a fear of an unknown character had found a fissure in his armour ; besides, he had not slept, he had not eaten, he had scarcely moistened his lips with a cup of tea. All the night had been passed in a kind of delirium, and the fever was still on him. He was thirsty ; perhaps hungry. The craving of the stomach disorders everything. Since the previous evening all kinds of incidents had assailed him. The emotions which had tormented had sustained him. Without a storm a sail would be a rag. But his was the excessive feebleness of the rag, which the wind inflates till it tears it. He felt himself sinking down. Was he about to fall without consciousness on the pavement ? To faint is the resource of a woman, and a humiliation to a man. He hardened himself, but he trembled. He felt as one losing his footing.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## LAMENTATION.

THEY began to move forward.

They advanced through the passage.

There was no preliminary registry, no office with records entered. The prisons in those times were not overburthened with documents. They were content to close round you without knowing why. To be a prison, and to hold prisoners, was sufficient for them.

The procession had been obliged to lengthen itself out, taking the form of the corridor. They walked almost in single file ; first the wapentake, then Gwynplaine, then the justice of the quorum, then the constables, advancing in a solid mass, and blocking up the passage behind Gwynplaine as with a bung. The passage narrowed. Now Gwynplaine touched the walls with both his elbows. The roof, made of flint, dashed by cement, had a succession of granite arches jutting out and still more contracting the passage. It was necessary to stoop to pass under them. No speed was possible in this corridor. Any one trying to escape by flight would have been compelled to move slowly. The passage twisted. All entrails are tortuous ; those of a prison as well as those of a man. Here and there, sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, spaces in the wall, square

and closed by large iron gratings, gave glimpses of flights of stairs, some descending and some ascending.

They reached a closed door; it opened. They passed through, and it closed again. Then they came to a second door, which admitted them, then to a third, which also turned on its hinges. These doors seemed to open and shut of themselves. No one was visible. Whilst the corridor contracted, the top grew lower, and at length it was impossible to stand upright. Moisture exuded from the wall. Drops of water fell from the vault. The slabs that paved the corridor were clammy as an intestine. The diffused pallor that served as light, became more and more a pall. Air was deficient, and what was singularly ominous, the passage descended.

It was necessary to observe it closely to perceive that there was such a descent. In darkness a gentle declivity is portentous. Nothing is more to be feared than the vague evils to which we are led by imperceptible degrees.

It is awful to descend into unknown depths.

How long had they walked in this manner? Gwynplaine could not tell.

Moments passed under such crushing agony seem immeasurably prolonged.

Suddenly they halted.

The darkness was intense.

The corridor widened. Gwynplaine heard close to him a noise of which only a Chinese gong could give an idea; something like a blow struck the diaphragm of the abyss. It was the wapentake who had struck his wand against a sheet of iron.

This sheet of iron was a door.

Not a door which turned, but a door which was raised and let down.

Something like a hearse.

There was the sound of creaking of a groove, and Gwynplaine had suddenly before his eyes a bit of square light. It was the sheet of metal, which was raised into a slit in the vault, just as the door of a mouse-trap is lifted.

An opening had been made.

The light was not daylight, but glimmer; but, on the dilated eye-balls of Gwynplaine this pale and sudden ray struck like a flash of lightning.

It was some time before he could see anything. To see with dazzled eyes, is as difficult as to see in darkness.

At length, by degrees, as the pupil of his eye became proportioned

to the light, as it had been proportioned to the darkness, he was able to distinguish objects. The light, which at first had seemed too bright, settled into its proper place and became livid. He cast a glance into the yawning space before him, and perceived that which was terrible.

At his feet were about twenty stairs, steep, narrow, defaced, almost perpendicular, without balustrade on either side, a sort of stone ridge cut out from the flat side of a wall into stairs, entering and losing itself in a very narrow cavern. They went to the bottom.

This cell was round, having an ogee vault with a low arch, from the want of level in the top stone of the freize, a displacement common to cells on which heavy edifices are built.

The kind of cutting serving as a door, which the sheet of iron had just revealed, and on which the stairs abutted, was notched in the vault, so that at this height the eye looked down as into a well.

The cell was vast, and if it were the bottom of a well, it must have been one that was cyclopean. The idea that the old word *dungeon* awakens in the mind could only be taken in this case as representing a lair for wild beasts.

The cell was neither flagged nor paved. The bottom was of that cold, moist earth peculiar to deep places.

In the midst of the cell, four low and disproportioned columns sustained a porch heavily ogival, of which the four mouldings united in the interior of the porch, something like the inside of a mitre. This porch, similar to the pinnacles under which formerly they placed sarcophagi, rose nearly to the top of the vault, and made in the cavern a sort of central chamber, if that could be called a chamber which had pillars only in place of walls.

At the key of the arch, over the door, hung a brass lantern, round and barred like the window of a prison. This lamp threw around it—on the pillars, on the vault, on the circular wall seen dimly behind the pillars—a wan light, cut by bars of shadow.

This was the light which had at first dazzled Gwynplaine; now it only seemed a confused redness.

There was no other light in this cave—neither window, nor door, nor loop-hole.

Between the four pillars, precisely below the lantern, in the spot where there was most light, was placed flat on the earth a pale and terrible outline.

It was lying on its back; a head could be seen, of which the eyes were shut; a body, of which the chest disappeared in an undistinguishable heap; four limbs belonging to the body, in the position

of the cross of Saint Andrew, and drawn towards the four pillars by four chains fastened to the feet and the hands.

These chains were fastened to an iron ring at the base of each column. This form was held immovable, in the atrocious position of being quartered; and had the icy look of a livid corpse.

It was naked. It was a man.

Gwynplaine, petrified, stood at the top of the stairs, looking down. All at once he heard a rattle in the throat.

The corpse was alive.

Close to this spectre, in one of the ogives of the door, on either side of a great seat, whose arms were formed by large, flat stones, stood two men swathed in long black cloaks; and on the seat an old man was sitting, dressed in a red robe—wan, motionless, and ominous, a bunch of roses in his hand.

This bunch of roses would have enlightened any one less ignorant than Gwynplaine. The right of judging with a nosegay in his hand implied the holder to be a magistrate, at once royal and municipal. The Lord Mayor of London still keeps up the custom. To assist the deliberations of the judges was the function of the earliest roses of the season.

The old man seated on the bench was the sheriff of the county of Surrey.

His was the majestic rigidity of a Roman dignitary.

The stone bench was the only seat in the cell.

By the side of it there was a table covered with papers and books, and on which rested the long, white wand of the sheriff. The men standing upright by the side of the sheriff were two doctors, one of medicine, and one of law; this last was recognisable by his sergent's coif over his wig. Both had black robes—one of the shape worn by judges, the other by doctors. Men of these two sorts wear mourning for the deaths they occasion.

Behind the sheriff, on the outside of the boundary made by the flat stone, was crouched—with a writing-table near to him, on the flagstones; a bundle of papers on his knees, and a sheet of parchment on the bundle—a secretary, in a round wig, with a pen in his hand, in the attitude of a man ready to write.

This secretary was of the class called keeper of the bag, as was indicated by a bag before his feet. These bags, in former times employed in law processes, were termed bags of justice.

With crossed arms, leaning against a pillar, was a man entirely dressed in leather, the hangman's assistant.

These men seemed as if they had been fixed by enchantment.

in their funereal posture round the chained man. Neither of them spoke or moved.

There brooded over all a fearful calm.

What Gwynplaine saw was a cell of torture. Such cells abounded in England.

The crypt of Beauchamp Tower long served this purpose, as did also the cell in the Lollards' prison. There is a place of this nature which may still be seen in London, called "the Vaults of Lady Place." In this last-mentioned chamber there is a chimney on purpose for heating the irons.

All the prisons of King John's time, and the jail of Southwark was one, had their chambers of torture.

The scene which is about to follow was then frequent in England, and might, in an extreme case, by a criminal process, be carried out to-day, because all those laws still exist. England offers the curious spectacle of a barbarous code living on the best terms with liberty. We must confess they make an excellent family party. Some distrust, however, might not be undesirable. A crisis arising, a return to the penal code is not impossible. English legislation is a tamed tiger; has velvet paws, but it also has claws. Cut the claws of the law, if you be wise. Law almost ignores right. On one side is penalty, on the other humanity. Philosophers protect; but it will take some time yet before the justice of man is united with the justice of God.

Respect for the law. That is the English phrase. In England they venerate so many laws, that they never repeal any. They save themselves from the consequences of this veneration by never putting them into execution. An old law falls into disuse like an old woman, and they never think of killing one or the other. They cease to make use of them, that is all. They are at liberty to consider themselves still young and beautiful. They may dream that they exist. This politeness is called respect.

Norman custom is very wrinkled. That does not hinder the English judge from casting sheeps' eyes at her. They preserve, amorously, an antiquated atrocity, so long as it is Norman. What can be more savage than the gallows? In 1867, they condemned a man to be cut into four quarters and offered to a woman—the Queen.<sup>a</sup>

However, torture was never exercised in England. History declares this fact. The assurance of history is wonderful.

Matthew of Westminster quotes an act of this "Saxon law, very

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<sup>a</sup> The Fenian, Burke, May, 1867.

clement and kind," which does not punish criminals by death; and adds that "it limits itself to cutting off the nose and scooping out the eyes." That was all!

Gwynplaine, scared and haggard, stood at the top of the steps, trembling in all his limbs. He shuddered from head to foot. He tried to remember what crime he had committed. To the silence of the wapentake had succeeded the vision of condign punishment.

It was a step, certainly, forward; but a tragic one. He saw, increasing in blackness, the sombre legal enigma under which he felt himself imprisoned.

The human form lying on the earth rattled in its throat a second time.

Gwynplaine felt that some one touched him gently on his shoulder. It was the wapentake.

Gwynplaine understood that he must descend.

He obeyed.

He went down the stairs step by step. The stairs were very narrow, and eight or nine inches high. There was no hand-rail. They could only be used cautiously. Behind Gwynplaine followed the wapentake, at the distance of two steps, holding up his iron weapon; and behind the wapentake, at the same distance, followed the justice of the quorum.

Gwynplaine, in descending there, felt an indescribable extinction of hope. Death seemed in each step. In every stair that he went lower there died in him some portion of life.

Paler and paler, he reached the bottom of the stairs.

The kind of insect thrown to the earth and chained to the four pillars, continued to rattle in its throat.

A voice from the half shadow said—

"Approach!"

It was the sheriff who addressed Gwynplaine.

Gwynplaine made a step forward.

"Close," said the sheriff.

The justice of the quorum murmured in the ear of Gwynplaine so gravely that the whisper seemed solemn, "You are before the sheriff of the county of Surrey."

Gwynplaine advanced towards the victim he saw extended in the centre of the cell. The wapentake and the justice of the quorum remained where they were, and allowed Gwynplaine to advance alone.

When Gwynplaine, having arrived under the porch, and close to that miserable thing which he had hitherto perceived only at a

distance, and which was a living man, his fear became terror. The man tied to the ground was absolutely naked, excepting that rag so hideously modest, which might be called the vineleaf of punishment, and which was the *succingulum* of the Romans, and the *christipannus* of the Goths, of which the old Gaul jargon made *cripagné*. Jesus on the cross had only this shred.

The fearful sufferer whom Gwynplaine looked at, seemed a man about fifty or sixty years of age. He was bald. Grizzly hairs of beard bristled on his chin. His eyes were closed; his mouth open. All his teeth were visible. His thin and bony face was like a death's-head. His arms and legs fastened down by chains to the four stone pillars made the figure of X. He had on his breast and belly a plate of iron, and on the iron were built up five or six large stones. His rattle was sometimes a sigh, sometimes a roar.

The sheriff, without laying down his bunch of roses, took from the table with the hand which was free, his white wand, and standing up said, "Obedience to her majesty."

Then he replaced the wand on the table.

Then, with the slowness of a knell, without a gesture, and immoveable as the sufferer, the sheriff raised his voice.

He said,

"Man, who liest here fastened by chains, listen for the last time to the voice of justice; you have been taken from your dungeon and brought to this jail. Legally summoned in the usual forms, *formaliis verbis pressus*, without regard to warnings and communications which have been made, and which will be renewed; inspired by a bad and perverse spirit of tenacity, you have retired into silence, and refused to answer the judge. This is a detestable licence, and which constitutes among deeds punishable by cashlit, the crime and delinquency of overseness."

The sergeant with the coif on the right of the sheriff interrupted, and said, with an indifference, which had an effect indescribably funereal, "*Overhernessa*. Laws of Alfred and of Godrun, chapter six."

The sheriff resumed.

"The law is venerated by all except by scoundrels who infest the woods where the hinds bear young."

Like a clock after another clock, the sergeant said,

"*Mi facient vastum in foresta ubi damæ solent founinare*."

"He who refuses to answer to the magistrate," said the sheriff, "is suspected of all vices. He is reputed capable of every evil."

The sergeant interposed.

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"*Prodigus, devorator profusus salax ruffianus, ebriosus, luxuriosus simulator consumptor patrimonii, elluo ambro, et gluta.*"

"All vices," said the sheriff, "supposes all crimes. Who avows nothing, confesses all. He who holds his peace before the questions of the judge, is in fact a liar and a parricide."

"*Mendax et parricida,*" said the sergeant.

The sheriff said,

"Man, it is not permitted to you to absent yourself by silence. Contumacy is a wound given to the law. It resembles a Diomedæ wounding a goddess. Taciturnity before a judge, is a form of rebellion. Lèse justice, is lèse majesty. Nothing can be more hateful or rash. Who resists interrogation, steals from truth. The law has provided for this. For similar cases, the English have always enjoyed the right of the foss, the gibbet, and the chains."

"*Anglica Charta,* year 1088," said the sergeant. Then with the same mechanical gravity, he added, "*ferrum, et fossam, et furcas cum alias libertatibus.*"

The sheriff continued,

"Man! Forasmuch as you have not chosen to break silence, though of sound mind and perfectly informed on the subject concerning which justice demands an answer; since you are diabolically refractory, you have deserved torture, and you have been, by the terms of the criminal statutes, tried by the torture of '*La peine forte et dure.*' This is what has been done to you. The law requires that I should inform you categorically. You have been brought to this dungeon. You have been stript of all your clothes. You have been laid on your back naked on the earth, your limbs have been stretched and tied to the four pillars of the law; a sheet of iron has been placed on your chest, and they have heaped upon your body as many stones as you can bear, 'and more,' says the law."

"*Plusque,*" affirmed the sergeant.

The sheriff pursued.

"In this situation, and before prolonging the torture, a second summons to answer and to speak has been made to you by me, sheriff of the county of Surrey, and you have satanically persevered in silence, though in the power of torture, chains, shackles, fetters, and irons."

"*Attachiamenta legalia,*" said the sergeant.

"On your refusal and contumacy," said the sheriff, "it being equitable that the obstinacy of the law should equal the obstinacy of the criminal, the torture has continued according to the edicts and texts. The first day they gave you nothing to eat or to drink."



"*Hoc est superjejunare,*" said the serjeant.

There was silence, the frightful hissing of the man's respiration might be heard under the heap of stones.

The serjeant on the right completed his interruption.

"*Adde augmentum abstinentiæ ciborum diminutione. Consuetudo brittanica.* Article five hundred and fourth."

These two men, the sheriff and the serjeant, alternated. Nothing could be more dreary than this imperturbable monotony. The mournful voice responded to the ominous voice; it might be said that the priest and the deacon of punishment were celebrating the ferocious mass of the law.

The sheriff resumed.

"On the first day they gave you nothing to eat or to drink. The second day they gave you to eat, and not to drink. They put between your teeth three mouthfuls of barley bread. On the third day they gave you to drink, and not to eat. They poured into your mouth three times, and in three glasses, a pint of water taken from the common sewer of the prison. The fourth day is come. It is to-day. Now, if you do not answer, you will be left here till you die. Justice wills it."

The serjeant, ready with his reply, appeared.

"*Mors rei homagium est bonæ legi.*"

"And whilst you will feel yourself to be dying lamentably," resumed the sheriff, "no one will assist you, even when the blood rushes from your throat, your beard, and your armpits, and all the openings of the body, from the mouth to the loins."

"*A throtabolla,*" said the serjeant, "*et pabu et subhircis, et a gruguo usque ad crupponum.*"

The sheriff continued,

"Man, attend. Because what follows concerns you. If you renounce your execrable silence; and if you confess, you will only be hanged, and you will have the right to the meldefeoh, which is a sum of money."

"*Dannum confitens,*" said the serjeant, "*habeat le meldefeoh. Leges Inæ,* chapter the twentieth."

"Which sum," insisted the sheriff, "shall be paid in doitkins, suskins and galihalpens, the only case in which this money can be employed, according to the terms of the statute of abolition, in the third of Henry Fifth, and you will have the right and enjoyment of *scortum ante mortem*, and shall then be hanged on the gibbet. Such are the advantages of confession. Does it please you to answer to justice?"

The sheriff was silent, and waited.

The prisoner remained motionless.

The sheriff resumed.

"Man, silence is a refuge where there is more risk than safety. The obstinate man is damnable and vicious. He who is silent before justice is a felon to the crown. Do not persist in this unfilial disobedience. Think of her majesty. Do not oppose our gracious queen. When I speak to you, answer her; be a loyal subject."

The patient rattled in the throat.

The sheriff continued,

"Then, after seventy-two hours of torture, here we are at the fourth day. Man, it is the decisive day. It is on the fourth day that the law has fixed the confrontation."

"*Quarta die, frontem ad frontem adduce,*" growled the sergeant.

"The wisdom of the law," continued the sheriff, "has chosen this last hour to hold what our ancestors called a 'judgment by mortal cold,' seeing it is the moment when men are believed on their yes or their no."

The sergeant on the right confirmed it,

"*Judicium pro frodmortell, quod homines credendi sint per suum ya et per suum no.* Charter of King Adelstan, first volume, page a hundred and sixty-three."

There was a moment's pause; then the sheriff inclined his stern face towards the prisoner.

"Man, who art there on the ground——"

He paused.

"Man," he cried, "do you hear me?"

The man did not move.

"In the name of the law," said the sheriff, "open your eyes."

The man's lids remained closed.

The sheriff turned to the doctor, standing on his left side.

"Doctor, give your diagnostic."

"*Probe, da diagnosticum,*" said the sergeant.

The doctor stooped down with magisterial stiffness, approached the man, leant over him, put his ear close to the mouth of the sufferer, felt the pulse at the wrist, the armpit, and the thigh, and stood up again.

"Well?" said the sheriff.

"He can hear still," said the doctor.

"Can he see?" inquired the sheriff.

The doctor answered, "He can see."

On a sign from the sheriff, the justice of the quorum and the

wapentake advanced. The wapentake placed himself near the head of the patient.

The justice of the quorum stood behind Gwynplaine.

The doctor retreated a step behind the pillars.

Then the sheriff, raising the bunch of roses as a priest about to sprinkle holy water, called on the prisoner in a loud voice, and became awful.

"O, wretched man, speak! The law supplicates before she exterminates you. You, who feign to be mute, think how mute is the tomb. You, who appear deaf, think that damnation is more deaf. Think of the death which is worse than your present state. Repent; you are about to be left in this cell. Listen! you who are my likeness; for I am a man! Listen, my brother, because I am a Christian. Listen, my son, because I am an old man. Look at me; for I am the master of your sufferings, and I am about to become horrible. The horrors of the law make the majesty of the judge. Think, that I myself tremble before myself. My own power alarms me. Do not drive me to extremities. I am filled by the holy malice of chastisement. Feel, then, wretched man, the salutary and honest fear of justice, and obey me.

"The hour of confrontation is come, and you should answer. Do not harden yourself in resistance. Do not that which will be irrevocable. Think that your end belongs to me. Dying man, listen! At least, let it not be your determination to expire here during hours, days, and weeks, exhausted by frightful agonies of hunger and foulness—under the weight of these stones—alone in this cell, deserted, forgotten, annihilated,—left for food for the rats and the weasels; gnawed by creatures of darkness whilst the world comes and goes, buys and sells; whilst carriages roll in the streets above your head. At least, do not continue to draw painful breath without remission in the depths of this despair—grinding your teeth, weeping, blaspheming,—without a doctor to appease the anguish of your wounds, without a priest to offer a divine draught of water to your soul. Oh! if only that you may not feel the frightful froth of the sepulchre ooze from your lips, I adjure and conjure you to hear me. I call you to your own aid. Have pity on yourself. Do what is demanded. Give way to justice. Open your eyes, and see if you recognise this man!"

The prisoner neither turned his head nor lifted his eyelids.

The sheriff cast a glance first at the justice of the quorum and then at the wapentake.

The justice of the quorum, taking from Gwynplaine his hat and

his mantle, placed his hands on his shoulders and put him face to face in the light by the side of the chained man. The face of Gwynplaine stood out from all this shadow in strange relief, clear illuminated.

At the same time, the wapentake bent down, took the man temples in his two hands, turned his inert head towards Gwynplaine and with his two thumbs and his first fingers lifted the closed eyelids.

The prisoner saw Gwynplaine. Then, raising his head voluntarily and opening his eyes wide, he looked at him.

He quivered as much as a man can quiver with a mountain on his breast, and then cried out,—

“’Tis he! Yes; ’tis he!”

And, terrible to say, he burst into a laugh.

“’Tis he!” he repeated.

Then he let his head fall back on the earth, and closed his eyes again.

“Write! secretary,” said the justice.

Gwynplaine, though terrified, had, up to that moment, preserved calm exterior. The cry of the prisoner—“’Tis he!” overset him completely. This “Secretary, write!” froze him. He seemed to understand that a scoundrel had dragged him to his fate without his consent, Gwynplaine, being able to guess why, and that the unintelligible confession of this man closed round him like the clasp of an iron collar. He put himself in the place of this prisoner, attached to the same pillory of the two twin posts. Gwynplaine lost all sense of feeling in his feet in his terror, and he protested. He began to stammer incoherent words with the deep distress of an innocent man, and quivering, terrified, lost, he uttered at random the first outcry which rose to his mind, and all those words of agony which seem like idle projectiles.

“It is not true. It was not me. I do not know this man. He cannot know me, as I do not know him. I have my theatrical part to play this evening. What do you want with me? I demand my liberty. Nor is this all. Why am I brought to this cavern? Are there no longer laws? You may as well say at once that there are no laws. My Lord Judge, I repeat that it is not true. I am innocent of all that can be said. I know it well—myself. I wish to go away. This is not justice. There is nothing between this man and me. Anyone can tell that. My life is not hidden up. They came and took me away like a thief. Why did they come like that? That man there, how can I know who he is? I am a travelling mountebank, who plays farces at fairs and markets.

am the Grinning Man. Plenty of people come to see me. We are staying in Tarrinzeau Field. Observe, that I have gained an honest livelihood for fifteen years. I am five-and-twenty. I lodge at the Tadcaster Inn. I am called Gwynplaine. Grant me the favour to let me out. You should not take advantage of the low estate of the unfortunate. Have compassion on a man who has done no harm; who is without protection, and without defence. You have before you a poor mountebank."

"I have before me," said the sheriff, "Fermain Lord Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Sicily, and a Peer of England."

And rising, and pointing out his chair to Gwynplaine, the sheriff added,—

"My lord, will your lordship deign to seat yourself?"

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## PART II.—BOOK THE FIFTH.

*The Sea and Fate are moved by the same Breath.*

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE DURABILITY OF FRAGILE THINGS.

DESTINY sometimes proffers us a glass of madness to drink. A hand comes out of the mist, and suddenly offers the dark cup in which is contained the latent intoxication.

Gwynplaine did not understand.

He looked behind him to see who had been addressed.

A sound, if too sharp, fails to be perceptible to the ear; an emotion too acute conveys no meaning to the mind. There is a limit to comprehension as well as to hearing.

The wapentake and the justice of the quorum approached Gwynplaine, and took him by the arms. He felt himself placed in the chair the sheriff had just vacated. He let it be done, without explaining to himself how it could be.

When Gwynplaine was seated, the justice of the quorum and the wapentake retired a few steps, and stood upright and motionless behind the seat.

Then the sheriff placed his bunch of roses on the stone table, put on some spectacles which the secretary gave him, drew from the

bundles of papers which covered the table, a sheet of parchment, yellow, green, torn and jagged in places, which seemed to have been folded in very small folds, and of which one side was covered with writing; standing up under the light of the lamp, he held the sheet to his eyes, and in his most solemn tone read as follows:—

“In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

“This present day, the twenty-ninth of January, one thousand six hundred and ninetieth year of Our Lord.

“Has been wickedly deserted on the desert coast of Portland, with the intention of allowing him to perish of famine, of cold, and of solitude, a child aged ten years.

“This child was sold at the age of two years, by order of his most gracious majesty, King James the Second.

“This child is Fermain Lord Clancharlie, the only legitimate son of Linnæus Lord Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Sicily, Peer of England, defunct, and of Ann Bradshaw, his wife, both deceased. This child is the inheritor of the estates and titles of his father. For this reason he was sold, mutilated, disfigured, and put out of the way by the will of his most gracious majesty.

“This child was brought up, and trained to be a mountebank at markets and fairs.

“He was sold at the age of two years, after the death of the peer, his father, and ten pounds sterling were given to the king as his purchase-money, as well as for divers concessions, tolerations, and immunities.

“Lord Fermain Clancharlie, at the age of two years was bought by me, the undersigned, who write these lines, and mutilated and disfigured by a German from Flanders, called Hardquanonne, who alone is acquainted with the secrets and mode of treatment of Doctor Conquest.

“The child was destined by us to be a laughing mask (*masca ridens*).

“With this intention Hardquanonne performed on him the operation, *Bucca fissa usque ad aures*, which stamps a perpetual laugh on the face.

“This child, by means known only to Hardquanonne, was put to sleep and made insensible during its performance, knowing nothing of the operation which he underwent.

“He is ignorant that he is Lord Clancharlie.

“He answers to the name of Gwynplaine.

"This is the result of his tender age, and the slight powers of memory he could have had when he was bought and sold, being then barely two years old.

"Hardquanonne is the only person who knows how to perform the operation *Bucca fissa*, and this child is the only living subject on which it has been essayed.

"The peculiarity of this unique and singular operation is, that if after long years this child should come to be an old man instead of a child, and should his black locks turn white, he would be immediately recognised by Hardquanonne.

"At the time when I write this, Hardquanonne, who knows perfectly well the facts, and participated as principal actor therein, is detained in the prisons of his highness the Prince of Orange, commonly called King William III. Hardquanonne was apprehended and seized as being one of the band of Comprachicos or Cheylas. He is shut up in the dungeon of Chatham.

"It was in Switzerland, near the Lake of Geneva, between Lausanne and Vevy, in the very house where the father and mother died, that the child was, conformably to the orders of the king, sold and given up by the last servant of the deceased Lord Linnaeus, which servant died soon after his master, so that this secret and delicate matter is now unknown to anyone here below, if we except ourselves and Hardquanonne, who is in a dungeon at Chatham, and now about to perish.

"We, the undersigned, brought up and kept, eight years, for professional purposes, the little lord bought by us of the king.

"To-day, flying from England to avoid Hardquanonne's ill fortune, terror of the penal indictments, prohibitions, and fulminations in parliament, has induced us to desert, at night, on the coast of Portland, the said child Gwynplaine, who is Lord Fermain Clancharlie.

"Now, we have sworn secrecy to the king, but not to God.

"This night, on the sea, overtaken by a violent tempest, by the will of Providence, full of despair and distress, kneeling before Him who could save our lives, and may, perhaps, be willing to save our souls, having nothing more to hope from men, and all to fear from God, having for only anchor and resource repentance of our bad actions, resigned to die, and content if Divine justice be satisfied, humble and penitent, and beating our breasts, we make this declaration, and confide and deliver it to the furious ocean to use as it best may, according to the will of God. And may the Holy Virgin aid us. Amen. And we attach our signatures."

The sheriff interrupted, saying,

'Here are the signatures. All in different handwritings.'

And he resumed.

"Doctor Gernardus Geestemunde.—Asuncion.—A cross at the side. Barbara Fermoy, from Tyrryf isle, in the Hebrides; Gaizdorra, Captain; Giangirate; Jacques Quartourz, called the Narbonnais; Luc-Pierre; Capgaroupe; from the galleys of Mahon."

The sheriff, stopping again, said, "a note written in the same hand as the text, and the first signature," and he read,

"Of three men of the crew, the skipper having been swept off by a wave, there remains but two, and these have signed, Galdeazun; Ave Maria, Thief."

The sheriff, commingling reading and interruptions, continued, 'At the bottom of the sheet is written,'

"At sea, on board of the *Matutina*, barque, of Biscay, from the Gulf de Pasages." 'This sheet,' added the sheriff, 'is a legal document, bearing the mark of King James the Second. On the margin of this declaration, and in the same writing, there is this note: 'The present declaration is written by us on the back of the royal order, which was given us as our receipt when we bought the child.

"Turn the leaf and look at the order."

The sheriff turned the parchment, and raised it in his right hand, to expose it to the light.

A white page was seen, if the word white could be applied to a thing so mouldy, and in the middle of the page three words were written, two words in Latin, *Jussu regis*, and a signature, *Jefferies*.

"*Jussu regis, Jefferies*," said the sheriff, passing from a grave voice to a clear one.

Gwynplaine was as a man on whose head has fallen a tile from the palace of dreams.

He began to speak, like one speaking unconsciously.

"Gernardus, yes, the doctor. An old, sad looking man. I was afraid of him. Gaizdorra, Captain, that means chief. There were women, Asuncion, and the other, and then the Provençal. His name was Capgaroupe. He used to drink out of a flat bottle on which there was a name written in red."

"Behold it," said the sheriff.

He placed on the table a thing which the secretary had just taken out of the bag. It was a gourd, with handles like ears, covered with wicker. This bottle had evidently seen service, and had sojourned in the water. Shells and seaweed adhered to it. It



was encrusted and patterned over with all the rust of ocean. There was a ring of tar round its neck, indicating that it had been hermetically sealed. Now it was unsealed and open. They had, however, replaced in the flask a sort of bung made of tarred rigging, which had been used to cork it.

"It was in this bottle," said the sheriff, "that the men about to perish shut up the declaration which I have just read. This message addressed to Justice has been faithfully delivered by the sea."

The sheriff increased the majesty of his tones, and continued,—

"In the same way that Harrow Hill produces excellent wheat, which is turned into fine flour for the royal table, so the sea renders every service in its power to England; and when a nobleman is lost, finds and restores him."

Then he resumed,—

"On this flask, in fact, there is a name written in red."

And, raising his voice, and turning to the motionless prisoner,—

"Your name, malefactor, is here. Such are the hidden channels by which truth, swallowed up in the gulf of human actions, floats to the surface."

The sheriff took the gourd, and turned to the light one of its sides, which had been cleaned probably for the ends of justice. Between the interstices of wicker was a narrow line of red reed, blackened here and there by the action of water and of time.

This rush, notwithstanding some breakages, traced distinctly in the wicker-work these twelve letters—Hardquanonne.

Then the sheriff, resuming that monotonous tone of voice which resembles nothing else, and which may be termed a judicial accent, turned towards the sufferer.

"Hardquanonne! when by us, the sheriff, this bottle, on which is your name, was for the first time shown, exhibited, and presented to you, you at once, and willingly, recognised it as having belonged to you. Then, the parchment being read to you which was contained in it, folded and shut up, you would say no more; and in the hope, doubtless, that the lost child would never be recovered, and that you would escape punishment, you refused to answer. As the result of this refusal, you have had applied to you the *peine forte et dure*; and the second reading of the said parchment, on which is written the declaration and confession of your accomplices, was made to you—but in vain.

"This is the fourth day, and that which is legally set apart for the confrontation, and he who was deserted on the twenty-ninth of January, one thousand six hundred and ninety, having been

brought into your presence, your devilish hope has vanished, you have broken silence, and recognised your victim."

The prisoner opened his eyes, lifted his head, and, with a voice strangely resonant of agony, which yet had an indescribable calm mixed with its hoarseness, pronounced in excruciating accents under that mass of stones, words for each of which it was necessary to lift what was like the covering of a tomb placed upon him. He began to speak,—

"I swore to keep the secret. I kept it as long as I could. Surly men are faithful. Hell has its honour. Now, silence is useless. So let it be! For this reason I speak. Well—yes; 'tis he! We did it between us—the king and I! The king, by his will; I, by my art!"

And looking at Gwynplaine,—

"Now laugh for ever!"

And he himself began to laugh.

This second laugh, wilder yet than the first, might have been mistaken for a sob.

The laugh ceased, and the man lay back. His eyelids closed.

The sheriff, who had allowed the prisoner to speak, pursued,—

"All which is placed on record."

He gave the secretary time to write, and then said,—

"Hardquanonne, by the terms of the law, after confrontation followed by identification: after the third reading of the declarations of your accomplices, since confirmed by your recognition and confession; after your renewed avowal, you are about to be relieved from these irons, and placed at the good pleasure of her majesty to be hung as *plagiary*."

"*Plagiary*," said the sergeant of the coil. That is to say, a buyer and seller of children. Law of the Visigoths, seventh book, third heading, paragraph *Usurpaverit*; and Salic law, heading forty-one, paragraph second, and the law of the Frisons, heading twenty-one, *Deplagio*; and Alexander Nequam says,—

"*Qui pueros vendis plagiarius est tibi nomen.*"

The sheriff placed the parchment on the table, took off his glasses, repossessed himself of the nose-gay, and said,—

"End of *la peine forte et dure*. Hardquanonne, thank her majesty."

By a sign the justice of the quorum set in motion the man dressed in leather.

This man, who was the executioner's servant, groom of the gibbet, as old charters call him, went to the prisoner, and took off one by

one the stones from his chest, and lifted the plate of iron up, showing the crushed ribs of the miserable man. Then he freed his wrists and ankle-bones from the four chains that fastened him to the pillars.

The prisoner, released alike from stones and chains, remained flat on the earth, his eyes shut, his arms and legs apart, like a crucified man taken down from a cross.

"Hardquanonne," said the sheriff, "arise!"

The prisoner did not move.

The groom of the gibbet took up a hand and let it go; the hand fell. The other hand being raised, did likewise.

The groom of the gibbet seized one foot and then the other, and the heels fell back on the ground.

The fingers remained inert, and the toes motionless. The naked feet of a corpse lying down have an indescribable appearance of bristling.

The doctor approaching drew from the pocket of his robe a little mirror of steel, and put it before the open mouth of Hardquanonne. Then with his fingers he opened the lids. They did not close again. The glassy eyeballs remained fixed.

The doctor stood up and said,—

"He is dead."

And he added,—

"He laughed; that killed him."

"'Tis of little consequence," said the sheriff. "After confession, life or death is merely a formality."

Then, designating Hardquanonne by a gesture with his bouquet of roses, the sheriff gave this order to the wapentake,—

"The corpse to be carried out from hence to-night."

The wapentake obeyed by an inclination of his head.

And the sheriff added,—

"The prison cemetery opposite."

The wapentake bowed again.

The sheriff, holding in his left hand the bouquet and in his right the white wand, placed himself opposite Gwynplaine, who remained seated, and made him a low bow; then, taking up another solemn attitude, turning his head over his shoulder and looking Gwynplaine in the face, he said,—

"To you here present, we, Philip Denzill Parsons, knight, sheriff of the county of Surrey, assisted by Aubrey Dominick, Esq., our clerk and secretary, and our ordinary officers duly provided by the direct and special commands of her majesty, in virtue of our

Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis de C in Sicily, and Peer of England; and may God bless your ship!"

And he bowed to him.

The sergeant on the right, the doctor, the justice of the qu the wapentake, the secretary, all the attendants except the tioner, repeated this salutation, still more profoundly, and bow the ground before Gwynplaine.

"Ah!" said Gwynplaine; "awake me!"

And he stood up, pale as death.

"I come to awake you, truly," said a voice which he had before heard.

A man came out from behind the pillars. As no one had entered the cellar since the sheet of iron had given passage to the constable's police, it was clear that this man had been in the shadow. Gwynplaine had entered, that he had a regular post of observation and had been allowed there by his function and mission.

This man was fat and puffy, in a court wig and a travelling coat.

He was rather old than young, and very precise.

He saluted Gwynplaine with ease and respect—with the elegance of a gentleman-in-waiting, and without the awkwardness of a judge.

"Yes," he said; "I come to awaken you. For twenty-five years you have slept. You have been dreaming; it is time to awake. Do not believe yourself to be Gwynplaine; you are Clancharlie. You have been dreaming."

phedro; that I am an officer of the admiralty; that this waif, the flask of Hardquanonne, was found on the beach, and was brought to be unsealed by me, according to the duty and prerogative of my office; that I opened it in the presence of two sworn jurors of the jetsam office, who are members of parliament, William Brathwait, for the city of Bath, and Thomas Jervois, for Southampton; that the two jurors deciphered and attested the contents of the flask, and signed the necessary affidavit conjointly with me; that I made my report to her majesty, and by order of the queen all necessary and legal formalities were carried out with the discretion necessary in a matter so delicate; and that the last form, the confrontation, has just taken place; that you have 40,000*l.* a year; that you are a peer of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, legislator and judge, supreme judge, sovereign legislator, drest in scarlet and ermine, equal to princes, regal as emperors, you carry on your head the coronet of a peer, and you are about to wed a duchess, the daughter of a king."

Under this transfiguration, overwhelming him like a thunder-bolt, Gwynplaine fainted.

*(To be continued.)*

# KITTY M'CREE O' TOSSELL.

A SONG FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

**M**ERRILY, merrily, pipes the merle,  
Merrily lilts the throstle,  
Merrily sings the milking girl,  
Kitty M'Cree o' Tossell.

Singing down by the meadow gate,  
Gay as a golden-gladdie,  
Little hen-birds will call for their mate,  
Kitty is calling her laddie.  
Merrily, merrily, pipes the merle,  
Merrily lilts the throstle,  
Merrily sings the milking girl,  
Kitty M'Cree o' Tossell.

Over the lea, as blithe as a bee,  
Trampling new-blown daisies ;  
Over the stile, with love in his smile,  
See he comes singing her praises.  
Merrily, merrily, pipes the merle,  
Merrily lilts the throstle,  
Merrily sings the milking girl,  
Kitty M'Cree o' Tossell.

Singing still by the meadow gate,  
Why doth the maiden tarry ?  
Little hen-birds will wait for their mate—  
Kitty is waiting for Larry.  
Merrily, merrily, pipes the merle,  
Merrily lilts the throstle,  
Merrily sings the milking girl,  
Kitty M'Cree o' Tossell. •

"Kitty M'Cree!" "Larry Magee,  
Who would have thought o' thus meeting?"  
"Kiss, and I'll carry your pail," said he;  
And the lark sang aloud at the greeting.  
Merrily, merrily, pipes the merle,  
Merrily lilts the throstle,  
But merrier sings the milking girl,  
Kitty M'Cree o' Tossell.

EDWARD CAPERN.

## A WORD FOR WAGNER.

**F**ROM Germany, during the last fifteen or twenty years, has sounded the cry of a new composer, and a new school of music, round which has been fought a sort of battle. It has been extravagantly extolled and as extravagantly depreciated; it has been set down—school and composer—as imposture and charlatanism, something that “would not last,” and has been also lifted into quite a social revelation—a new reformer with a new musical gospel of his own. At German gardens the traveller will hear frantic applause and disapprobation mixed, when a piece of this new description has concluded, and will wonder not a little at the excitement of the parties opposed to each other. English critics have long since condemned the whole more severely than they usually condemn musical folly, and when the unhappy prophet came himself in person to conduct a great musical society of London, the furious reception accorded to him and to his works not only quite passed the bounds of what was owing to an invited stranger, who was almost a guest, but seemed to approach the sort of reception a hated political candidate would meet in a hostile borough. The name of the composer is Richard Wagner, and his music is what has been called the music of the future.

Now, apart from the merits of the question, this virulence might almost tempt us to suspect there was “something” in this detested composer and more detested music. It is impossible not to think of another composer, one Robert Schumann, who had been baited, sneered at, “pooh-poohed,” for many years, but whose works are daily growing on the English,—the sale of whose music is steadily increasing, as the music-sellers will tell us; and who, though not a “heaven born genius,” was still an original composer and pleasing writer, with the most prodigious fancy. We think of Gounod, long refused a passport for England,—considered a “mere trifling French writer,” one of a “light” school, and not vouchsafed a hearing. All honour to the far-seeing and skilful Mr. Chorley, who, for more than ten years, kept rattling at the gates, begging admittance by reproaching, panegyrising, though no one paid attention. Such intelligence, such perseverance, at last prevailed. So it will be, we



trust, with Wagner—in a lower degree, of course—and who is certainly entitled to the “fair play” of a hearing; and any one who has heard his operas, or, better still, selections from them, and who knows the music, must admit that Wagner has contributed to the great musical treasury—like Garrick, has increased the stock of harmless pleasure—and is a true composer.

That his operas will succeed, or “take,” is another question; but that the intention of his music is good, and has a character of its own, is no less certain. About his *principles* there is something very remarkable, something that irresistibly commends itself; and though like many a reformer he has rushed into extravagances, into what is impracticable and even ludicrous, and though the illustrations of his own theories have been so far failures in the main, there can be no question he has left his mark upon the time, and will in the end have a real though moderated influence. We can all remember the first grotesque feats of the English pre-Raffaellite school, and how gradually, these antics were duly restrained, and have had the most healthful and beneficial influence on English painting. Wagner is, besides, a true poet, a writer of great power and nice accuracy, and has reasoned out his principles with a logical refinement seldom found in a composer. For a theorist, he has shown the most surprising consistency and tenacity of purpose. His scheme is about the same now as it was twenty years ago; and any one who studies his music will see that, had he chosen to adopt the conventional style of composition, he must have taken very high rank among the *popular* composers of his time. Instead, and with a fatal self-denial, he has rigidly adhered to his own uncouth forms and rugged shapes. But to understand the question, we must look at opera as he finds it, and then at opera as he would have it, and we shall see that there are many things which we accept simply because they exist, and we have grown accustomed to them, and which are purely conventional; and this investigation will be more interesting, as musical expression forms a large part of the grand dramatic languages which belong to the stage, and which are indeed by the same principles a graceful sort of narrative which, as the story advances, is coloured richly. A great deal of this we owe to Wagner.

But as to the story itself, his theory is more remarkable still, and certainly deserves consideration. It is usual to consider the story and the music apart, just as the story writers and the music writers are apart. Wagner, on the contrary, considers they are one and inseparable. The story should be wholly *in* the music, or rather the music should *be* the story. The common journeyman practitioner

looks out for the professional story writers—looks over what is merely told to him, sees that there are good “situations,” openings for “marches,” finales, and sensation music, and sets to work. Hundreds of operas have been written on this principle ; but Wagner requires something more.

Now, there is a vulgar theory as to musical expression, which may be put aside at the outset,—namely, that of peculiar sounds and contrasts, *imitating* in a lame and remote way physical sounds, changes, and phenomena. Thus many are transported with delight at Haydn's “Let there be light,” when the sudden blaze is represented, as it were, by a vociferous blaze of trumpets. In one of Handel's “plagues” in “Israel in Egypt,” the skipping of animals and insects is represented by a kind of hopping, spasmodic music. So with Haydn's “Surprise.” This is all, without disrespect to those great masters, so much “trick.” So with “storms,” and “thunder,” and the “Surprise” symphony, and such things. These attempts are mere devices, and only show how limited are these *imitative* powers of music. They are, indeed, more the things they profess to imitate than imitation ; for noise is thus reproduced in noise, and skipping and hopping by skipping and hopping.

We advance to a stage far higher when we come to Swiss pastoral music, gondola songs, marches, &c., which acquire their character, not from imitation, but from association. Thus the familiar pastoral horn-like “six-eight” measure conveys the idea of goatherd mountains, from its having the character of the sort of melody usually played in such places, and from the few notes such instruments are capable of producing. So with a march, which to any one who had not seen soldiers marching to music, would not convey any martial or processional ideas. These standards are very conventional, and still belong to the lower class of musical reproductions. We now come to the real function of music as a language or mode of expression.

Now, in common language, most words stand for some object, colour, thought—*i.e.*, for mountain, valley, &c.—and a rich sentence, full of words of this class, brings a museum of real objects before the eye and the mind. Every word is a deputy, as it were. But in music, notes, sounds, chords, passages, stand for nothing concrete at least. All that we are conscious of in listening to fine and noble music, is that of a strange and stirring tide of *emotions*, which at the same time are indistinct and mysterious. These, indeed, have a language of their own, and a colour ; but though we feel the earth trembling and the air fluttering, we have not found the secret.

Sublimity, inspiration, rapturous joy, despair, love, sorrow, and mystery, here are certainly passions or tones of mind, which music can utter very distinctly, and the true limit of expression would seem to be this: that music is the true voice of the *passions* and *emotions*, far beyond gesture, facial expression, and voice, and can furnish appropriate colour and a thousand rich and mysterious hints and degrees, and modifications of all those feelings. To the composer who *has* the inspiration, who is genuine, and writes what the afflatus within him and the passion of the situation forces him to write, it becomes a genuine language, faithfully reflects what has inspired him, and will as truly call up the same emotions in those who listen. This is the true function of this noble language, and its true limit.

Now, to look for a moment at the conventional theory and practice of opera, as Wagner found it,—not as it is at present, when there is a vast change taking place. The older pattern of opera was designed to give good music, and to show off the singers as much as possible, with also an effective story. There was an overture, choruses, two or three quartettes, florid solos, duets, &c. All these, in most instances, were written with very little reference to the story, and, in many of Donizetti's operas, could have been shifted from one to the other without making any sensible difference. The bravura airs, where the prima donna has a fine field for exhibition all to herself, were intended quite as much for the concert-room and drawing-room as for the opera house. So, too, with some minor points. As at some crisis, when the whole action stopped, the leading characters became silent, and began to group themselves; and the orchestra began, in the most leisurely fashion, a long and tranquil symphony, at whose close a no less tranquil pizzicato accompaniment would set in. Then would the tenor advance from the ranks, and entirely putting aside stage and story, address himself to the audience altogether, and sing for a whole measure. Then the other voices would have their turn; the whole would work gradually into a quartette, often melodious and charming, which closed as it began, and brought great applause. Then the play went on. So did Catalani, and Ambrogetti, and others, delight the last generation. We shall find in Mercadante, and Bellini, and Rossini even, many such pieces, which could either be cut out or introduced into another opera, and which the composer would own had been mainly written as an effective vehicle for voices. So with the vocal exercises for the prima donna, which are all so many "impertinences." The familiar long duet in "Norma," "Deh conte," where the injured Priestess and the false *Adalgisa*, with their faces carefully turned to

each other, glided over their passages "in thirds," is a good specimen. There are many other instances which will occur of contradiction and antagonism to probability, and which have been accepted mainly from custom, and in which the real dramatic musical element, so powerful and varied, has been sacrificed to the vanity of the singers and to the gratification of the audience in pure concert singing.

In this state of things came Wagner, who had long pondered on reforms. Like all reformers, he elaborated his theories *à l'outrance*: having discovered, as it seems to him, a system of making musical dialogue correspond to ordinary speech, and that certain rude and raw phrases correspond to a nicety to the common speeches of ordinary lips. But this may be passed by for the present. A more valuable reform was the abolition of the *official* symphony to a piece of music—that is, the playing of a part of the air by the accompanist, as is done in our English ballads; and the yet more official division of the whole work into separate, neat, and compact pieces, which can be taken out, and which can stand by themselves. With him the opera becomes a whole, and though there are pauses and breaks, still it is all in the nature of an epic song, which flows on and on, and lingers and halts even, but still is of one piece. That this is the true theory there can be no question, as Verdi has illustrated in his later operas, the "Ballo in Maschera," and the "Forza del Destino;" and the more popular Gounod, from whose operas the drawing-room singers complain bitterly they can find little that can be conveniently extracted, the whole "being so mixed up with the opera." And the old conventional, chirruping, recitative, monotonous, and jerking expostulations, which were neither musical nor shapely—they were so much "padding," a sort of plain chaunt, which was dispiriting to a degree,—this, which abounds in "Norma" and "Puritani," and operas of that pattern, has now nearly disappeared. Time or opportunity has been found too valuable to be wasted in such common forms, which did not advance the story; and in "Faust," "Romeo," and the "Ballo," its place has been taken by delicious musical commentaries, irregular but flowing.

He holds that the composer should be his own librettist, which is a piece of extravagance, and impracticable in *his* sense, but not so under modifications. As we have seen, opera music should deal with passions and emotions, tones of mind, rather than with mere narratives and adventures. The composer should choose something simple, poetic, legendary almost, which he should feel himself drawn, as it were, to translate into music, all which he could sit down and

paint in music without words. He should feel and be filled with the subject. The words and songs should be mere landmarks and sign-posts to keep him straight on his road; but the true writing, and painting of the story he should do in his music.

Thus Wagner himself is a poet, and chooses for his musical stories exactly the subjects which, had he been nothing beyond a poet, are precisely what he would have chosen for his verse. All his "subjects" are in the same key, as it were, charming even to read—perfect poems or legends, which represent more *pictures* than stories. They are all akin to Tennyson's "Idylls of the King:" and we can perfectly conceive a composer, as he reads, finding his brain filling with musical fancies quite in keeping and reflecting the colour of those charming genii legends. Wagner draws his themes from old German legends, from the lays of the Minnesänger, the Tannhäuser, the story of Lohengrin and the enchanted swan; from the old Nuremberg atmosphere, and its public singing contests, and the weird vision of the Flying Dutchman. In each there is a prevailing *thought* which gives the key to the music, as in the Flying Dutchman, the notion of a spectral ship with a ghostly captain—allowed only a term of absence to be on shore, and then obliged to return to his ship. So with Lohengrin, which shows the same *mournful* influence—that being obliged to forswear earth and all newly-made ties, and return to a supernatural bondage. The music, married to these strange pictures, is all in keeping—witching, melancholy, and supernatural; and we feel, as we listen, that it is the sort of music that ought to express such themes. He, indeed, once went so far as to lay down that really mythological stories ought to be treated in music—that atmosphere lending itself to the dreamy, grand mistiness of music. This opinion was revised and enlarged by admitting the legendary element also. And who shall say that he is not right, when we turn from one of his exquisitely poetical stories now before us, to the every-day vulgarity of our modern opera—of "Linda de Chamouni," or "Matilda of Hungary," and a "Traviata"—where music is combed and cropped, and forced into kid gloves and patent leather boots, and made to express and translate the most common transactions of our daily life? We turn from this to the "Master Singers"—Wagner's last—a mediæval glimpse of old Nuremberg, when there were the guilds and the competition for the prize of song, given by the Burghers, and Hans Sachs, and Beckmesser, and the loves of Walther and Eva.

Granting the rudeness and uncouthness of certainly *one half* of each of his operas—at best, the monotony—it is surprising that the English

musical world has not received the favourable specimens of his style. The introduction, or overture, to "Lohengrin," or the Enchanted Swan, is simply charming, is original as it is charming, and is literally *charged* in every bar with the *feeling* of the legend. In it, indeed, there is no claim to school or novelty; but it is the work of a master who was genuine. It works up the air "Wie fasst-uns selig süßes grauen"—steals on us from the beginning, and steals away as it began. The way in which this *motif* descends from soft, soothing altitudes of treble, and trickles, as it were, downwards until it is seized by the bass, and there washed up triumphantly, and embroiled over lavishly, above, below, and everywhere, is something to hear.

I will just name some of these airs, and commend them to the disbeliever as something as original as they are exquisite and romantic.

"An meiner Brust, du süsse," "Euch Luften," the noble and triumphant entre-acte, and the pathetic "Fühl ich zu dir so süßes mein Herz, entbrennen." In "Tannhäuser" the overture is familiar to amateurs. It reads like an old Percy ballad—so simple and quaint, and yet so stored with colour and picturesqueness. It has not taken root in English bands—is, in fact, never heard, because it is rather too difficult for Private Smith or Barry. In Germany it belongs to the *répertoire* of every one of the unrivalled bands of that country. A more dashing, spirited, and ambitious prelude—masterly and bold in its command of the orchestra—it is impossible to conceive. Setting apart all claims of being a reformer, this piece of music ought to give him a high place among modern composers. There is just a *little* fogginess about the middle, where the instruments seem to lose their way, and, to the uninitiated, the musicians to have lost their place. But all comes right again soon, and this might seem an artful administering of bitter and saline draughts—a favourite device of his—to make us better relish the nectar he has in store. The spirit and character of his triumphal marches are recognized. "Tannhäuser" is all triumph and chaunt, and sounds like a chapter of "Ivanhoe." The finale of the second act is a specimen of this opera, which should be heard. Also the stealing Cantabile of Wolfram, "O Du mein holder abend stern." But the "Flying Dutchman" has a duet at the close that, for concentrated passion and melodiousness, exceeds anything he has done.

Wagner, however, is not the sole patentee of this true fashion of selecting a story. It is founded on common sense. There are many operas, the whole tone of whose music reflects the story specially, as

it would no other story. Thus "Dinorah," or, to give its more romantic title of the "Pardon de Ploermel," is perfectly charming in this sense; and though it strays away in portions, it is impossible to hear a few bars without having the whole imagery of the story brought back—the simple peasants, the quaint superstitions, the village processions. To hear that music stamps a picture of that rustic state of society never to be forgotten. It is, indeed, to be lamented that Meyerbeer had been cut off, just as he had entered on his new and more picturesque course. Verdi, also, has been fast coming into the same track, and his late music quite reflects the lugubrious stories he revels in. But a greater than Verdi, Gounod, is admitted to have followed yet closer in Wagner's footsteps. In his "Romeo" he has almost displeased his greatest admirers, by pushing this imitation too far; and in that lovely opera we have, beyond mistake, true Wagnerian passages, long drawn out rivulets of sweetness, unconventional, and in shape just what Wagner would have written. But this brings us to another feature in the new master's faith—the shape of his melodies. He maintains that the present well-balanced paragraphs, each corresponding in length and weight, are merely creatures of convention; that this regularity need not be inflexible, and that we can conceive of a sweet air running on in one long, long stretch, not taking the shape of the four lines of a stanza, but of one "protracted," needless Alexandrine straying off into space. Richard Wagner asks where was this arbitrary shape found: or are the laws of musical rhythm in iron and of unchangeable shape? He could point to poetry, which has endless stores of metre, irregular, shapeless, and scarcely balanced at all; but redeemed to the ear by a welcome sweetness and apparent balance. So with music. Those established bounds are observed from the same principle that the unities are. They have their ends, and are, no doubt, founded in good sense, having been worked out by the greatest of composers. But in the vast development in science and arts—development that does not walk, but takes strides—with new sources of delight and enjoyment being laid open on all sides, he would be a bold man who would say that the mere machinery of music has arrived at its final proportions. We should at least leave the ground open for experiment, and it certainly does seem probable that the kingdom of music, so boundless, so fertile, so inexhaustible in blessing has not shown us half its treasures.

It is not so difficult to understand how this music without metrical shape could come at last to be familiarised. The aim of it would be not to tell a little story as a *raconteur* would do, neatly, and

accurately, with all the parts nicely regulated, and leading up to the effect at the end ; but to work, as it were, upon the heart and feelings, as a long impassioned speech would do, to get us into a suitable tone. We can also get a fair conception of this from the mysterious music that accompanies melodramas on the stage. We are following the speeches and dialogue of the players, yet all the time are conscious of this other meditative strain that is neither air nor song, but simply a tone, in harmony with, and expressive of, the story. We almost say, as we listen, *there* is the *colour* of our thoughts, there is our dreaming rumination in which a dozen shapes, hopes, fears, interest, pity, all succeed each other fitfully, and without law, and own what we hear is quite in keeping. The German party who ridicule this reformer call this system of air "infinite melody," which is really a fair description, a process by which a pretty air starts fairly on its course, then begins to bend and stray off, then is lifted up by modulation into another key, where it follows the same shape, but in another time, is then cut short or imitated in the orchestra until it strays away and is lost.

That he is a very remarkable man, and of the true stuff of which a reformer should be made, there can be no doubt. Many years ago he wrote a most remarkable book, which, even if it had not come from a remarkable musician, must have excited attention. It was full of theories pushed to extravagance, expressed with extravagance, and the grossest intolerance ; full of bitterness against opponents, and of indiscretion, and distinguished by sarcasm of a very vigorous sort, and which nearly approached wit. These the student of social life and progress will recognise as true "notes" of the man who sees what is wrong and would reform it. The reformer always says three times too much, and scarcely knows the full meaning of hostile language. Where he would condemn in part, he condemns wholesale. He shocks those who might otherwise be inclined to listen. His language about Mozart, Beethoven, even Rossini, whom he speaks of contemptuously as belonging to "the Pigtail school," would severely disgust any true musician. Yet he did not mean this. He was thinking of the old mannerism, the bits of conventional *remplissage*, which the fashion of the time imposed. Their genius he could not but allow. It is exactly like Bentley the scholar lashing a rival commentator in vituperative and cutting Latin, for "glosses" and readings which he could not approve, though he could allow the presence of erudition and sincerity.

In this curious treatise he sets out the whole theory, and it certainly shows how art in all its shapes, song, painting, poetry, is



bound together and governed by the same principles. For dramatic music and dramatic poetry glide into each other. But above all, as we go further and further back, we come on the broad principles of sincerity and purpose—that expression of a genuine thing—whether it be feeling or situation, that faithfulness which is essential to what is dramatic in either music or poetry. Every thing that is forced or artificial, is so much excrescence and mere dead leaves and twigs. So do we see in our time, false dramas on the stage, put together on mere principles of carpentry, false characters, that require to be ticketed with odd names, and require descriptions affixed to them,—“This is meant for a man who is undecided in character, and can't make up his mind,”—“This is a selfish woman.” Or, the analagous case in music is the writing of airs for an opera, of good effective duets and finales, that will sell, and go off well in the concert-room. Of the same false school is the manufacture of “accompaniments,” the putting in the conventional orchestration, which used to be considered in the profession mere mechanical work, of which “a hack” like the “Devil” employed by a queen's counsel in hard work, was quite capable. It is told of young Balfe, that his first “job” when he came to London, was the rescoring of some old operas, for which he received a few pounds : and the writer recalls the sketch given to him by a musical friend, who visited a composer of eminence during the last few days before the production of a new opera. The room was full of amateurs and cognoscentis, singing, laughing, playing, and amusing themselves. The composer, in high spirits, was working against time, and through all this din was frantically scoring away, “dashing in” the regular conventional accompaniments. The pizzicato, “tum ti tum, ti ti tum,” for the airs ; the clash of “tutti,” quite as conventional for concerted parts ! This was not so long ago. Think of Gounod putting in half-a-dozen pages of conventional accompaniment !

The orchestra is, in truth, now as much the opera as the vocal portion. The music on both sides of the footlights is of equal value and importance. There is the perfection of opera—it unites so much of what is perfect, in art, here below. As Elia says of Miss Pope's playing, “There earth touches heaven.” Painting steps in with gorgeous scenery, exquisite tones and touchings, with vast and ennobling effects of air and space and distance. Other artists come, and group crowds into effective and pretty groups ; others, again, of a higher class, study the old and forgotten costumes, and enrich the spectacle with the fine colours, and the quaint cut of long forgotten eras. Handsome men and fine women come forward, rendered more

attractive still by the fairy-like atmosphere, which throws a halo over all, and shows us the graceful and natural attitudes, the natural acting, the passion, the fire, the grief, the despair, the joys, the fun and comedy which is only learned in the foreign countries of Italy and France. Their costumes, too, are not theatrical, but costly, rich, and genuine; made of magnificent stuffs, velvets, and silks; and set off with real jewels. Such is the spectacle when the curtain rises slowly, and there is seen framed in the rich golden frame, the vast picture, as it were, out of doors, the landscapes, the skies, the mediæval towns, the streets, the houses projecting, and the moving figures. Think of the cost, an element always of magnificence, and with something of poetry in it—that these figures, who are despairing and denouncing, who are betrayed, and who die, are speaking to us in the choicest and most exquisite language; that the earth has been ransacked to find these melodious heroes and heroines; and that princes and foreign dukes enjoy less revenues.

To the stranger who arrives late, and glides noiselessly into his seat as some exquisite song is going on,—there is a strange charm in that moment, as he looks out from his box and gazes round the vast “house,” the noble amphitheatre, worthy of old Roman days, glittering with gold and scarlet and white, in itself an inspiring and elevating sight; the ranks of beauty, of aristocracy, of talent; the faint and indistinct rows of faces, all turned one way, silent, expectant, looking as it were from windows aloft, while a small figure afar off is pouring out some exquisitely sweet strain, and while in front the closed ranks of the orchestra, a hundred strong, their captain silently controlling, are distilling the fullest, broadest measures of harmony, swelling, falling, each instrument pursuing its own way, each with its own tongue, yet all subdued. Such is opera of the present day, as it changed and developed from the meagre era of Farinelli or Gabrielli, when “a few fiddlers” did well enough to accompany to the better times of Donizetti and Bellini. But from these again to the days of Gounod, what a stride! In that orchestra each instrument has a voice, and tells the story of the opera when its turn comes as pointedly and as necessarily as a voice. An oboe is as important as a contralto, and a sad violoncello obbligato “colours” the crisis as much as the despairing complaint of the tenor. This is indeed a feature of art, that as civilisation advances, every embellishment is to be developed to its highest capabilities. Time is limited: attention and strength of mind and constitution still more limited; therefore into these two or three hours of enchantment which are given to opera must be gathered a concentrated essence of all musical

delights, and every resource—voices, orchestra, scenery, beauty—all utilised to the utmost. And thus composers gradually came to see the marvellous suggestive force that lay in the orchestra, and where there were sweet and inexhaustible stores of divine song and harmony. There can be no question but that it is Wagner who set the example of giving the orchestra so remarkable a place.

But in this reform he has gone further, and certainly too far. In his ardour for reform he has done violence to the proper functions of the instruments. He has distorted their powers, and tries to make of them actual voices. Worse again, he has fused both voices and instruments into one orchestra, giving to the voices pure instrumental passages,—rude, strange sounds, stiff, unbending passages meant for oboe or bassoon, and terrible for the unhappy organ that has to deal with them. Often some instrument is given a charming and melodious air, while the unhappy singers, soprani and tenors, are busy, hard at work on ungrateful notes, *accompanying* that air. So on through the opera. It is like monks in a severe order, who must all, the clever as well as the dull and illiterate, take their share of hodman's work. Music of this sort would be the most difficult, and even impossible, conceivable. Human throats would refuse to lend themselves to such *tours de force*, and the possessors of those organs, finding the labour of learning superhuman, and the wear and tear quite fatal, would decline to take any part in them. But this is only one of the freaks of the reformer, and some indulgence must be allowed to these extravagances in consideration of real service done to dramatic music.

But Wagner's chief theory is this :—that there is an intellectual side, as it were, to music. We, the vulgar, are accustomed to think that music must be all sweet airs, fine and inspiring, rapturous, stately, or declamatory; that, in short, it should represent some passion or tone of humour. But just as in literature there is the romance, story book, or poem, and the dry work on philosophy by a Locke, Reid, or Sir William Hamilton, so Wagner holds that the music has a wider and newer sphere, and can represent the purely abstract modes of thought; in other words, that when the composer's mind is filled with such philosophical speculations, *they* too can find an expression in his language. The world is behind-hand, and has to be educated in this new language, which, indeed, does sound unintelligible enough; and to this theory we owe those dry wastes of raw sounds and rude, dry, shapeless declamation which Wagner thinks expresses the "intellectual modes" of the human mind. There may be something behind this theory—as it would be rash, in our age, to say there is nothing

behind any theory ; for music, greatly as it has advanced, is still, like the vast wastes of some continent, yet unworked and not opened up. We, poor mortals, cannot say what discoveries genius will make, to what purposes these raw sounds may yet be turned. It is enough that a human mind, confessed to have genius and the enthusiasm of genius, declares that these tones are faithful expressions of intellectual movements passing in *his* mind, and that there is a crowd of followers who protest that they can recognise those tones as calling up corresponding modes in *their* minds. We, who are outside, must only wait and see what time and progress will make of the matter, but for the present are scarcely content, being literally bewildered and unintelligent. As was shown at the beginning of this paper, our utmost province is to hold ourselves in suspense.

But the composer, whose theory of art and of the drama is so just and true, and who has reasoned out, through all the dusts and crusts that overlie the theatres, what should be the genuine principles of the dramatic emotion, shows that he at least understands the work before him, though he may be held to have failed in carrying them out. The points of this doctrine are clear and sensible, and expressed in that sharp, logical fashion which is characteristic of a man who has something to say and is heartily in earnest ; and in his last *brochure* called "Art et Politique," we find what is applicable, not so much to music as to the present decay of the drama all over Europe. To our English audiences, managers, and playwrights, it should come home.

This little pamphlet is a protest against what he calls the "materialistic civilisation" of France, which he makes accountable for the general decay over Europe of the sound natural spirit which should guide nations. But he has more particularly in view the true German spirit, which he regards as the salt of Europe, and the only means for checking this corrupting influence. One is all heart, the other all surface ; and from the days of Richelieu this French bondage, developed in trickeries of manner, of dress, of false compliments, French Academy, fashions, decoration, articles of Paris, compliment, neatness, and elegance, have been gradually giving the tone to Europe. The stage everywhere has suffered from the same influence, the more fatal because "on the stage is to be found the germ of all national development, moral and artistic, and no other art can exercise influence over the education of the nation without this aid being recognised." This may seem a little broad ; but no one who thinks of his history can doubt it. The Romans, and their gladiators ; the Greeks, and their awful tragedies ; the English, and

their Shakspeare; the Spaniards, and their bull fights;—these things used to enter into the national life, and worked on the great national mind. Observe, he says, all the great masters turned to the stage as to their great engine. It was their real field. As Wagner says, at a popular meeting there is a certain animation; at a great cathedral there is an excitement of piety; but in a theatre man, with all his noblest and vilest passions, is confronted with himself “in an appalling nudity,” is played on with all sorts of pleasing and terrible emotions. It is a pandemonium, an abyss which great souls like Mozart and Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schiller, and Shakspeare have approached with awe, knowing what terrible powers it contained for good. But as Wagner says truly, if these great intellects abandon it, or it is given over to false shams and to pretenders, it becomes a lost instrument; the state loses its hold of a tremendous influence, and in bad hands it does as much mischief as good.

Nothing can be clearer than his exposition of the true source of this amazing theatrical interest which is common to all classes and all times. It is often vulgarly set down to a love of mimicry, which is so far true, that *bad acting is mimicry, but good acting is reproduction*. Mimicry will take off peculiarities of voice and manner, and look and dress: reproduction will give the ideas and behaviour and remarks of the same object in an entirely new situation. Tate Wilkinson was a mimic; Garrick a reproducer. The one copied what the object had done; the other behaved as the other *would* have done. The one department is what the French call *borné*; the other is obviously inexhaustible. And yet this comprises the whole distinction between false dramatic principles and the true. Again yet another principle. The common mimic—that is, the common player or the common playwright—selects accidents instead of essentials; trivialities on the surface, instead of boring down through the deep, solid rock to the pure, clear waters. The poet, the sculptor, and the actor, when they copy, abandon a number of details to bring out “a principal quality” or feature, on which they concentrate so much of their own power and judgment as *to make it produce the same effect on the spectator*. This is idealisation. Thus the sculptor, having some exquisite idea of, say female, form in his mind, thinks, works, selects, with that one view, and thus causes the spectator to forget the hard marble, the rude texture, the coldness, &c. So it should be with the actor.

Now the present state of the stage shows that mimicry, not idealisation, is in vogue,—wit, manners, mistakes, the accidents,—the surface, in short, of real life. This is what the world is looking at now. All this is fatal, and dull also. As Wagner says, admirably,—“Nature

alone can be the object of esthetic reproduction, while mere *cultu* can be the object of a monkey-like mimicry."

Into music have crept these false principles. The old, strong healthy German music has been overlaid with a false French taste, pseudo expression that expresses nothing, or little more than, as were, the pretty *outside minauderies* of a coquette. Like them, it presents nothing. It is the daintiness of a court wig in Louis XV day, all powdered and pomatumed and barbered and scented, whereas the hair of Bach and Beethoven was tossed and unkempt, and showed their own honest, rough locks tossed back from the forehead. The taste for the French dainties—unnatural to Germany—is making them give up the solid meats of their own land.

It will of course be asked of him, "And are *you* the man who present yourself with a reform? Is it your music that you offer us as the true substitute for Beethoven and Mozart, and in lieu of the rich dishes now destroying our stomachs? You, with your uncouth, unintelligible declamation,—your essence of cacophany and discords, your frantic attempts at harmony, is this what you offer? A very large following would shout out, "Yes; and we accept cheerfully." But this is not the true answer. He is a reformer with the wildness and blindness, and perhaps overweening vanity of a reformer. His sectaries are blinded also by enthusiasm and opposition. Still there remains this—he is genuine. He believes that his music expresses what is in his mind. It is honest; it has a meaning. It is extravagance and exaggeration, but the level will come in time. Honesty and sincerity will leave their mark, and the man who writes because his mind is to overflowing full—saturated, as it were, with a subject—is sure to utter something that is genuine, and will delight others, and will last. But the bulk of music now is written because something is to be written. "Such a one has signed for an opera," is a common phrase. Men of the stamp of Wagner—letters as in music—may receive offers, but can give nothing, simply because they have nothing to give. Neither can they promise anything. They wait inspiration.

Another reform for which Wagner is responsible is the larger and nobler use to which he has put the orchestra. His theory, pushed too far, of course, is, that orchestra and voices are equally entitled to share in the interpretation of the story; that the latter should reflect what is going on quite as much as the vocal portion, or the declamation of the singers. Nay, we might imagine that the grand treasury of instrumentation would do this far more effectually. We look back to the regular conventional accompaniment to an aria in Donizetti

operas—the most purely mechanical thing that could be conceived—to be done by any journeyman, much as a sketcher will “dash in” a rude background for a highly-finished face.

Yet, even in these extravagances and tricks, his aim is always poetical and picturesque: as in giving a sort of *motivo* to each person, a “note” peculiar to himself, and by which he can be recognised. Now, it will be said, this is an old contrivance, and well hackneyed. Meyerbeer has often used this “reminiscence” contrivance, and it is a favourite device in melodramatic music. But Wagner used it on quite a higher principle. His theory is, that every character that is at all marked either by passion, action, or peculiarity, has a kind of distinctness quite its own—a sort of mannerism, which will leave its stamp on every art. The genuine composer, who feels his characters, will, therefore, make the music belonging to these characters reflect that mannerism; and when they enter on a greater refinement still, when there is allusion to the leading mark or feature of their character in the play, a peculiar “expression” appears in the orchestra,—not a vulgar *motif*, but a sort of phrase worked up and disguised among the harmonies of the orchestra. In short, the music and the *situations* are made to exhibit the presence of the character. Whether this may not be thought over-refining, or impossible in execution, is another question; but there can be no doubt as to the aim being heroic, and certain to impart a truly dramatic character to the music. On the same principle, he affects to discover that there is a special *tempo* suited to the character of each nation, and that *andante* is peculiarly German. This will make people smile, and it has been asserted that he writes all his music in this one time. But it is merely broad statement, and he means that the tendency of German music should be to this measure, the others should be more or less exceptional.

So far many will go with this composer. His own music, of the ordinary fashion, is of a very high sort, reflecting his story to a marvellous degree, full of a noble rapture, spirit, and pathos, with peculiar measure, and tones, and chords, which give a colour quite as distinct and characteristic as do Gounod's favourite chords and strains to the style of that master. But, the fatal truth must be owned: *his operas will never get a hearing*. They are almost unendurable. The welcome and beautiful bits are dotted merely here and there over the most tedious, raw, ungrateful country that could be conceived. At every step atrocious discords, shrieks, growlings, groanings break out. The voices are made to take the parts of clarionets and bassoons. This might be endured for a stretch, but it

is virtually half the opera, and, what is worse, what he means in future his opera to be in its entirety. The romantic portions are mere baits, concessions to popular prejudice, to be abolished later. There are to be no harmonised duets or trios, because, in ordinary life, people do not *speak together*, as they sing in a duet—a foolish quibble, for voices speaking together would render words unintelligible; but as passions and emotions are the subject of music, these may be expressed by two people at the same moment, especially as their voices harmonise into one. All this is like special pleading in law, and scarcely worthy of a reformer.

This much in the shape of a word for Wagner, who does not deserve to be elevated so extravagantly as he has been, but certainly is entitled to recognition by England, and to a fair trial.

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## HOW BARZOUYÉH FOUND THE BOOK.

**N**OW King Nouschiréwan, during his scientific inquiries, obtained information of a book preserved in India, which contained every species of instruction, including rules of conduct for the profitable employment of the present, and for contented and happy anticipation of the future. He, therefore, commanded his vizir, Buzardjmih, to procure some clever and discreet person among his subjects, having a knowledge of the Persian and Indian tongues, to enter upon a mission to India for the purpose of getting possession of the book in question, which was no other than the "Kalila and Dimna" of Bidpai. The vizir, named Barzouyéh, a famous physician, for the mission; and the king gave orders to his treasury to supply him with whatever money he might require on his travels. The astrologers were then commanded to fix an auspicious day for the departure of Barzouyéh, who took with him 20,000 purses of money, each containing 10,000 dinars.

Arrived in India, Barzouyéh attended the levées of the king and the meetings of the people, and made the acquaintance of the principal men of the court and of the country, and, by-and-by, was received upon familiar terms wherever he went. Amongst his numerous friends was an Indian of distinguished character, and for whom Barzouyéh formed a sincere attachment. After some time, being convinced that the Indian was a man of honour and integrity, and one upon whom he could rely, he took occasion to confess to him that he had come to his country for a special purpose.

The Indian, in reply, said, "I have always been upon my guard not to betray the slightest symptom of suspicion and distrust; but I am, nevertheless, not ignorant of the object of your mission, which, notwithstanding the veil of mystery that seems to be thrown over it, is easily to be guessed from the desire you have shown of cultivating the friendship of myself and others holding high positions. You are come amongst us, at the express orders of your sovereign, to obtain possession of some of our treasures, and to take them away to your own country. Your conduct carries with it the marks of deep contrivance,

not without some deceit and cunning; but your patience and assiduity in the pursuit of what you are searching for, and your admirable prudence, have prepossessed me in your favour, and given me a high opinion of your wisdom and understanding. In truth, I was lost in admiration at your zeal and prudence in a foreign country, and among a people whose manners and customs you were unacquainted with. A man of sound understanding is distinguished by eight different qualities: by courteous and affable behaviour; by a knowledge of himself, united with a strict and impartial observation of his own heart; by submission to lawful authority, and an endeavour to conciliate the good-will of those who are in power; by great circumspection in his confidential communications; by becoming language and irreproachable conduct at the courts of kings; by secrecy where his own interest is at stake, and fidelity in his engagements with others; by moderation in his discourse, so that no unpleasant consequences may arise from any hasty or intemperate words; and, lastly, by a prudent reserve and modest diffidence in delivering his opinion. Where these qualities are united in one person, as they are in you, Barzouyéh, they bring down blessings upon the head of him who possesses them. I, therefore, pray that God will assist you in your present undertaking."

Barzouyéh thanked the Indian in eloquent terms for this noble example of his generous friendship, and explained to him, with a candid reliance upon his confidence, the nature and character of his mission. The Indian, referring to the high prerogative which his nation had always enjoyed in the paths of science and learning, expressed his desire to help Barzouyéh, even at the risk of inevitable ruin from the severity and harshness of the king, who frequently inflicted heavy punishments for slight offences. It would give him great pleasure to show Barzouyéh how highly he valued his acquaintance. Barzouyéh observed to the Indian, that wise men of all ages have praised him who, faithful to his engagements, assists his friend to the utmost of his power; and urged the Indian to help him, arguing that his apprehension of danger to himself and family ought to be removed, when he recollected that their interview would be of no long duration; and that his return to his native country would prevent all publicity of their proceedings, which would be only known to themselves.

The Indian thereupon procured for Barzouyéh the book for which he was principally in search, as well as others of great value; and spared no pains in assisting Barzouyéh to translate them from the Hindoo into the Persian language; so that King Nouschiréwan

obtained a perfect copy of the "Kalila and Dimna," which Bidpai had been so scrupulously careful to guard from the Persians.

In due course of time, Barzouyéh returned to his own country. Upon his arrival, the king, observing the great alteration which had taken place in him from excessive fatigue, desired him to repose himself during the space of seven days. On the seventh day the king commanded the emirs and the wise men to appear before him. When they were all assembled, he ordered Barzouyéh to read aloud the contents of the book.

The emirs and the wise men were so struck at the profound lessons of knowledge which it contained, that they could not withhold the expression of their joy. They thanked God for his bounty and mercy, and testified their gratitude to Barzouyéh for the great services which he had rendered to his sovereign and his country. The king commanded that precious stones of every sort, together with the money in his treasury, and the most beautiful dresses, should be placed before Barzouyéh. His majesty, desiring him to take of them what he chose, said,—

"Moreover, I command you, O Barzouyéh, to sit upon a throne like mine, and to put on a crown; and I exalt you in dignity above all the nobles in the kingdom."

Then Barzouyéh, humbling himself before the king, and calling down blessings upon the head of his royal benefactor, said,—

"I have no occasion for the reward which God offers me by the hands of my sovereign; but, since it is the will of the king, I will choose something in obedience to his orders."

So he went to the royal wardrobe and took a very rich robe of Chorasan, such as the king wore. Then he declared that gratitude was due at the hands of one who had been so well honoured, and that the difficulties which he had had to encounter, and the perils of his journey were more than amply rewarded by the testimonies which he had received of approbation and approval of his conduct. But there was one request which he would venture to ask of the king.


"I beg of his majesty to order his vizir, Buzardjmihr, the son of Bakhtégan, to employ his talents and the force of his judgment in writing a short account of my life, and that it be placed before the chapter containing the story of the 'Lion and the Bull.' This will not fail to raise me and my family to the highest pinnacle of glory, and to perpetuate our name in distant ages, as long as the book exists which has procured for me the favour of the king."

His majesty approved the choice of Barzouyéh, and granted his request.

When this narrative was completed, the king assembled his and the principal persons at his court to attend the reading of the work. Buzardjmihir was praised for the talents which he had displayed in the composition of the work, and received as his reward a robe of honour the one worn by his majesty. Then Barzouyéh thanked the king and kissed his head and hand; and, approaching the king, expressed his gratitude for the distinction and honour which his sovereign had conferred on himself and family.

And this is the end of the story of "Kalila and Dimna; or, the Fables of Bidpai."

## THE SUEZ CANAL AND UPPER EGYPT.

LTHOUGH the opening of the Suez Canal has long since been an accomplished fact, and the subject may be regarded as exhausted, it is still pleasant to recur to some of the incidents connected with it, and to recall to memory all that one enjoyed and suffered. Nothing will, probably, remain more firmly impressed upon the recollections of those who were invited to assist at this undertaking, than the splendid hospitality which was offered to them by the Viceroy, from the moment they became his guests. During the month of August the following letter was addressed by Nubar Pasha to those whom he had received directions to invite :—

"MONSIEUR,—Le Canal de Suez doit s'ouvrir le 17 Novembre. Cette œuvre, exécutée au milieu de tant de difficultés matérielles, est de nature à intéresser tout esprit éclairé—à ce titre Son Altesse le Khedive serait heureux, Monsieur, de vous voir assister à l'inauguration du Canal, et m' a chargé de vous y inviter de sa part. Veuillez, &c., &c."

The effect of this document was truly magical. Its presentation commanded respect and attention from hotel keepers, railway employés, and officials of every class; and it is to be hoped that the privileges which it accorded were not oftentimes abused. The measure of success which has rewarded the skill and energy of M. de Lesseps, and of those who co-operated with him, though estimated on widely different standards, has been sufficient to justify the enthusiasm which has been produced in France, and to remove not a little of the prejudice—if it may not be called hostility—with which, from its very inception, this undertaking has been regarded in England.

The mosques and minarets; the bazaars and the Pyramids; the Museum at Boulak; the Petrified Forest, which so disgusted one of the *esprits éclairés* because the trees were not standing; the bustle of Shepherd's Hotel; the Opera; the Cirque; the Comédie Française; perhaps a visit to Abd-el-Kader, sufficed to occupy the time of the Viceroy's guests until they were summoned to the ceremonies of the inauguration and opening of the Canal. The entire

proceedings occupied a week, which will not be easily forgotten—a week of pleasure to some, of enthusiastic delight to others, and of disappointment and misery to not a few.

The most impressive situation in the piece was, undoubtedly, the Benediction at Port Saïd, where the Khedive received his illustrious visitors with becoming splendour; and the Grand Almoner to the Empress of the French invoked a blessing on the undertaking.

It was a striking scene when Monseigneur Bauer, so picturesque in his priestly garb of violet hue, stood before the altar of the Temple of the Latin Church, the rites of which he had just consummated, and delivered his *Discours*. His impressive eloquence and artistic delivery created a profound impression; yet there may have been some present who, although they then bowed down to its full power, learned, before long, to listen with somewhat altered feelings to equally majestic periods delivered by him over the remnants of some antiquated mummy, or the wide stretch of arid desert which strikes so forcibly all travellers on the Upper Nile.

The second great sensation which awaited those of the *invités* whose minds were not entirely engrossed with speculations as to the future of the Canal, was the encampment at Ismailia—a charming little settlement, the growth of a few short months. As viewed from the deck of one of the numerous vessels that rested safely sheltered within its bay, it presented a quaintly animated appearance.

Far as the eye could reach the desert was studded with tents prepared for the reception of the Viceroy's guests, while more pretentious marquees were reserved for unlimited feasting. Within these tents many curious struggles must have taken place when the time arrived for their occupants to prepare for the forthcoming ball. To arrange the crinoline and adjust the sweeping train under the conditions that were there imperative, must have required marvellous dexterity, and a serenity of mind truly enviable. However, it was all accomplished with more or less success; and forth they issued to the great reunion of divers nations.

It is curious to speculate as to what must have been the impression created on the mind of the Empress of the French, on that memorable evening, as she paused at the threshold of the entrance chamber until a line of march could be arranged whereby she might pass unscathed through the unruly crowd that pressed to do her homage. There may have been five thousand persons present, there may have been only three; but there certainly were "six hundred," who, in their own peculiar way, made themselves as conspicuous as did the heroes of the charge at Balaclava.

Actuated by happy thought, they, at an early period, took possession of the chairs that lined the supper table, and rested there for two mortal hours, waiting for the feeding time. Verily, they were rewarded; for they supped, while the outsiders only did so in theory.

The waiters were no respecters of persons. Their duty was to serve those alone who were seated, with all the dreary monotony of a *table-d'hôte*, and with apparent unconsciousness of the impatient glances and vehement remonstrances that were hurled at them by peers, members of parliament, *chargés d'affaires*, lord chamberlains, and others, who waited in vain for some stray crumbs that might escape those who for the time were masters of the situation. They waited in vain; for, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, those who were seated remained so to the end.

So far all had been *couleur de rose*—the Canal had been a success. Every one was satisfied; as, on the morning succeeding the ball, the procession of ships was once more marshalled, and proceeded towards Suez in Indian file, led by Mr. Ashbury's schooner yacht, the *Cambria*. But before that portion of the voyage had been accomplished great grief had fallen on *les invités*. Led away by enthusiasm, the commissariat officers attached to the several ships had forgotten to lay in supplies, and a great famine fell upon the cabin. Many who fared like Sybarites at home, were fain to rest content with a plate of boiled rice and a potato, assisted by a slender allowance of the "Gladstone's claret;" while table napkins and towels were utterly unknown. Some endured their privations with a philosophic mind; others bitterly submitted that it was rather an ignominious position for an *esprit éclairé* to occupy; but there was no help for it. The most *éclairé* of the *esprits*, it is to be feared, lost from henceforth all interest in the Canal, and only longed for Cairo.

Among the various entertainments provided by the Viceroy were included races, on rather a grand scale.

They passed off remarkably well, the peculiar feature being the race of dromedaries—fine sturdy animals, who performed their course of six miles in about twenty-four minutes, with screaming Arabs on their humps. For all that is known to the contrary, they may have been the chosen dromedaries which flew with lightning speed across the desert of Sahara, freighted with the costly essences with which Rachel was wont to render her clients beautiful for ever.

And now the great event was over, the programme was exhausted. the powder had been all burnt out, and the time was supposed to

have come when each *esprit éclairé* should doff his theatrical costume, and return to his normal position. Some may have done so; but with others appetite had increased with what it fed upon, and a determination to linger within the cool shade of Shepherd's Hotel became generally apparent. The hope that secretly fluttered in the breasts of all was a visit to the Upper Nile; the question most constantly discussed was the amount of probability as to its being accomplished.

Many—very many—were disappointed; but to some this costly and most enjoyable privilege was accorded.

On the last day of November—that happy period of the year when the Kumseen wind has ceased, and the burning rays of the sun are generally tempered with a cooling breeze—the joyful tidings came to a party of eight, two of whom were ladies, that a splendid Dahabeah, or Nile boat, had been placed at their disposal for twenty-four days, in order to proceed to the First Cataract, in tow of a powerful steamer.

Surely life on a Dahabeah, in such a glorious climate as that of Egypt, and where one is daily brought face to face with monuments and temples, with tombs of mighty kings, that were erected thousands of years before the birth of Christ, and that still retain striking remnants of their pristine magnificence, is a thing truly enjoyable! At least, it was felt and acknowledged to be so by this little community.

The Dahabeah seemed to have been specially made for them; its well-furnished saloon gave accommodation to eight, with sufficient room for the attendants to pass round between the table and the loungers. It contained eight private berths, and a small bath-room attached to that occupied by the ladies. Then the deck, with its comfortable sofas and ample awning, seemed to lend extra flavour to the Turkish coffee or long chibouk of fragrant Latakia. Nor were the creature comforts disregarded. An experienced *chef*, aided by two assistants, prepared for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, most artistic *plats*, the cunning secret of which could only have been acquired in Paris. "Jerome" enjoyed many triumphs before the voyage was over, and was wont to receive the intimations of satisfaction with honest pride. Yet, strange to say, his greatest reputation was secured by the most simple effort. It was to a *salade Russe* that the eight *esprits éclairés* rose *en masse*. It was simply perfect, and was daily encored. Then are the *premier garçon*, "Antoine," and his nimble assistant, "François," to be passed without a word? Surely not. Nor is the dragoman, the benignant-visaged, simple-



minded "Hamed," who led us through any difficulties that occurred, with the same fostering care as that with which in former days he guided the infant hippopotamus to its home in England.

But yet, when Hamed was aroused, he was grand to behold. Cast a slight upon his religion, endeavour to defraud him, or sneer disparagingly at his former pupil, and he could rise to the occasion, and crush his opponents in his ire.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 30th of November the steamer uttered its final scream, the tow ropes became taut, and the Dahabeah swam gracefully round. Shortly afterwards the sun set brilliantly over the Pyramids of Gizeh, and in another hour the anchor fell under the shade of the mighty quarries of Tovra, where hundreds of years before the birth of Abraham, the blocks that they are built with had been hewn.

Having anchored on the following evening at Benisooef, we started at daybreak for Minieh, passing the ruins of villages that had been destroyed by Mehemet Ali; towards evening, as the Copt Convent came in view (Sitteh Mariam-al-Adrah), the hardy brethren, fearless of the rapid current, swam off to board the Dahabeah, and earn baksheesh. Their style of swimming is certainly peculiar; the head and shoulders rising high on the water, while a pair of brawny arms strike it unceasingly with alternate blows.

At the quaint, narrow-streeted town of Minieh we were present at our first fantasia, and witnessed an Egyptian wedding. The young lady who performed at the former, danced gracefully, and tossed her golden ornaments with becoming ease, and all thought much of her; but then they had not seen Zenah.

The wedding was more curious; under a gaily-decorated canopy walked the bride, closely muffled in scarlet robes, supported by her female friends, and preceded by a band of musicians, who drove the dogs into a state of excitement, by playing the "Marseillaise" and "Parisienne."

The procession was *en route* to the abode of the bridegroom, and as they approached it, shrieks of wild delight issued from the canopy. May they be happy!

From Minieh to Sioot includes some of the most interesting pieces of the Upper Nile: the grottoes of Beni Hassan, far older than the Catacombs at Thebes; Rhoda and Antioe, sacred to friendship; the lofty rock (Debra a Thor), where, we are told by travellers, the lonely bird to whose lot it has fallen to act as sentinel, keeps watch for twelve long months, guarding his post until the return of his brethren, who then hold a solemn council, and appoint his successor.

But still more magnificent are the "Gebel Aboo Fadh," stretching for six miles along the eastern bank of the Nile, and in some parts towering 700 feet above its surface. If time would permit, it might well repay the trouble of penetrating the numerous ravines in which those lofty rocks are pierced. In one stands forth the ruins of an ancient Coptic convent, with its simple graveyard dotted with white tombstones, each bearing the emblem of Christianity, while a solitary but verdant date-palm standing in its midst, lends to the scene its only semblance of life. In other of the ravines are grouped the walls and sites of whole villages, the history of which has become matter of speculation. As the Dahabeah slowly passed these noble rocks, a sunset of unusual splendour, with its afterglow so peculiar to Egypt, lent them remarkable beauty.

Many who visit Sioot rest content with strolling through the bazaars and studying its occupants; but they would do well to devote a few hours to the mountain at whose base it stands. They will find its sides pierced with mummy pits and caves, in some of which the paintings on the walls are well preserved. The summit commands a curious view—on one side lies an enormous plain covered with vegetation of the richest green, the gift of the recent inundation, while on the other, as far as the eye can reach, nothing is to be seen save the interminable desert.

From Sioot we start as the gun of the Ramadan announces that all true Moslems must cease to eat. Poor Hamed suffered terribly for his religion; as he pathetically expressed himself, "People here not care for Ramadan. They eat when I not care to eat; when I want to eat, their belly full. Can't tell what to do." Passing the ruined village of Gow, where the rebellion of 1865 raged so terribly, and 200 fanatics were hanged, we anchor at the wretched coaling village of Soohag, and on the following day get on to Girgeh, once a thriving city, now a miserable village, waiting for its total destruction from the gradually advancing Nile. But it had its interest, for it was the starting place for Abydos.

At seven, on the morning of the 6th of December, every one was in the saddle, whether it was on a boudet, or a horse, or a camel. There was a rough ride of five hours before us, and as many back, on horses bitted with things like corkscrews, and adorned with stirrup-irons as large as an ordinary sized gridiron, and cunningly contrived to goad the wretched animal incessantly; however, all got on famously, admired the temple, discussed an ample luncheon in one of its courts, and reached the Dahabeah some hours after nightfall, worn and exhausted in body, but not disappointed, which fact is

really greater praise for this wonderful temple than could be given in pages of Murray, or of Harriet Martineau. Some of the party honestly confessed that they would have dismounted and walked the last few miles, were it not for the conviction that their cramped sinews would refuse to act, and that they must lie down and die.

And now we visited the modern temple of Dendera, the abode of Athor, the Egyptian Venus, and *only* 1800 years old; and returned to Kenneh, where we heard that the Consul had perished a few days previously, while praying on a portion of the river bank, which suddenly gave way. On the following evening we reached Thebes, and enjoyed the pipes and coffee of old Mustapha Aga. The moon was still young, but who could sleep when they knew that "Karnac" lay within a short two miles? So taking little Joseph, the lad so noticed by the Princess of Wales, as our guide, with a tall lantern and a huge stick to "mafish" the dogs, three of us struck the path to Karnac, and were glad.

The following day was devoted to a more perfect inspection of these by far the finest ruins in Upper Egypt. They date back to nearly 3000 years before the Christian era, not yielding one inch to Time, though shattered by the force of earthquake; and here dwelt the Pharaoh of the time of Moses, and even now may be distinctly traced on the north-west wall of the temple the records of the glory he acquired. There stands engraved the fury of the battle. Then the triumphing king returning victorious in his chariot, with crowds of captives driven before him, the head-gear of each marking a distinct tribe; then follows their execution. Were it not for the importunities of the "multo antiquo" sellers, as persistent as mosquitos, there would be nothing to interfere with pleasure; but it is an evil that must be endured. This very day we were offered, as truly antique, by a picturesque Arab, the glass stopper of a smelling bottle, but it must be admitted that the offerer stood like a greyhound in the slips, ready for a start if he was discovered.

Returning from our excursion light-hearted and merry, an accident occurred which might indeed have turned gladness into mourning, and saddened many a heart in England. A fair young girl of scarcely seventeen summers rode an Arab horse, but with her English bit; a stretch of open ground where the sand lay light, presented strong temptation for a gallop. In a few moments the hard-mouthed Arabian learned to treat the bit with scorn, and became utterly unmanageable; on he flew, no one could render aid, till at length he came in contact with a horse ridden by another of the party, and flung his rider violently. Though she

was taken up insensible and bleeding, happily no serious injury was sustained.

But here we are at Thebes, and the party in the Dahabeah has been too slightly introduced. This must be remedied. First of all was the married lady of the company, a bride of a few months, pretty, agreeable, and youthful; but awfully fidgety about the Egyptian post, and letters from her husband, who resides in Cairo. Then the young girl who came to grief at Karnac, liking every one periodically. Then her father, the paterfamilias of the company, who knew the Nile by heart, and was envied by all as having seen crocodiles. Then came S. P., no great things; he aspired to be the handy man, but was only remarkable for the splendour of his failures. Then a military man, whose feelings were strong on the subject of champagne and the tub. Then a naval man, well-known in the Freemason's Hall. Then a medical man, who once offered to dance a fantasia with Zenah. Then a *soi-disant* literary man, who really, after all, was only remarkable for his fear and hatred of Egyptian dogs. It was a strange party, but somehow or other they managed to spend a pleasant time. To see Thebes properly requires a fortnight. To see it at all requires three days. Some floating idea of its multitudinous wonders may be acquired in that time by those who rise early and can do their work without flinching in the midday sun. To describe what is to be seen would be out of place here. Abdallafit, Lane, Wilkinson, Martineau, Smith, and Russell, have done that sufficiently. One thing any one may give advice about; that is, the destination of your luncheon. Be sure that it is rightly understood where it is to meet you. What terrible anguish our party suffered when, arriving at the "Memnonium," parched and weary, with visions of champagne and *salade Russe* dancing before us, we saw our camels miles distant, toiling up the mountain path that leads to "The Tombs of the Kings." The mistake, I believe, was caused by the handy man of our party, who acted on some wild theory of his own.

We parted from the Thebaid unwillingly; but then we had Edfoo and Ombos, Assouan and Philæ before us, and they were something. It was at Ombos we saw the Abbatt, or milk plant, grow so luxuriantly, and the natives collecting the liquid in bottles. A single drop of the milk that can be extracted from the flower will destroy the eye if applied to it; but it is a perfect cure for the bite of the scorpion. It was here, also, that Hamed whispered his legend of the mountain sacred to the serpent. "There," he said, pointing to the mountain overhanging the eastern bank of the river, "the big serpent lives

that once in every year comes down to drink from the river, and he carries in his mouth a big stone, bright as a diamond, which shows him the way, and he drops it and drinks, and bites it again, and goes back, and the people know he's there, and they feel chilled, and don't look." And this Hamed believes implicitly.

At Assouan we met with a portion of Sir Samuel Baker's expedition, under the charge of Mr. Higginbotham. An arduous task he has to perform, bringing a number of ships laden with cart wheels and iron boats in sections, up the cataract, and then to Khartoom, to join the rest of the party. What is to be the result of this, the greatest expedition of modern times, it is difficult to conceive. The principal objects are, to civilise and colonise the districts of the White Nile, by the abolition of slavery; to increase the territorial possessions of the Viceroy, and probably acquire further knowledge in reference to the true source of the Nile. Two thousand seven hundred camels will be required, and the entire line of march will extend in an unbroken chain for eight miles.

Few sights can be more curious than that of "tracking" a Dahabeah up the cataracts. The clamour and gestures of a hundred Nubians, as they press upon the warp, the excitement of the Sheiks, dancing violently on the banks, waving red flags aloft as encouragement, and when more assistance is required, casting sand over their heads; and now a swarthy figure may be seen, plunging into the roaring cataract, where certain death awaits the inexperienced or timid swimmer, and, half reclining on a log of wood, dances merrily down the rapids, his thoughts all absorbed in baksheesh.

The walk, or if it is preferred, the donkey ride of seven miles from Assouan to Philæ, the brightest jewel in the crown of Upper Egypt, the sacred spot present to the thoughts of true believers when they utter their most solemn oath, "By Him who rests in Philæ," is most enjoyable. Our party sent on tents early in the day, the *chef* following on his camel with everything necessary; so that at the completion of our short ramble across the desert we found the tents pitched at the margin of what may be called the lake in which the island rests, the kitchen prepared, the *chef* and his attendant sprites smiling a welcome, and pointing to several long-necked bottles with silver mountings, resting placidly in a tiny creek of Nile water.

The moon was at its full when, after having dined in the open air, we were pulled across the ripplless water, our oarsmen singing the quaint choruses which lend them spirit for their work. Philæ must be beautiful at all times; but, if possible, make its first acquaintance by moonlight. Wander through its ruined temple, and wonder at the

strange want of symmetry which marks its columns. Then, if you are fanciful, remember that the great Osiris lies buried there ; and let your imagination run riot as it will. But when you have recovered your serenity, mount to the highest pinnacle of the Pylon, and look north and south, east and west ; listening at the time to the wild roar of the cataract. You will find that you are on an island which stands at the head of a succession of small lakes, the eastern shore covered with date palms and acacias of most luxuriant growth ; that on the west forming an apparently impenetrable barrier of huge rocks, of most fantastic shapes. These shores, so strikingly contrasted, almost form a circle round the island, only separated at last by a narrow passage leading to the cataract, two miles distant. Our resting-place that night, on the sandy desert, was not so comfortable as the rooms at Shepherd's ; but still it had its charm. Many little casualties occurred, too trifling for narration, though amusing at the time. The hyenas, jackals, and wild dogs seemed at times unpleasantly near, but the only real accident that happened was to our young friend who came to grief at Karnac. The handy man had devised a bed for her in the tent she occupied ; but, as was to be expected, in the middle of the night it came down by the run, nearly bringing the tent pole with it.

At six o'clock on the following morning the entire party might be seen shivering on a lofty group of rocks, to see the sun rise in Philæ. On that night, as the moon rose, we started sorrowfully on our return to Assouan. And now the voyage had been accomplished. The Upper Nile had been carefully explored as far as the First Cataract ; and every one felt eager to commence again, viewing with envy the Dahabeahs upward bound as we passed them on the return voyage.

ESPRIT ÉCLAIRÉ.

## STEEPLE-CHASING.



WE have often tried, but we defy a man to take any real interest in steeple-chasing since handicaps came in. That inexorable \* in *Ruff's Guide*, which intimates that "this year the Liverpool Steeple Chase became a handicap," marks where all our sympathy stops. It was Vanguard's year, 1843; and since then the winners have been running up and down the gamut, at all weights—from 11 st. 12 lbs. to 9 st. 6 lbs. Discount was a wonderful horse over country, and they started him for the Goodwood Cup, only to see him toil in about a distance behind Alice Hawthorne. Chandler, with his memorable jump, about which, coupled with little Kitchener's bodily weight at Ascot, certain correspondents seem to write monthly to the papers; the rough-and-ready Peter Simple, whom Beverley loved nearly as much as Nancy; the big Bourton; little Jealousy; the handsome Huntsman; Emblem and Emblematic,—those chesnut sisters, who steadied themselves at a leap as we hardly ever saw horse or mare do before,—are all pleasant memories; but still the sport has quite lost its English tap-root.

Leicestershire is said to have begun it in the last century, with an eight-mile race from Barkby Holt to Billesdon Coplow, and back; and in '29 the line was Nosely Wood to the Coplow, when Clinker's bridle came off, to Tom Heycock's disgust, and Sir Harry Goodricke's Magic won, with the great Lincolnshire crack, Fred Nicholson, upon him. Captain Becher, who had been in the Storekeeper General's department, had a back view in this "journey," on Bantam; and it was not until he had ridden hurdle races in the neighbourhood of St. Albans, that he became known as the merry, copper-bottomed Captain, *par excellence*. He was a stout little fellow, with immense muscle, patience, and nerve, and a most determined finisher; up to every sort of game—fighting, singing, running along the wainscoat like a fly, and the best of all good "companie," meet him where you might. After his mishap on Conrad, in the first Liverpool Steeple-Chase, which gave the name to "Becher's Brook," he rode very little, and, in fact, his lameness prevented him; but he was generally to be seen towards the close of his life at Tattersall's on a Monday, or at

the Welsh Harp, if any racing was going on. Those who wanted a memento of him, might have purchased his five or six racing jackets, after his death, in a public sale, at two shillings apiece.

To Tommy Coleman, then the leading hotel-keeper of St. Albans, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Elmore, the establishment, so to speak, of English steeple-chasing was due; and St. Albans was its head centre. The first race near there was in '30, from Arlington Church to the Obelisk in Wrest Park; and Lord Clanricarde, that brilliant horseman, was second.

There had been some rather strong challenges in 1826, but we are not aware that they came to anything. For instance, a Mr. R. B. Williams offered for 1500 gs., p.p., to ride five miles across Leicestershire against any man, on any horse. The Hon. Mr. Ducie accepted him; and Lord Kennedy and Captain Ross stood 500 gs. of the money. The starting-post was to be shown them a fortnight before the race, and the winning-post on the morning; but all we read further was that Dick Christian was applied to, and there it seems to have ended. In the same year, there was another 500 gs., p.p. menace about a match from Woodstock, crossing the canal, and the Cherwell and Gravenhill Brook, up to Gravenhill Cover. Melton and Mr. Osbaldeston then took the sport up; and "The Squire" and Captain Ross and Clasher and Clinker were the heroes of the time, with Dick Christian as pilot, or rider, or, at all events, bearing some hand. This celebrated rough-rider had the most beautiful hands in the world, but he lacked the patience for a race rider, and did not nurse his horse as the professional riders did. It had always been his cue, with sometimes seven or eight young horses to ride and make in a day, just to send them along when hounds ran, and when they had done enough to get on to another; and this was not the school for race riding. Captain Ross did not make much figure as a steeple-chaser in the Shires, his *forte* was the rifle and not the bridle, as he soon showed when he quitted Melton Mowbray for his native Scotland. He carried his love of steeple-chasing there, and established a 100 gs. challenge cup in Forfarshire, for which that brave old fellow, Major Douglas, used to contend like a Paladin of old. The walls were something terrific, and the old Major on one occasion, after breaking two ribs over them, remounted and came in second, or rather first, as the winner was disqualified for losing shot out of his weight belt. On another occasion the Major nearly pulled it off, riding a stone above weight, and carrying his broken stirrup leather in his teeth. The line on one occasion when Captain Vaughan won was two-thirds plough,



with several walls and two brooks, and the first wall was 5 ft. out of plough.

This cup was run for annually; and a few years after there was a curious sort of steeple-chase carnival near Glasgow, with Lord Kelburne as umpire. Lord Eglinton made five matches against a Mr. Edgington, which occupied all the afternoon; and sometimes the owners rode, and then they put a friend up. The result was four to one in my lord's favour; and, ramrod-backed as he was, he rode a steeple-chase very fairly.

In 1831 the first great steeple-chasing event came off at St. Albans, and Moonraker, a big bay with callosed joints—which had been sold at Beardsworth's Birmingham Repository for 18*l.*—was the winner. A Birmingham man, Parker, rode him, in the identical crimson silk in which Conolly, on Beardsworth's Birmingham, had brought Priam to grief at the St. Leger. The start was on the St. Albans' side of Combe Wood to Tommy Coleman's Paddock; and Captain Becher, whose hurdle-race riding was quite a proverb in those parts, lost his horse, Wild Boar, by the bursting of a blood-vessel. "The Squire," on Grimaldi, was at Moonraker's half neck the next year, and Dan Seffert only just contrived to get the big bay home. Of course, "The Squire," who had a most romantic attachment for the grey, did not believe this running correct, and offered to run Moonraker with him, from four to ten miles, for 1000*l.* to 5000*l.*; and if nobody dare stand the bay against the grey, he was open to run the former on the same conditions (11 st. 7 lb. each) with a dark horse of his own. This led to a match over the Harrow country, which "The Squire," on the grey, won after a wrangle. Moonraker won another steeple-chase, with Bill Bean up; but after this Grimaldi was the horse of the hour, and he was always getting into trouble at water. The largest hunting field that had ever met the Pytchley came out on the morning when Napoleon (Becher) met Grimaldi (Osbaldeston), and the swimming in the Leam was the finest part of the performance. Still, on *terra firma*, the bay had no chance with the grey, where forty-four fences in six miles had to be negotiated.

When the Marquis of Waterford came to Melton, and Lord Macdonald, and Mr. Tom Crommelin were well known across country, steeple-chasing gravitated towards the Vale of Aylesbury, and the star of Vyvian, an old horse, who "had enjoyed leather," or worked in a cab in his youth, steadily arose. The portrait of Becher on "the pistol tail" was as popular as Marlow's and the Dutchman's in after time. "The Squire" had ceased to ride, and Grimaldi's day was waning to a close, and two years later he died, after winning

at St. Albans. In the previous year he had fallen lame at the lane, and The Poet (Jem Mason's maiden winner) got staked. Vyvian, after divers troubles by water and land, out of which his clever amphibious little captain extricated him, beat a field of nineteen at Aylesbury, and not long after, they were settling "The Marquis" on Cock Robin, and in a great Leicestershire match, from Shankton Holt to the Ram's Horn. It was said of the late Duke of Beaufort that no man ever had such luck. Whatever he started on the turf, seemed to tumble down, or go amiss, or bolt out of the course. So it was with the Marquis of Waterford. He was a wild rider, eternally going out of his way to jump something extra, and coming down or getting bogged, till at last, when he had retired, he met his death over a little stone wall. He would always be jumping, and Sir Francis Grant's Melton picture characteristically represents him coming over a low flight of rails on a grey. In the Aylesbury Welter Weight in '36, when it was Mason's turn to do the water business on Grimaldi, the Marquis was down in a lane, and eventually third on Yellow Dwarf, to Vyvian and Saladin; and on the following day, when he tried his luck among the heavies, he and Yellow Dwarf got ducked. A line had been made for Jerry that day, and Becher saw the game, and followed him on Vyvian, and won, Grimaldi second. They knew how to manage matters, although their poets did sing:—

" Write, for a motto, on the silk you trace,  
Diana's noblest gift—the steeple-chase."

Next year the Marquis was in a mess again, on his "dun cow," at the Northampton brook, as the shoemakers would dictate the line, and closed in so much that he was obliged to take it almost at a walk. It was a race of big fences along the Vale of Nene, in the Little Houghton country; and the Pytchley Hunt races of the day before had never seen a finer contest than between the cocktails Combat and Jack, with the Little Captain only beaten half a neck at the finish. This was in '37, and as Vyvian began to go off, Lottery came on. The brown was third at St. Albans, where Barker was declared overweight for Midnight, and Oliver was placed first on Performer. The great Irish steeple-chase horse, Dan O'Connell, came over in this year, but the Fates were not kind. He refused a bank, and threw his rider at Liverpool, and at Cheltenham he came down at the last fence, and Vyvian won.

The Nun was a good mare; but her lot was cast in a generation of cracks, and her victory with Mason up at Leamington was her best. She was twice over, in 1838-9, second at Dunchurch. Foreigner was

her great opponent on the former occasion ; and he was openly backed to kill a man against winning. Tom Oliver heard it all, and took it very quietly, and at last he said to the waiter at Dunchurch, where they were all breakfasting, " *Give us another bit of pork pie ; I may as well die with a bellyfull.*" The race was run in a snow-storm ; and Foreigner followed Powell on Warwick, and, in the curious language of his jockey, " did not pull enough to get a sprat off a grid-iron." The next year Lottery beat The Nun, who was ridden in the most mad style. Poor William M'Donogh took the furrow slant in the winning-field and shook her to death ; and Jem Mason calmly went up a ridge, and caught her twenty yards from the flags. Mr. Kench, the horse dealer, was a great light at Dunchurch steeple-chasing in those days, and a sort of general steward. The Dun Cow was the head quarters, and it was also the inn to which the " Rugby Hare and Hounds " always ran and finished up the day's sport on cold beef and pickles. There was a sort of tradition that this was the right thing to eat, and the Dun Cow was always famous for a round with a good silver edge. The boys lowered it nobly, but they never grudged paying ; and we have known them, in the days before the London and North Western Railway was quite complete, meet in Birmingham and dine at an inn, take the rail to Coventry, and then on to Rugby in chaises-and-four. Dr. Arnold saw no objection to a steeple-chase once in a way, and altered the calling over to suit it, like the wise ruler that he was. It is just one-and-thirty years ago : and among those boys was a future Bishop of Madras ; Hodson, of Hodson's Horse ; Seton Karr, the future Foreign Secretary for India ; Professor Conington, with his long, yellow hair ; George Glyn and Adams, the whips of the House of Commons ; Bradley, the head of Marlborough College ; Walrond, the Head Civil Service Examiner, who would probably have been the head master of Rugby at this moment if he had been in holy orders ; Franklin Lushington, the future senior Cambridge Gold Medallist, and the London police magistrate ; a future Regius Professor of History at Oxford, Matthew Arnold, and Tom Hughes, probably a colonial bishop or two, and eight or nine more M.P.'s.

Tom Oliver was one of the few steeple-chasers of the period who had a professional training in the racing stables, and, therefore, he had the pull of all of them except old Captain Becher in a finish. He was bound to his uncle, who was a trainer and horse dealer at Epsom ; and while there he wore the yellow and black jacket for General Grosvenor on Icarus. Mr. Aleck Bailly gave him his first steeple-chase mounts when he was living with Mr. Tyrwhitt Jones.

He won his first steeple-chase at Hayes, on Peacock; and he and Mason soon struck up an intimacy. He was with Jem a great deal down at Hendon, riding Mr. Elmore's Horncastle horses. They used to ride against each other, and which ever was first down forfeited a new hat. Tom was an intense admirer of Jem's, and always said how he envied him his hands, and that he "would fight up to his knees in blood for him." He also watched Becher and Powell, more especially the former, at the lanes, when they had a great steeple-chase at Egham; and Becher gradually found him out, and threw into his hands the mounts he could not take himself. The first horse, Peacock, was a very bad one to hold, and he had his trial on him with Jackson's draghounds over the Harrow country. He then won on Birthday at the Hippodrome; but Dan Seffert would not give him the Barnet mount, which left him at liberty for Lottery. Mason was too unwell to ride the old horse; but he could not resist driving Tom down in a phaeton to the scene of action, and seeing the pair take it out of Dan. In early days Tom rode for Mr. Cartwright, at Abergavenny, and, very shortly before he retired, he reduced to 9 st. 10 lb., to ride that odd-looking bay, Maurice Daley, in the scarlet jacket, which was associated in after years with Fairwater and Ely. The wilder the country the better he liked it; and on one occasion he rode in a 3 lb. saddle.

Jem Mason did not care to draw things so fine, and took mounts more if he liked his horse. He rode rather long, sat well home, with his toes a little down, and his hands well back. He had no idea of wasting heavily, and, in fact, his rather delicate constitution would never have admitted of it, but he liked to come down in comfort with his portable bath and his dressing-box to a steeple-chase town. For elegance and hand there was nothing to equal him. An earlier age bracketted Lord Jersey, Mr. Rawlinson, Mr. Lindow, as the top of the tree in cross-country riding; and the Reverend Mr. Power, of the Holderness, Jem Mason and Lord Clanricarde, would have been selected in the next generation. Still, it would be very difficult to leave out Mr. Alick Goodman, who is said to be the finest man across ridge and furrow that we have. A steeple-chase seemed a mere May-game to Mason; there was such ease in every lineament of the man as he came smoothly sailing away over the meadows with that wonderful eye for negotiable places in the line. He seemed to be making nothing of what the others were doing with considerable toil and steam, like Cresswell among the bar at the Northern Circuit. Mason made up his lack of physical strength by great tact, but in a severe finish he could not struggle with Oliver and Becher. The last

time we saw him ride a steeple-chase was at Hendon, and then it was merely for fun, as he never took his cigar out of his mouth. He was up once more, and that was for a match at Melton Mowbray, where he was engaged as pilot for the Hon. Mrs. Villiers.

Powell was very bold, and, like William M'Donogh, would have charged a regiment of soldiers with bayonets fixed. Allen M'Donogh was more elegant in his style, and with far finer judgment than his brother, and quickness itself. If he had a tumble, he put his hands on his horse's withers, and vaulted up again, and into his place in the front rank at once. Dan Seffert was like Barker, a fair good man, and as for old Bill Bean, he went as if his head was on fire, and jumped, like the Marquis, everything that came in his line. He flourished at extraordinary places, waters, osiers, &c., and his adventures, told in his unctuous tones over the coffee-room fire at night, formed half the fun of the fair. Mr. Anderson was, after all, the great stay of the steeple-chasing, and it was his constant habit to say his jockey in advance, as if he were giving him a brief, and there was always a very handsome addition if he won.

Lottery has been a boundless theme, from the time that he won at Larnet, till at last he might be seen trotting down the Edgware road, as leader in a waggon of corn sacks from Willesden. He was brought at Horncastle, and began public life as "Chance;" and he was no great performer till he had been well drilled with Mr. Anderson's taghounds. As the talent said of him, he was "a very trap to follow;" but he was never the same after the stone wall refusal at Liverpool; and at Fakenham the by-standers could hardly credit their senses when they saw him refuse the first fence, a post and rails, five times. He was always too much for Seventy-Four, who was never a stout-hearted one; and he finally settled Vyvian in April, 1838, over the biggest fence, on their route from Drayton Grange to Flecknoe.

True Blue and Duenna (whose skin was long preserved as a hearthrug at Willesden) were very near of a form, when the ground was nice and spongy; but the dun mare had bad feet. If it was deep ground she could always beat him, and *vice versa*. Cheroot had very odd, crooked legs, and a remarkable knack of jumping gates out of dirt, where no other horse could have got "a take off." At one time he was hawked about Hungerford for 12*l.*, and then he met a field of eighteen, with Lottery (to whom he gave 11 lbs. in it), and fairly cut them down. He also beat Vanguard, the Liverpool Steeple-Chase winner of 1843, who was bought for 800 gs., from Lord Chesterfield's steward. No rider dare take hold of the brown Peter

Simple's head, so as to interfere with him. He required to be left at large, in a simple snaffle; and never admitted of whip or spurs. The grey Peter Simple would go up to his knees in dirt; and Gaylad liked water and fences better than stiff timber. Mr. P. P. Rolt, who once asked the Dean of Trinity "your candid opinion about the Derby?" at the high table, when he was a fellow-commoner there, bought Peter and rode him, but he was above his hands. British Yeoman had a leg for anything—"if he hit a rail, he had always a leg to serve himself." Of Lottery, Tom Oliver, who once or twice rode him, would only say, "He went from field to field; he was so gallant a horse, so brilliant." And, after all, there has been nothing like him; and Mr. Edmund Tattersall keeps his mouse-brown skin as a carriage rug to this day.

Among the most difficult lines of country was the Oundle. It had an immense deal of ridge and furrow in it; and even Tom Oliver speaks of it to this day as "the biggest and most difficult I was ever over." Newport Pagnell was also one of those severe cross country problems, which Mr. Thomas Westley delighted to set to the silks. "One fence was bigger than four of the present ones," and there were brooks and posts and rails, and a couple of stone walls in the line. The brooks were so swollen when Luck's All beat Lottery, that that rare horseman, the late Tom Goddard (brother to Jack and Ben), said that he hardly knew when he had to jump, swim, or wade. Mr. Westley found men of like feeling with himself when he took Counsellor over to the Curragh for a great hurdle race, with Tom Oliver to ride him. Eleven started, and six fell, as the hurdles were like gates, and made about as fast. However, Counsellor and his jockey were equal to them; and Chance, another English horse, with W. H. Scott up, was second. "Liverpool requires more riding over," says a celebrated steeple-chaser, "than any course in England; and the last three-quarters of a mile most especially so. It is such a long way home from the canal turn, it requires all a man's riding power to sit still, and more, so as to get home from that point."

H. H. D.

## A FIGHT IN A TUNNEL.

**M**ANY years ago, my health having become much impaired by over-study, I was recommended to pass a winter in the South of France. Of so agreeable a prescription I readily availed myself. I was without wife or child to encumber my departure; and, armed only with a Portmanteau, made a most delightful journey of it to the charming town of V—.

Shortly after my arrival, whilst sitting at the window of my hotel, a man passed by, so very much like myself, that, struck with the resemblance, I rose, and, leaning forward, followed him with my eyes. His dress bespoke him an Englishman. He was tall; so was I. Slim; I was slim. His eyes were blue, his skin fair, his hair a deep auburn, his nose aquiline. All this was my portrait. When he had reached the bottom of the street he paused, looked round, then slowly returned, crossing the road, however, and taking the opposite pavement. This enabled me to get a clearer view of the man. I confess I was much impressed with the resemblance, and hardly liked it. The physiologist, I thought, may delight as much as he pleases in such coincidences; for my part, I decidedly object to being made a portion of any sort of phenomenon. I had read of very unpleasant consequences following personal resemblances, and earnestly hoped that this individual, whom nature, short of moulds at the time, had undoubtedly cast in mine, would speedily clear the neighbourhood of his presence.

A week or two after this, in taking a walk across a beautiful bit of adjacent country, I suddenly encountered my likeness, seated on a rustic bench beneath a tree, with his arm circling the waist of a very beautiful peasant girl. Her skin, of a pure and cream-like tint, finely contrasted the splendid luxuriance of her black hair. Her eyes flashed upon me as I passed, and I noticed her draw herself erect with rapid hauteur, as if indignant or impatient of detection. The man by her side, who would have passed very well for me to any other person but my mother or myself, still maintained his caressing attitude. He did not condescend to raise his eyes to me as I passed, but kept them fixed upon the face of the girl, who, I could see,

watched me with a species of sullen eagerness, as if wishing me well out of sight.

As I passed them, I must confess to having experienced a momentary sensation of envy of the man. Since nature has put him in my skin, I thought, it seems only fair that I should put myself in his shoes. For all I know, I reflected, that that beautiful peasant girl might have been originally destined for me; but the intention of nature has been defeated by her love of coincidence. I laughed at my thoughts as I walked on, and, turning a corner, lost sight of the lovers.

On reaching the bottom of the lane, I found that I had fallen upon a *cul-de-sac*. The passage terminated in a series of fields, across which I could discover no footpath. I had no wish to be arrested for trespassing; so I decided on returning the way I had come.

On sighting the bench, I found it was deserted. I was not sorry. I would by no means have disliked another peep at the beautiful brunette; but, at the same time, I had no ambition to inspire the couple with the notion that I was watching them.

I had got to the top of the hill, and was passing between a row of thick bushes, making a sort of natural hedge for a broad area of trees, like a gigantic park, when I was suddenly startled by the report of a pistol, discharged to my left. At the same moment, I heard the hollow sound of a ball striking my hat, and that article of dress rolled to the ground.

I looked round with a pale face. The attack was horribly sudden. Who, in the name of heaven, wanted my life? For what crime was my blood demanded? What had I done? I saw the blue smoke curling up from the densest portion of the bushes, and heard the crackling of the furze and twigs caused by the hasty flight of someone.

I picked up my hat. The ball had passed clean through it. Had it struck two inches lower, it would have entered my skull.

I hastened towards the town, possessed with much the same sort of enviable feelings as you might imagine a Tipperary landlord or agent would feel who sees threats of his life carved on every other tree. Bravery in a situation of this sort was quite out of the question. Of what use is pluck when you have to deal with invisible foes? I might almost confess to having broken into downright flight as I neared the town, so extremely anxious was I to escape the vicinity of every sheltering bush, tree, or hedge, in the neighbourhood.

On gaining my hotel, I began to reflect on my narrow escape. I had been too much excited to attach to it the significance it demanded. But the hole in my hat conveyed the most shuddering information on my narrow escape. Beyond all reasonable doubt, my life within that hour had only been worth two paltry inches.



I repeated the question to myself, "Who wants my life? And if anybody wants it, what are his claims? What have I done to merit assassination?" Being wholly unable to answer these queries, I resolved to make a confidant of my host, the hotel-keeper. I called him to my room, and told him of what had happened. He shrugged his shoulders, as he exclaimed,—

"Monsieur, like the rest of mankind, must pay the penalty of making love."

"But," said I, shocked at his *sang-froid*, "I have not made love. Since I have been here, I am not conscious of even having looked at a woman—much less spoken to one."

"Then it is an enigma," he replied. "The only solution I can offer you, is—that you have been mistaken for some one else."

"*Bon Dieu!*" I exclaimed. "You have undoubtedly hit the mark. I have been mistaken—and I know for whom. Have you not seen a man in this town bearing a striking resemblance to me?"

"No," was the answer.

"Well, my friend, I have. The moment I saw him I felt uncomfortable. I had a presentiment of evil. You will oblige me by letting me have your bill. I shall go to Paris to-night. If I stop here another day, my life, which I left England to fortify, will be snuffed out like a candle."

The hotel-keeper, seeing matters come to a point that affected his interests, endeavoured to laugh down my doubts. He argued that the ball I had received in my hat might have been destined for a bird; that it was the shot of some wretched marksman, who might have mistaken my hat for a crow.

"That may be all very well," I answered; "but suffer me to tell you that your excuse only makes me more resolute to leave the place: for of what value is a man's life in a district abounding with sportsmen who can mistake a hat for a crow?"

A train left for Paris at 2.35. It was an express, and I found it to be due at eight o'clock. I despatched my portmanteau by a porter to the station, and having twenty minutes before me, sat down to a light repast of cold fowl and *vin ordinaire*. The position of my table enabled me to get a view of the street. As the porter strode away with my luggage, I observed a man cross the road and accost him. In reply to what was obviously a question, the porter, with the gesticulation of a Frenchman, pointed with his thumb to the hotel, and vigorously nodded his head. The man crossed over again to the pavement, came on until he was opposite the hotel, caught sight of me through the window, and abruptly turning on his heel, walked off in the direction taken by the porter.

I thought nothing of this. The man, I conjectured, probably wanted the job I had given to the porter. He was a common-looking fellow, dressed in leather gaiters, a blouse, a slouched cap, and a belt. There was nothing singular in his face. He was dark, with a black beard and moustache. He was a familiar type of the middle-aged peasant of southern France.

Having discharged my bill, I walked to the railway-station. On one platform there was much tumult, a train from Paris having just arrived. But upon the platform against which stood the train that was to bear me to the North, I counted only five people, exclusive of porters.

But I had little time for observation. The train would leave in three minutes. I saw my portmanteau stowed away in the luggage-van, procured myself a first-class ticket, and took my seat.

The shrill whistle of the guard sounded. The engine gave a snort, and the line of carriages clanked to their chains as they tightened to the strain. Suddenly several voices cried "Stop! stop! Now, then, quick! Which class—first? Let's see your ticket. Right. Here you are—jump in!" The door of my carriage was opened, a form bounded in, the door was slammed, there was another shrill whistle, and off went the train.

I looked at my companion. He was the man whom I had noticed speak to the porter and stare into the window of my hotel.

A thrill passed over me. My recent escape had greatly shaken my nervous system, and the apparition of a man whom I felt I ought to suspect sent a chill through my blood. As a peasant, which he was—not expressed only in his dress, but in his hands, which were dirty, rough, and horny—what did he do in a first-class carriage? I would have given something to have changed carriages. But there was no communication with the guard. Moreover the train, as I have told you, was an express, and did not stop until a run of sixty-six miles had been accomplished. We were now bowling along with great rapidity.

The man sat, screwed into the corner away from me, immovable. He appeared to be looking through the window at the country as it whirled by; but there was an abstracted expression in his gaze which indicated that he saw nothing. His arms were folded upon his breast. Though he must have been conscious of my scrutiny, he never turned his eyes upon me. His lips, I saw, were tightly compressed, and he breathed slowly but deeply through his nose, the nostrils of which dilated to the steady respiration.

*I began after a time to regain my composure. I struggled to laugh down my fears. What, I thought, had I to fear from a man I had*

never seen—who had never seen me? The thing was preposterous. I extracted a paper from my pocket and commenced to read. I might have spoken to him, only I imagined that a man in his situation might have been embarrassed by my French, which I did not speak with a good accent. Besides, there was something that repelled all approach in his immobility.

Half an hour passed away. All at once, over the edge of my newspaper, I saw him put his hand out of the window, as if to open the door. I had not time to conjecture his intention when, with a wild, screaming whistle, we were hurled into the night of a long tunnel.

The rapid disappearance of the daylight made the oil lamp suspended in the carriage emit but the dullest light for some minutes.

I laid the newspaper down, with all my old fears revived in me. I had scarcely done so when I saw the outline of the man rise in the carriage. He leapt over to where I was seated. I saw the gleam of a knife in the air.

Mad with passion and surprise, I grasped the descending arm. A furious determination to preserve my life inspired me with the strength of a giant. The ferocity with which I seized his wrist forced the hand open. The knife fell; and then commenced a silent, furious struggle.

He seized me by the collar, and clung with the tenacity of a tiger. I heard his snapping teeth, as if he were endeavouring to bite. We swayed from one end of the carriage to the other. I felt how weak ill health had left me, and prayed to pass out into the light, that I might the better see how to encounter the ruffian.

Suddenly I felt myself swung round with tremendous energy. I bounded against a door which opened, and we both fell out on to the lines in the very centre of the tunnel.

The fall seemed to have stunned him, for he fell under me, and remained for a time motionless. For myself, I received an indescribable shock, such as is experienced in a collision; but I retained my senses. I heard the roar of the train dying away in the distance. I saw the red gleam fading like the eye of a dying demon.

I still clutched him by the throat, nor did I dare relinquish it. My situation was frightful. I suspected that a down-train would soon be passing, and in the intense blackness of the tunnel I could not see on which line we had fallen. I would have stretched forth my hand to grope for the rails; I might have found a place of safety by judging of the distance between them; but I felt the form of my assailant commencing to writhe beneath me. His struggles grew fiercer. He endeavoured to rise, but with the fury of despair I

kept him pressed down, one hand on his throat, the other on his breast. What I desired was to render him insensible. I would then leave him in the darkness, and grope my way as I could.

It never occurred to me at the time that there was no need to make him insensible in order to elude him. The darkness would have rendered my presence invisible to him. But my mind was hopelessly confused. I was breathing a sulphureous air made thick and difficult by its blackness. My only thought was to keep the ruffian down. I was only capable, indeed, of this thought.

A few minutes had elapsed when I heard a distant rumbling like approaching thunder. It increased. I seemed to feel a wind blowing against my face. I tasted, too, a continual draught of smoke and steam. I knew that a train was approaching, and my hair lifted on my head. What rails were we on? The suspense was frightful.

My assailant increased his struggles. He became furious. He was evidently fighting to throw me down, and over in the direction of that side of the tunnel along which came the roar of the train. I saw his object, and madly pressed upon him. His body frantically writhed. He twisted under me as if he revolved upon a pivot. He endeavoured to shriek some words to me, but my throttling grasp made his voice no more than a horrible hoarseness.

I saw the red and green lights of the engine approaching. They grew in size and lustre, with a hideous rapidity. There was a roar, a shower of dust, a wind that struck me down like a blow from a strong man's fist; then followed the dying rattle, ending in a dull and sullen moan.

I rose to my feet. I crossed over to the wall, and, feeling along it, took to walking with all the speed my sinking frame would suffer me to put forth. How long I walked I know not. My passage seemed interminable. The damp of the wall, against which my left hand constantly pressed, froze my blood. Now and then I stumbled over piles of rubbish lying grouped against the side; and sometimes my groping was bewildered by my coming across recesses into which my hands guided me.

At length I saw a star, tremulous, glorious, in the distance. It was daylight: the aperture of the tunnel, and I pushed forward with invigorated spirits. I neared it slowly; for this star seemed to maintain an inexorable distance, and would not enlarge. How shall I describe my joy as I gained the twilight of its reflection—as I advanced and felt the pure air of heaven upon my dry cheeks and burning lips,—as I saw the blue sky, and the dim vista of pale green banks!

As I got into the light a cry escaped my lips. My trousers were splashed with blood. There was one ensanguined line, as if a fountain of blood had played upon me.

I seated myself to recover my strength. I could see that I presented a dismal and terrible spectacle. My coat was torn, my hands were black—so, too, I judged was my face—my collar had been torn from me, and the skin at the ends of my fingers was lacerated. After reposing myself I climbed the bank, and perceived at about the distance of a mile a small station. I made towards it, and gained it. A railway official, who was standing looking at two children playing in a back garden, uttered a loud cry of alarm as he spied me. I narrated my story to him as coherently as I could, and then sunk upon the ground in a fainting condition.

Of what happened after this I have no remembrance. When I came to my senses I discovered that I had been taken to the house of the station-master, and carefully tended by his wife. From him I learnt the conclusion of this singular incident in my life. It seems that after my story had been told, two men were dispatched into the tunnel in search of my assailant. They discovered him lying dead, with both his legs cut clean off a little above the knees. They bore the corpse to an adjacent dead-house; and an inquiry into his death brought out such particulars which are very easily anticipated. The man who so very closely resembled me at V—— had seduced the betrothed of a labourer, one Theodore Vertôt. This Theodore, reckless now of life, and resolutely bent on vengeance, swore to kill the seducer. Mistaking me for his enemy, he attempted to shoot me. This failing, he hung about the hotel armed with a stiletto, determining to stab me whenever I should appear in the street. Hearing, however, that I was about leaving for Paris, he perceived a better and safer means of prosecuting his design, by stabbing me in the tunnel through which he knew we would pass, and then escaping in the darkness. Reflection had obviously taught him that revenge would be none the less sweet because it did not entail his destruction by the law.

Such is this simple but tragical story. My prototype, who had been the means of twice imperilling my life, I have never seen since. I confess to no wish to see him. It is bad enough to have to bear the brunt of one's own follies; it is altogether miserable to suffer from the follies of others. Ever since the occurrence of this small episode I have always thought that there is a much wiser providence manifested in the dissimilarity between man and man than our philosophy suffers us to dream of.

# WILL HE ESCAPE?

## BOOK THE SECOND.

(Continued.)

### CHAPTER IX.

#### UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

**N**EVER were people so surprised as Mrs. Talbot and our Livy, when a card was brought with his lordship's name upon it. The affectionate creatures first thought that something dreadful had happened to their dear Beauty, and that this ambassador had come to break the news to them. His smiling face reassured them, and he at once opened his business.

"I want you, Mrs. Talbot," he said, "to come to us—you and your daughter. It will give us the greatest pleasure. Your father and I were great friends. I can promise you music, the like of which, they tell me, cannot be matched by amateurs in the three kingdoms. I assure you the concert has made quite a sensation; and, I am told, a *critique* will be in the *Era*. O, you must come."

The artful peer, it will be seen, said nothing of the motive for this invitation, or of the end to which it was to be the means.

Livy was enchanted at the notion, especially as she was told that "he hoped to have a very nice, off-hand young fellow—a son of that Hardman over there, but a very different sort of character."

His lordship was very pressing indeed: but Mrs. Talbot listened coldly. She was engaged—she was busy—she could do nothing. "And, indeed, Lord Bindley, I wish you would send me home my foolish husband. I am not well, and you are demoralising him there. Surely Lord Bindley does not believe he has found a Mario in our poor Beauty, who has never learned a note?"

"Well—er—I don't know; but they all say so. And a lady there, *who is one of the most accomplished musicians of the day—you must have heard of her, a daughter of that Hardman—*"

"Daughter of that Hardman!" she repeated, half rising. "Do you mean to tell me that *she* is there?"

"Yes; Mrs. Labouchere. Very great gifts!"

Mrs. Talbot remained, her eyes fixed on the ground, while his lordship expatiated on the charms and attractions of his guest. Mrs. Talbot had not forgotten her old training. A rush of ideas was pouring in upon her; and she was only thinking how she could beat, and, without abruptness, change her front. The news overwhelmed her; but no one could see any change in her face.

"It is so tempting," she said; "and it is very hard to resist such inducements. Our poor girl, too, gets so little amusement. I should *like* to go."

She was irresolute. The lord thought this was due to his skilful way of putting the matter, and pressed it warmly. A reluctant consent was wrung from her, on one condition. It must be kept a secret. She had a reason. This was agreed to, and his lordship departed.

When he was gone Livy was confounded by the wild and tragic look that had come into her mother's face.

"I knew it would come to this. I had an instinct that that vile woman was at the bottom of it. The poor creature had not wit enough to compass such a thing himself."

"But who, dearest?" said the daughter.

"Who? That woman—that Hardman woman! The mill hand! Born in a mill, as I believe she was! How dare she do it? I knew it; I had a presentiment. This low, mean soul, has treasured up the grudge; and she is determined to spite me in this way. Yes, I see it all. It is nothing new; and you are a child, Livy, and can't understand to what lengths women of this sort will go."

Livy was aghast at this vaticination.

"What *are* we to do?" she said.

"Do!" said her mother. "Why meet, defeat her, crush her, as you will see me do. Though I have left off that for years, I have not forgotten my old ways. I have met others before her, and twice as spiteful and clever, and left them to rue the day they thought of hurting me."

That night Livy's sleep was troubled, and for the first time she had a sort of glimpse of what a cold, cruel, terrible place the world was.

On the Tuesday evening there was to be a fresh rehearsal for this wonderful concert, which *really*, from the treatment it is receiving, *seems magnifying into an almost Homeric event*. Again the Hall

was crowded with obsequious retainers, who, in truth, were growing a little wearied with an entertainment that was above their level, as it might be thought by the performers.

Even the farm labourers—the men about the stables—were required to attend, in Sunday suit, by special “favour” of his lordship.

“I think,” he said, benevolently, “we should not draw the line too close; and I am determined to give those poor fellows about the farmyard a chance of hearing some good music. No, I am none of your feudal tyrants.”

Hodge and his friends had a miserable night—thought very poorly of the singing, and had often heard better at the ale-house.

It was about the beginning of the second part that the gate bell was heard to clang afar off, and Lord Bindley seen to hurry out to “meet guests.” The singers looked at each other with complacency. Here were fresh witnesses, hurrying to admire. It was all fish to their vain net. The Beauty felt the same excitement, and, after an interval, was getting ready for his new song, composed specially for the occasion. These poor vocal ostriches, who have their bill firmly in the sand, actually endow the more vulgar with intellect, a criticism, and a relish, far above even their own level.

The previous song was finishing—“a poor thing, which should never have been allowed into the programme”—and Mr. Talbot was looking down the crowded room, when he noticed a rustle and confusion at the door. It was the host ushering in the new guests. Could he believe his eyes—his senses? Mrs. Talbot and his daughter, Olivia!

*They* to come, too! And what did it mean? He was bewildered, confounded; and when he went out to get his music, he met Mrs. Labouchere, with a flushed cheek, stern eye, and lip of scorn.

“The naughty boy would not go home to school, so mamma had to come and fetch him! It is *rather* hard on you.”

It *was*, he felt, going too far: and he went out with Mendelssohn Jackson, to sing the new song, composed in honour of the occasion. Down below, among the faces, he saw his wife's—cold, and but half interested; but Livy's was fixed on his with an absorbed interest and adoration. That devoted face attracted the attention of many more besides her father, and interested them, too. He was “put out.” He felt it as an intolerable slavery, so degrading, so mean; what must they all think of him? *Even Mrs. Labouchere pitying his subjection!* There was something ludicrous in it. They were fools, and wicked, and deserved a lesson. Alas! for the new song; under such conditions it was an utter failure. Mendelssohn Jackson



"putting him in" largely, adding "ridiculous accompaniments" and flourishes and comments *sotto voce*, "running wild," "keep yourself in"—"steady there!" It was quite a *fiasco*; in fact, he "broke down," and Lord Bindley was much annoyed.

"I think," said Mendelssohn Jackson, in the "green room" "we had better go back to the 'Long-drawn Smile.' It's safer, of the two. If you consulted me, I'd take 'My Pretty Jane' or something of that kidney; but this last business—no. Rather too loose and rambling—ground gives under us here and there, you see." Mr. Jackson knew perfectly well the name of our Beauty's song; but he chose thus to misdescribe it.

The Beauty met his relations with that "put out" manner which he could not disguise before company. "So you are come!" he said, according to the unmeaning formula of people who know not what to say. He really did not know what to say or to think; but a sort of hopelessness and despair of defending himself took possession of him.

"You are not in voice to-night," she said, gaily. "You will sing better at the concert, dear. We have come some distance to hear you."

This seemed to say he was to be allowed to remain.

Great curiosity was among the guests as to these new arrivals. Louisa Mary, Countess of Seaman, knew all about her, in that wonderful way in which certain women of rank "make up," and make out, about any one connected with their order. It is like a book collector, and the books he has never read. Mrs. Talbot was a veteran in fields in which she herself had fought. The ladies Mariner came about Livy with very much the cold approaches of fishes.

The meeting of the two ladies conveyed nothing to any one present. Do what she would, Mrs. Labouchere found that it would take the shape of her being brought to Mrs. Talbot. The latter had become her old self again; one of the stately band, with a commanding and assured manner there was no resisting. The host at once gave her this place; at once she seemed to combine with the other great dames in a sort of "House of Ladies" in the place. Her manner was haughty, and even genteelly scoffing, and Mrs. Labouchere fancied she heard the words of depreciation:

"Neighbours, you know," and the tone seemed to convey that that local relation obliged a certain sort of acquaintance.

"You are going to stay in this country, I suppose?" she said; "or were you stopping in France? I forget. I did hear something."

"My brother knows everything about me. I believe he has been with you every day during this last week." This was a thrust back.

"All the officers make their way to our house," said Mrs. Talbot, to "Louisa Mary," as if explaining. "Mr. Talbot likes to see them. By the way, I hear they have been pressing him to sing—exhibit himself before the whole country. Why, it's not fair to him; he has only a small drawing-room voice."

Lord Bindley grew uneasy. He was always impressed by the last speaker, or last comer.

"He did very well, though; very fairly, so they said."

"O! a rustic audience is not *difficile*."

"It is curious," said Mrs. Labouchere, smiling; "that those who heard the concert should have been pleased: while those who were absent, and heard nothing, condemn the performance. Poor Mr. Talbot! It is very hard on him."

She looked round with a smile, for support. But her faithful backers, "the men," were not there; the cold, haughty stare of the great ladies, understanding nothing, wondering coldly, shut off sympathy. The expression was reflected on to Lord Bindley's face, who looked only half pleased. "Louisa Mary" then says calmly, as if wishing to change the subject, "Have you heard of the Longs of Eaton, lately?" It will not do; no boldness, courage, wit, sarcasm, can ever fight against such combination. Most curious, too, was the attitude taken by Mrs. Talbot, the calm air of superiority and contempt, so that Lord Bindley at once invested her with the ensign of musical criticism, and began to say, "You think so? Now, tell me, do you think we are right in that?"

It was impossible, too, not to notice the change in the Beauty since this unlucky arrival—as one of the men said, "It was as though he had had his ears cropped." He seemed to have lost his independent way, and appeared to slink about in a very abject manner, indeed. It had all the look as if he had been fetched away, and having presumed on the indulgence allowed him, was now to be punished. His wife still pursued her fashion of being amused at the Beauty's coming before the public. "So it is to be that new composition. Better keep to our old friend, the 'Lingering Smile.'"

"Yes, yes," said one of the gentlemen, "as he has lingered so long, he may as well finish with it."

"Ha, ha!" the host said, innocently. "Very good; but I think it wasn't fair of Mrs. Talbot to come for you in this way. Eh, Mrs. Labouchere?"

"It certainly has an odd look," that lady answered. "But, Mr. Talbot is, of course, the proper judge of that."

"O, we are not going to turn Lord Bindley's little joke into a serious matter: but that new song, or composition, will not do. If you *must* be a public singer, dear, let us have what you know something about. I could not bear to see you break down, dear."

"There is no talk of breaking down," he said, pettishly. "You weren't here; you didn't hear me, and how well it went off. There is no use making a fuss about the thing. They say it's the best thing I have ever done."

"They say! What, the press—the critics? Who, dear?"

"Nonsense; you know what I mean. Here's Mrs. Labouchere thinks so, and she's an excellent judge."

"You will have to submit to the real judge, dear—the public. Seriously, you must not think of it, even if you get a testimonial in writing as to its merits."

"No, no, Talbot," said his lordship, firmly; "we can run no risks. We shall have the lingering—what-do-ye call it?—in the bills."

Mrs. Talbot looked with calm triumph at her enemy.

"Come, Mr. Talbot," said the latter; "come, at all events, and practise. I am ready for my duty, and believe in the new song."

She went out, and the Beauty followed her with alacrity.

"This is very sad," she said to him, as they went along the corridor; "and seems to be a sort of change. I am very sorry for it, and that our pleasant little relations are to be at an end."

"O, no! I hope not. It *is* very hard. Everything was going on so nicely."

"O, yes," she said; "it won't do now. Somehow it seems we have all lost the old spirit: there is a sort of restraint come on us."

"O, it is such nonsense and folly. Everything turned into a fuss, and to be made ridiculous, too, in this way. You heard Lord Bindley—'fetched away,' indeed!"

"Yes; I felt for you. It is foolish, magnifying things into undue importance. A little song, too! I am sure it has lessened all your confidence, and that you will fail before the audience, as you did the other night."

"Exactly—exactly what I feel. It has taken away the pleasant spirit I had. I declare, I am quite put out."

"Yes, I felt for you," she repeated, slowly. "And you know—that is, I would wish you to think—that I am your friend, and take an interest in you. I did not know you before this visit. I own I mistook you. I now see that you have real gifts, real talent; and I

think it is a pity that you should not use them for the amusement of your friends."

The Beauty coloured ; it was long since he had been spoken to in words of such genuine compliment.

"O, I am so glad you think that, and I feel your kindness so much."

"Not at all—and for that reason I should feel for you if you were humiliated before people. It is unnecessary. Where is the use of it?" she went on, warmly. "My husband, Colonel Labouchere, was the most generous and upright of men—though I felt that I had more cleverness, as it was called, and could have commanded him, still I had such a pride and respect for him, that I could only think of making him respected by every one else. I could not think that levelling him, or making him cheap before people, was raising myself. The more I looked up to him, and made others look up to him, the more I was adding to my own *prestige*. This is the sensible view, and the only affectionate view."

He was about to answer, when they heard a voice at the door.

## CHAPTER X.

### A SKIRMISH.

"O, THERE you are, Beauty dear! I want to speak to you."

Mrs. Labouchere looked round from the piano, and laughed. "That is a female name. I declare I was near answering to it."

"It is absurd!" he said, angrily; "calling a man such ridiculous names. What is it, now? I am practising."

"Never mind; I have something more important than the singing. Come, dear, don't keep me, please."

The Beauty could not resist, and moved towards the door.

"Charming, charming!" said Mrs. Labouchere; "*there* is docility, *there* is obedience. You should publish your receipt, Mrs. Talbot."

The Beauty stopped, irresolute and pettish. "Obedience, indeed! it is ridiculous. Then what is thought of it by other people—really making me so ridiculous. Just let me finish, and do go away."

Mrs. Talbot came forward steadily, put her arm in his, secured him, and looking up into his face with a most coquettish air, said,

"O, you will come with me, I know, dear. Really, something important, letters to show you. Come!"

This bait attracted him, and he went with her.

"I shall be back in a moment, Mrs. Labouchere," he said.

Along the corridor Mrs. Talbot said not a word. Once in her own room, she closed the door sharply, left him standing and drawing back to the window; gazed at him with a steady look of scorn, that made him quail.

"*This* is what you are about!" she said, with contempt. "O, you child! Once away from your mamma and nurses, these are the follies you go after!"

"No follies," he said, heatedly. "Just what other men do. It's getting too bad; I'm not a child, and won't be."

"There, dear. What sensible man ever had to protest that he was not a child? But I see I have just come in time to save you from more follies. Your poor head is turned, I believe, with this little song of yours. Do behave properly. Think of any married man you know. *They* consider they have retired. What do they care for a little foolish applause? Why, one would think from your writing, you had made a successful speech in parliament."—Alas, Mrs. Talbot!—"But I would advise you to reflect whether you will not make some failure very mortifying to us all. You know, Lord Bindley would never forgive us, to say nothing of the criticism and the ridicule."

The Beauty glowed and fumed. "Yes, and whose fault is it? I sang beautifully the other night, and every one was delighted, and enchanted, until you came after me—to fetch me to school—as they say——"

"Who say?"

"They all say it; I might as well be a little child. How *can* I sing?—it has made me all nervous and uncertain, and you know the least thing that way affects it. And I can see that you have been going on to Lord Bindley, too, for his manner is quite changed to me. And I tell you what," said the Beauty, with the tone and manner of a child that was smashing its toys to spite its parents. "I'll just throw the whole thing up. There! I will."

"That would be foolish, dear; but anything is better than a *fiasco*——"

"O, it is very fine talking," went on the Beauty, glowing with excitement; "it is very well. I am putting up with too much, and they all say it's becoming ridiculous, and it mustn't go on."

"Mustn't go on! Well, sing with all my heart, and we shall see."

"Yes, I know you would like to see. I'm not quite a Russian what-d'ye-call it, under your thumb, as Mrs. Labouchere said."

"O, she said that, did she? I am sure, dear, it was a wonderful sentiment."

"No, I know you don't like her," he went on, spitefully longing to revenge himself somehow. "There are reasons for that—she's a clever woman. She knows another reason for your coming here, though one would think you had enough of that."

The fine lady's Chalon cheek coloured. She felt that she must strike with vigour, and she knew his nature well enough. It was like going to a cupboard for a birch.

"Don't speak to me in that way," she said, looking at him steadily "and above all, don't forget your invariably gentlemanly manners. You are whining like a child. You, a married man with a grown-up daughter, and your head overset on account of your little song! Why, if you had been in parliament and made a brilliant speech, like Mr. Horner, or carried a case at the bar—but instead, you have sung a little ballad before a few villagers! And this emboldens you to insult me. Stay on here as long as you please—sing until you tire them out. I shall certainly wait, as I intended, to hear the result."

"I shan't sing a note of it. You've settled that. Not a note, if I was to die for it! If I did, you would make me break down."

"Do just as you like, dear. I only think of yourself; I can see even the men here are amused, and have their joke about the new tenor."

Foolish woman! The weak mind of the Beauty treasured up all these words; they seared his very heart. He knew there was truth in them; but he could not forget the mortification. A hundred little womanish projects of revenge entered his brain—a longing to mortify *her* in some way. The other hints of Mrs. Labouchere seemed now to gain confirmation. This was mere "treatment of him as a child." Long after, when certain events had taken place, which added many a line to the delicate Chalon face—lines that defied all the smooth trowellings of art—when she was thinking herself the most wretched creature on the face of the earth, she ought to have turned her eyes backward to this day, and to that poor and unfruitful triumph over him.

He left the room. Then her face fell. "I must get him away from this at once. He quoted some of that low woman's speeches. The mean artful creature she is, she has not forgotten the way in which I set her down. No wonder; for I do hate her; and, if I could send him away, would like nothing more than to stay on here and trample on her every day and every hour."

She could do that, however. Mr. Hardman was still there, but going away on the morrow, having at last found the unwelcome truth forced upon him that he was not to be of that company. Yes.

he thought he saw a glimpse of sunshine. The great ladies were talking eagerly together at lunch over a plan they were planning. "Louisa Mary" the Countess, meagre and stingy for all her rank, was engaged in some bazaar—their share of which was to be carried out on the most thrifty principles, involving, also, predatory calls upon their neighbours.

It was to be down at Seaman—a charity for a certain orphanage, into which a deal of worsted and anti-macassars entered, the ladies Mariner doing a vast deal of captaincy over the unhappy little orphans before visitors, making them redound to their own honour and glory. The countess introduced this subject as a sort of great public duty, and made a kind of charity sermon, dwelling on the meritoriousness of the good object. It was duly enlarged on, as if it was some political measure; and the august lady described her hopes and chances.

Mrs. Talbot seemed to have entered into it already with spirit, and was engaged for contributions, co-operation, &c. The other guests listened, awed, as these plans were shadowed forth; and Lord Robert volunteered to be auctioneer at the close of the performance, and knock down all the lots to the highest bidder of the young ladies.

Mr. Hardman had been listening restlessly, his cold, hard face lighting up with eager look. At last he cleared his throat,—

"I think, my lady," he said, after lunch was over, "we should all be glad to give some help to such a good work. There's my daughter, Mrs. Labouchere, had these sort of things out at Malta."

Lady Seaman, who had "scarcely spoken three words to the man" since she was in the house, was turning on him with a scarcely polite stare, when Mrs. Talbot, his "old friend," interposed.

"How do you mean, Mr. Hardman?" Mrs. Labouchere was watching warily, and was at hand.

"He means the general principle of charity, which nobody can dispute. You remember, papa, the picture you offered to Mr. Talbot?"

"I mean," said her father, in a loud voice, "that her ladyship might be very glad to have a person like Mrs. Labouchere, who understands these matters, to help her. We could guarantee as handsome a table as could be seen in the place; and, as far as a large subscription goes, a cheque on my bankers——"

"It is very good of Mr. Hardman to offer Mrs. Labouchere's services," said Mrs. Talbot, with an exquisite expression of malice; "but I fear Lady Seaman seems to have made her arrangements."

"My father mistakes," said Mrs. Labouchere, warmly; "I would

not hold a table for anything. Pray understand, it is not I who wish it."

"We are obliged to keep it to our own set," said Lady Seaman, haughtily. "We have had offers of money, and that sort of thing, if we chose to take them; but it could not be done."

"Hardly, I think," said Mrs. Talbot. This was very sweet revenge. Though the great ladies thought a little wistfully of Mr. Hardman's guineas thus lost to them.

"Of course the bazaar is for all-comers, and any one with charitable intentions can walk in and lay out what they please, and thus help a most deserving charity. But the organization must be kept to one set."

The almost insolence of this speech, which was spoken to Mrs. Labouchere, whose cheek became pale, Mr. Hardman felt indistinctly. There was something like a hint administered to him. But he went on in his floundering way.

"I am sure, Lady Seaman, I should be delighted to give my mite to such a good institution, as Mrs. Talbot says, and if a cheque on my bankers——"

"Papa!" broke in Mrs. Labouchere, in a deep tone of scorn. "For Heaven's sake do not be offering this assistance where you see it is not desired. Surely, it is said, as plain as words can say it, that your aid is not wanted. Mine need not have been declined, as it was never offered."

"O, I'm sure not," said Lady Seaman. "You would see how difficult it must be. All sorts of people have been asking us, and we are obliged to refuse."

"I repeat, Lady Seaman, you may have refused me, but I never sought the honour of assisting in your bazaar."

"But I did," said her father, pompously drawing himself up to resent this repudiation; "for you. I like to see these sort of things supported. And if Lady Seaman had allowed you——"

"This is intolerable," said his daughter, half turning round to leave the room. "Do leave the matter as it is."

It was exquisite for the other ladies to see the victim writhing in this fashion on the hook. Mrs. Talbot smiled over at her august acquaintance. She seemed, to herself, to have obtained a handsome indemnity for all she had suffered at the hands of her enemy. Yet she was only laying up accumulated injuries, for she must surely pay a heavy reckoning. These little vindictive punishments were but shortlived pitiful triumphs. What *they* would be met by, would be *far more* deadly and lasting. Even as she smiled, came a significant



check, for at that moment the Beauty entering, Mrs. Labouchere said suddenly:—

“But here would be a useful friend. Mr. Talbot would go about the rooms bringing recruits, helping the young ladies to sell; or, best of all, he would sing for the charity.”

“A charming idea; would you help us, Mr. Talbot? They often get up music at these things.”

“Or he might be an auctioneer, and sell off the things. Mr. Talbot is such a public man now——”

The Beauty was still in “the sulks,” and much aggrieved. He had a little of the French malice about him, and saw very plainly there was an opportunity here for mischief, and with much cordiality said he would be delighted. “When was their bazaar?”

“Next month.”

Mrs. Labouchere cried, “O he could manage to go then.” They were so sorry they could not offer him a room.

“But that was no matter,” he said. “There was Bagshaw close by, who would put him up.”

“You see, there is quite a run on you, Mr. Talbot,” Mrs. Labouchere went on; “every one wishes to make an engagement with you. By-and-by the demands will come from London and all parts of the provinces. Ah! in London *you would be appreciated!*”

The Beauty almost blushed. This was all very sweet. “I should like to contribute my humble quota, if it amuses; but whatever honour comes, I owe to you, Mrs. Labouchere.”

Again Mrs. Talbot felt some moves in the little game had gone against her, though it was only a pawn or two. She had not yet put out her strength; though with a sort of nervousness she felt that the time might soon come when she must fight with every weapon. Every hour she was seeing that this woman was not to be despised, and might have a depth of power in reserve, which she dared to think of. This, after all, was but the stinging of the gad-fly, and would be but for a short time, as Mr. Hardman had announced she was to live for the future in Paris, “and she hated England.”

During the rest of their visit the Beauty,—still under a sense of wrong,—indulged himself in many petty acts of indemnity, all which Mrs. Talbot bore with a smiling calm, as she would the pettishness of a boy. On the night before he had been out late in the garden, and came in with something like a beginning of a cold, and she said, “You should have taken care, dear, if you *do* mean to sing——”

“Yes, I knew I'd be unfortunate, and have something to inter-

Everything spoiled; and here am I worried and bothered, and we were all going on so nicely——"

"Until I came? But *I* did not give you the cold, did I? I would do something for it—a mustard plaster, or, your feet in water——"

"Yes, as if I was a child,"—it was wonderful how that little bit of iron had entered into his soul! "to be put to bed with gruel and flannels, and have them all laughing at me."

"Well, you must do one thing or the other, dear. Sing or not sing. Livy and I are dying with curiosity, after the rapturous accounts you wrote us. Though I hear that envious music-master, Jackson, or whatever his name is, is not so cordial in his applause, and says you should get lessons before coming out before the public."

Foolish Mrs. Talbot! again must the chorus of the drama call out. Every one of these little pin thrusts will be registered against you by that childish mind, and possibly be revenged. He was speechless, and turned away, then went to seek his friend and counsellor.

The night came round, the concert hall was crowded again. The rustics this time had to be "driven," much as his lordship's Irish tenants were at an election. The old programme was gone through; the sisters warbled and thrilled their "*Cam hame wi' the Kye*," which they nodded and wagged and spoke, and even danced—everything but sang. The elder had a red plaid scarf, crosswise; the younger a green one, to add to the dramatic effect, and both had one arm a-kimbo, like *real* Scotch lassies, defiant, coquettish, enticing; in fact so carried away by the enthusiasm, that had the Theatre Royal Drury been "convenient" and the manager suggested stepping on those boards for a repetition of the performance, they would have gone on without hesitation. It must be said it was the performance that most delighted the rustics, who were charmed with its *abandon*. Mr. Jackson, however, wore a smile of good-humoured contempt, as he strummed the few *ex officio* chords, as he called them.

"Hardly singing," he said, later. "That 'Scotch thirds' business was the regular thing for sisters. Papa likes it after dinner. Costa," he added, as if a bosom intimate of that eminent conductor, "would give a hundred pounds to hear that." A donation which might be accepted as a compliment, or the reverse.

They were looking forward with some interest to the re-appearance of the Beauty; for, to say the truth, his Adonis-like air, his sweet and conscious modesty, which was mere pride, lent a sort of piquancy and amusement. The gentlemen visitors looked at each other with a quiet enjoyment as he came forth in all his *primo tenore* glory. For he had battled with the cold, and was burning, not so

much to delight the crowd as to put down those two ladies who were waiting to hear him, and who really seemed to him like enemies, or persons to whom he had a spite. He, most unreasonably, laid to this account a fresh mortification that he had received, namely, an abrupt summons from that new-born eminent connoisseur, Lord Bindley.

"Come, Talbot, I want to hear these two songs of yours together. We can't run any risks, you know. I have my doubts about the new one—at least, Jackson doesn't seem to think it safe."

Thus put on his trial, he had to give them in a rather uncertain and faltering way. Mr. Mendelssohn Jackson did not certainly aid in his department of the venture,—spelling it out with a curious air, as if it were some Japanese system of notation.

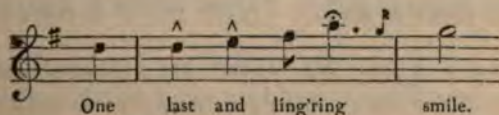
"Seems strained and irregular. Ah! we must have the A, B, C in these things. You should go to a grinder, and pick up a little harmony. I don't know; we seem getting into the jungle here."

Much alarmed at these forebodings, Lord Bindley said decisively,—

"I beg, Talbot, you will run no risk; and I must request you will sing your first song."

He was out now before the audience. He saw the faces ranged below, and saw his wife's close to him. How he would confound her suspicions and doubts. Yes; Mrs. Labouchere was right. It was only at home that a man was never appreciated. He had a note in reserve at the end of each verse—a "high A"—which he had kept in ambush, which he would bring out at the close, make the welkin ring—that is, the beams in the ceiling,—and cause them all to look at each other with wonder and amazement. Not even Mendelssohn Jackson knew of it. From that envious practitioner should be wrung unextorted praise. Only to Mrs. Labouchere, just as he went on, had he confided what he had in store. *That* he could not resist. "They will see what is in me!" he said, triumphantly.

He went through his first lines rather doubtfully, for he felt nervous, and, with all his preparation, rather hoarse. But energy and purpose have done greater wonders. He was warming to the work; he was at the last line; he was entering on the "last and lingering smile." He was lifting himself slowly, gathering himself for the effort—



*When, alas! just as with a desperate effort he hoisted himself up on that fatal A, it gave way under him like some frail lath—it snapped;*

in short, a strange, unearthly sound, something "like the crow of a cock," as one of his enemies remarked, filled the hall. Worse still, a sort of titter fluttered over the seats; every one looked at each other and smiled; the gentlemen, standing together, laughed. The Beauty had broken down! How he got through the next verse he knew not. He heard Mendelssohn Jackson ostentatiously advising him—pointing to the notes with one hand, while he played with the other—"Stick to your text; I'll play it with you." And the "wretch" noisily pounded out the air during the whole of the next verse, looking up in his face, to show that he was guiding and keeping him from going astray. The voice of the Beauty grew fainter and fainter. He would have given the world to have fled away, and hid his head in the earth. At the end Mendelssohn Jackson crashed down some hasty chords and closed the unhappy performance. The Beauty retired hurriedly to scarcely a hand—a good-natured few applauding—and Lord Bindley saying, almost angrily, "Really, he ought to have known. Spoiled my whole concert." A coarse, funny man even called out from the back, "Encore!"—then dipped his head down to escape observation. This produced a laugh: a crowd will laugh at anything.

The jests of the men became unendurable, so coarse and rude. "Gye won't engage you now, when he hears this: give him ever so many lingering smiles, ha! ha!" Another said, "I'd have been content with my crown of laurel; I would, indeed!" While some one said, before Mrs. Talbot, and the circle, "Mrs. Talbot's advice was wise enough, and I would have taken it. I heard her say, that you ought to be content with your glory."

"He will be wiser another time," she said, smiling.

Mrs. Labouchere was at hand; they were just going up to bed. "That would be an unsafe rule," she said. "We never hear of a successful amateur contented with one performance. No, he tries again. The world would, otherwise, stand still. There would be no success. There is my moral, my advice."

Some of the more sharp-witted had begun to perceive this sort of hostility between the ladies, and were watching with interest. Mrs. Talbot's eyes began to glitter. "Good advice is thrown away on him."

"Not mine, I know. Mr. Talbot has consulted me so much lately. Now, what I say is—and I am sure I shall be supported—Mr. Talbot has made a great success. He was nervous to-night, and there was a reason for that. You should go on and not be discouraged. Go to London, put yourself under some famous master who will bring

out your voice. Go about to parties, and see the world, and not be buried in that dismal quarter of the country, where both our houses are. Life is very sweet, and, alas, as short as it is sweet. There is the good woman's charm, and I make him a present of it."

It had effect on the crowd, who went with her, and applauded. The Beauty, more rebellious than ever, vows it most sensible; his wife can only act scorn and indifference. She longed for her wretched visit to be at an end, and the more wretched woman to be expatriated to France. Only a few hours more, and she would be away, out of it.

It seemed, certainly, as though she had been worsted in this little series of encounters. She dared not own it to herself; but she had. *The Beauty knew it, too*, as she saw in his malevolent eye; but she said not a word. Alas, as with the ingenious monkey who goes round in the circus, if the training be suspended but for a day, it is all blank, and has to be recommenced; so she saw that much hard toil was in store for her, and for her alone.

The morning came. The guests gather to see guests go away. The carriage was at the door, and trunks were coming down. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Talbot were going away.

"So much obliged to you, Talbot," says the host; "mind we see you here again soon."

The ladies were shaking hands, and Mrs. Talbot and her enemy went through the same ceremony. Mr. Hardman stood by. "We shall soon meet again, ma'am. We are neighbours, and as my daughter and Talbot seem such firm allies in the singing way, I mean to get up a great deal of music——"

A restless trouble and curiosity made her hazard the answer, "O, when she comes back from France?"

"O, we have changed all that," said Mrs. Labouchere, with a smile. "I am going to be filial, and *always to live with my father at The Towers. Bon voyage!*"

## BOOK THE THIRD.

## CHAPTER I.

## LADY SHIPLEY.

DURING the absence of Mr. Hardman from The Towers, a new family had arrived in the district. A rather decayed road-side villa had been taken by them, which had been long unlet, and it was presently known that a no less distinguished person than Lady Shipley and her daughter were living there. Lady Shipley was the Dowager Lady Shipley, her daughter was Miss Honoria; to speak the whole truth about them in a single sentence, they were neither more nor less than a pair of marauders, who, like Mr. Carlyle's parson, had scoured the country seeking for "horse meat and man meat;" in short, had settled down in fat and flourishing districts, which they had pillaged socially far and near, left waste, and then moved on to another. They were genteel, poor, and clever, a combination of attributes which really amounted to wealth, or, at least, comfort. Her son, the present Sir Thomas, was married, and was not particularly fond of his mother or sister, who had about four hundred a-year to live on, eked out by the contributions, *in kind*, of their friends and neighbours. Lady Shipley, it was known, would accept articles of dress and clothing for her Honoria, in a pleasant, sensible way that took the thing quite out of the character of what was eleemosynary.

"Here, Mony," so she called her daughter, "don't be a fool; you won't get a dress like that to suit you, if you were to go round all the shops." Or:

"My dear Mrs. —, Mony is very much obliged to you, and has no foolish stuck-up notions about her, I can assure you. She is too well born and well connected to run any chance of being misunderstood, and it will help to keep down her pride a little."

The same lady would invite herself to dinner—to your "little bit of mutton," which was just what she liked, she said, and in this fashion had a most comfortable and enjoyable life. She kept a wary eye out for the sort of people whom she knew would serve her purpose; and when people were inveighing against rich and vulgar people, her elderly ears quivered like a dog's when he hears his *master* approaching.

It was thus when the term of her cheap mansion was expiring that she heard Mr. Hardman described, and his style of manner and of living ; and it occurred to her that he was just the sort of person to be near, to know, *i.e.*, to prey on. "These people, Mony, dear," she said to her daughter, "will be worth a hundred a year to us." She had mapped it all out: a fortnight's visiting every two months, a dinner at least every fortnight, with other perquisites ; and a pleasant gentleman giving an agreeable description of the "duke's coachman," and the way that menial was introduced on all occasions, the lady, instead of joining in the laughter, resolved that she should be driven many a time by a person of such august antecedents.

The old villa was procured, "a dead bargain," and some old furniture, which went about with her, was transferred to it.

Mr. Hardman had taken her precisely as she had hoped ; had searched his heraldic red and blue books, and had noted with surprise and delight where her exceeding strength lay ; was confounded at the noble connections, cousinships, &c., which spread out from her in all directions like the rays of a star-fish. She was exactly what he wished ; and he had an instinct that she would graciously lend herself to his humour in a very different fashion from those "stuck-up" Talbots. The great coach and its still greater coachman had already taken him there, from the windows of which cards had duly been handed to a mouldy old man-servant, whom Mr. Hardman regarded with exceeding reverence as an aristocratic retainer. The visit had been returned. Lady Shipley had gone in ; had sat a long time, and had delighted him by her easy manners, her wish to please, and to be pleased by him. "You have everything charming about you, Mr. Hardman ; such taste, such magnificence ! I warn you, you will have me coming here very often. It reminds me of Rams—my cousin Ramsgate's place."

"I know ; Lord Ramsgate. Indeed ! 'Pon my word ! Then, I hope you *will* come very often, Lady Shipley. I hope to see you whenever you find it convenient to yourself."

"And the pictures, and your flowers ! I doat on both ; I could live and die among pictures and flowers. Mony, dear, you know that——"

"You like flowers ? Here ! I say. Send for the gardener, and let him follow us. I have got the finest gardener in the whole shire. Lord Loveland tried to get him from me ; but his lordship could not conveniently manage the wages the man asked, and is well worth now, Lady Shipley, I request you will point out what you like, and shall be cut and sent over to you. Fruit—care for fruit, Lady Shipley ?"

"Ah! why you know all my tastes! I could live and die in a hothouse, my dear Mr. Hardman."

The marauder, in fact, could live and die anywhere where there was any of the good things of life. She had the odd gift of announcing her special taste, a liking for wines, fruits, meats, or everything of the best. Her heavily-built, dowdy person was, indeed, excellent evidence of this fancy. Before she left the garden it was arranged that a great basket, containing flowers and fruits, should be sent over. A dinner, also, had been sketched out. This was not a bad morning's work. But she had not done yet.

"I have heard of Mrs. Labouchere," she said, "and am dying to know her. But you have some one else—a son?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Hardman, loftily, as if owning to a luxury which every gentleman ought to possess. "Oh certainly!"

"Oh, where is young Mr. Hardman?" went on Lady Shipley. "I should so like to know him."

Young Mr. Hardman was sent for and produced; and Lady Shipley, after some expressions of implied gratification at the exhibition of such a treasure, adroitly "shunted" herself to a siding with Mr. Hardman, leaving the two young carriages coupled behind. The well-trained Honoria lost not a moment, and in a very short time had forced a sort of intimacy, founded on volunteered confidences of her own life, feelings, &c., and of questions as to *his*.

In this artful way there can be established a perfect intimacy and friendship which, though all on one side, seems as good to spectator as any other. The young man, who had reasons for keeping his father in good humour, did his best to make himself agreeable. Then they went away.

His father had been at home some three days, and every morning the son had intended walking straight into the study, to speak with him on a very important matter. The young man, since his father's return, had been very nervous indeed with the news which he had broken; and after the ladies had gone, seeing that Mr. Hardman was in excellent humour and even spirits, thought it a good opportunity. He knocked at the study door.

"Come in," said his father. "Well! What do you want?"

"Perhaps, sir, you are engaged? If so, I can come another time. The father looked at him with a dark mistrust.

"This is some damned concealed tailor's bill, sir, or something of the sort. You always come skulking in this way when you have *the* on hand."

"No, no, sir! indeed, nothing of the kind."



Yet it *was* something of the kind, inasmuch as the communication was attended with similar nervousness.

"Then, what is it, sir?"

"What I wished to say, sir, is this: I have always tried to be a good son—at least, to do my best to please you. You, sir, have been a kind father—on the whole—that is, when I deserved it."

"Rubbish, sir! What are you coming to, with all this palaver? You're driving at something disagreeable; and I tell you what, I'll make it disagreeable to you. What is it? Don't waste my time."

Desperate, the young fellow brought it—blurted it—out. His father was not in a rage; but took it quite coolly.

"Well! and what is this to me? Are you not in a free country? Don't you know I can't force you to do anything? But I can do *this*, my lad—let you be a beggar, which I will, as sure as the stocks rise and fall in the market. Ah! don't talk folly; don't come to me with such trash. Are you a baby or a schoolboy?"

The young man protested, very earnestly, that he was serious. He was pledged—engaged—and must go on. He was bound by honour and duty and affection.

"I won't have it," said Mr. Hardman. "You are a low whining cur. Do you think I made all my money, that bought you that rag of a red coat, and raised you out of the puddle, all for this? I won't have it. I don't choose to have *my* name connected with those infernal, stuck-up, stiff-backed people. Ah! I'll give 'em a lesson yet, and show them my money is as good as their pride any day. Don't *bother* me, sir," he said, vehemently, "any more! I won't put up with it! I'm ashamed of you, you sneak! with your love and your whine. You raise your family! Raise money is all you'll do, you selfish cur, you!—that won't do a hand's turn to raise me, on whom you fatten. You're no good, and as helpless as any country oaf. Another smart lad, with your advantages and my banker's book at your back, would have pushed forward and made a splendid marriage. Don't talk to me any more about such stuff! I don't see it, and won't see it. There!"

Mrs. Labouchere was to arrive the following morning from town; and the young man—though brother and sister, they were not too affectionate—thought his best course would be to wait until she came. He had noted that since the marriage she had a sort of influence over her father, the truth being that the mean nature of Mr. Hardman grovelled a little before her in her new position and good connection. She came, and her brother told her all. She started with a scornful and bitter look.

"Yes," he said, hastily; "I knew you did not like them, and was afraid you could not endure them——"

"You quite mistake," she said, coldly. "It is quite a wrong interpretation. I can be just in such an important matter as that. But have you considered what you are about to do? Enter into a family that despise—look down on—you, the manufacturer's son—that have insulted your father, and whose treatment of *me*—but that, of course, I put aside."

"But what *am* I to do? I am pledged to her."

"In that case, you must go on, I suppose. I shall do what you wish to help you. What must it be—speak to him?"

"Oh, if you would!"

"If I do, then, this must be understood—I do no more. I am not called on to favour it in any way. I will not make any approach to them, as it would be hypocritical; and if my manner or ways even hinder it, as I know it will, you must not blame me. But, as far as our father is concerned——"

"It is most kind and generous," said the young man, eagerly; "and I can ask no more."

That night Mrs. Labouchere went to her father's study, and remained there nearly an hour. He received her, full of bluster and indignation.

"Such work! That fool's last notion; but I won't have it. He shall marry as I wish, or go and carry his coat through the streets. I shan't have it."

"It is hard," said his daughter; "and certainly, as money seems to be the grand thing now-a-days, he ought to get a good match and raise the family. But these Talbots, father, are they not well connected?"

"A stuck-up, infernal lot; it's just some trick of theirs. But why should *you* mention them? I'm sure they made you swallow dirt enough."

"The greater my magnanimity! But I believe you have got at the secret; it must be some trick. Like that trap of the picture into which she led you."

Mr. Hardman coloured at this recollection, which was really like some rankling sore.

"They shan't trick me. No; not one of them, if it was to cost me a thousand pound! No; I'll pay 'em for that, yet. Never! I'll bring their noses to the grindstone!"

"Then, if you will let me advise you, father, you will not oppose it."

"Not oppose it! Do you take me for a fool?"

"Not oppose it *now*. It will be done, in spite of you. If I was to manage it, I could find a way of paying off that woman, as you call it, in a more satisfactory way."

"Oh, some scheming. I don't want it. What do you mean?"

"Let the thing go on. The girl's in love with him; they must humour *her*. They are ready to agree. Revenge, and that sort of thing, is low, and not worth the trouble; but you are not bound to be considerate in any way to those who insult us as they have done. The true dignity would be to let the *whole come from them*. You will see how the matter will go on, and you can interfere at any time."

He looked at her steadily.

"I don't understand this finessing. My way has always been straightforward. I don't choose the business, and I won't have it."

"He might do far better. Even that girl that was here to-day—people of wonderful connection, and seeming even far more like *real ladies*. But you, father, know the world better, and have seen more of it than I have; so I only speak with diffidence."

This bit of deference only made Mr. Hardman more pompous; but it had the effect intended.

"I shall consider all these things, never fear. I don't usually make mistakes. This house and furniture, and the grounds round it, and what I have in the funds and securities, are not mistakes. I can get on very well without asking advice. There! we may leave the matter so until morning."

But the prospect she had opened would never have occurred to his thick brain; and he did see now that there was a field before him. That slight of the picture, returned in so humiliating a fashion, was always before him. Even the man who had gone off with some of his money long ago had not hurt him so much. The hint he had got he knew how to better in his own clumsy way.

## CHAPTER II.

### A CLOUD IN THE HORIZON.

MEANWHILE the Beauty and his family were once more at home, the former in very high dudgeon—a sort of settled *sulk*, in which he found great profit. There was a sensible relief for the two ladies to have him at home again, safe and secure, removed to that pleasant retirement out of the dangerous allurements of a disturbing world. He might "vent" himself in any way; he met nothing but indulgence and allowance. He had been recaptured and brought back. On this

ground they thought it better to say nothing "till to-morrow," about the proposal made to his daughter, from which, now, Mrs. Talbot began to shrink as from a degradation; yet she was generous and unselfish enough to think only of her daughter, who must not suffer, and whose affections she saw were seriously engaged. That was the most unselfish sacrifice she had ever made in her long career.

For a species of sword of Damocles had been hanging over her head ever since she returned; and the news she had heard, as she left Lord Bindley's, that the unscrupulous woman was to be near her—for what end she could well guess—had seemed some terrible blow. As yet she believed that she had not returned home.

About evening young Hardman himself came riding up, and hurried in.

"I have told my father," he said, in a rather agitated way; "and he was very angry at first, principally, I believe, because I had not consulted him. But now he is much more moderate, and says I must not be in a hurry in these matters, and must consult his convenience." And then he added—"But you know what my poor father would say, as to great people condescending to *him*, which of course is all imagination. Of course we never anticipated it would run smooth; but Livy will not visit it on me?"

Livy's eyes visited on him the most boundless sympathy and affection instead.

Mrs. Talbot saw this, and sighed.

"You have told Mr. Talbot this plan? I did not the other day."

"No."

"Shall he be told now? There he is."

Mrs. Talbot thought it would be better to delay this communication till they were alone.

The Beauty entered, dull and aggrieved; but his face cleared and brightened when he saw the young man.

"How are you, Hardman? How are they at The Towers? All home again?"

"Thank you," said the young man, "quite well. My sister came back only last night. By the way, here is a note I was to give you."

He took it out and put it into the Beauty's hand, who withdrew into the next room to read it. Mrs. Talbot almost writhed.

"A note from my sister," the youth said, in explanation.

The Beauty went out, and after about ten minutes the bells of Livy's ponies were heard. He came in dressed—a fresh flower in his button-hole, a grey "gossamer" over his well-made coat.

"I am going to drive over your way, Hardman," he said; "and could drop you. No? All right, then; I can go by myself."

Again there was something of monkeyish malice in the look he gave at her. Then he rattled away brilliantly on his course.

Young Hardman was at last gone, but the Beauty did not return for two or three hours. He arrived in a sort of complacent excitement, the symptoms of which his wife knew at once. As soon as he was in the drawing-room, he began,—

"So it seems there is a marriage being arranged here, which it was not worth while communicating to me?"

"We had a reason for not telling you, Beauty dear."

"It sounds very respectable though for me to be told of such a thing outside. It is enough to make every one think I am a mere child and cypher in this house. Yes, a mere cypher and child! Who can respect me, if my own family show they do not?"

Mrs. Talbot listened with wonder to this new language, which she knew was not his own.

"There was nothing to tell you," she said. "It was only last night that he told his father."

"If I am to have any voice in the matter, I do not approve of it. There will be always a sense of patronage on one side, and an uneasy feeling of inferiority on the other."

Again these were new words for the Beauty—lent to him, as it were.

"Go away, dearest Livy. I want to talk to your father about this."

"Oh, nonsense. Why shouldn't she stay. We are not going to talk treason here; and if we are, she would not betray us. I don't like these private interviews."

"Go away, dear."

And Livy left the room. The Beauty did not relish these secret hearings. When they were alone his wife began, calmly,—

"You must admit that our child has been the sweetest, most amiable, and devoted daughter that could be conceived. She has had rather a severe apprenticeship."

"Oh, yes; I am not saying anything against her."

"We must not be too selfish. She has set her heart, her affections on this. That means, with one of her disposition—her all. You must see this?"

"Well, but I think it is not suitable for her. There will be that sense of inferiority——"

"Oh, I know—on one side. I would rather hear your own views

and not Mrs. Labouchere's. You have them off by heart. Say your own opinions, and I will pay them all respect."

The Beauty coloured, and grew confused.

She went on,—

"You know how that woman treated me, how she dislikes me, I despise her. Now I think, even for one's self-respect, it is so decent of you to become her partisan, or to be affecting to intimate with her. It is not complimentary to me; and I think shows a little bad taste in you."

"Oh yes; but I have been treated too much as a child all round and a cypher in the house; and I don't like it. If you knew things are said——"

"By her?"

"By every one. It is perfect nonsense, and it can't go on. shouldn't I go and see her? Her kindness to me during that time I shall never forget; and her sympathy and good-nature, to *she* understands me. I am sure it is not unreasonable that a woman should have a voice in the matter. I don't want to interfere with Livy and her happiness. He is a very good fellow, and all that but I should have been told of it, consulted, and all that. It's the proper thing, you see."

*(To be continued.)*

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## NOTES & INCIDENTS.



FRÜEGER SUISE.

UR Note is upon knockers, and other instruments and appliances used to obtain admittance to houses, or to have speech with their inmates—with a few reflections on the past.

It is a disposition of some persons who are well leavened and hardbaked in the usages of their time, to lose—if they ever were possessed of any—every presentiment that things may not always have been just as they have found them, and been accustomed to. To the individuality of such minds it would be worth any amount of modern sensational reading, for the awakening of speculative imaginings, to become alive to the fact that, though long generations of folks have made their entry and exit in this world, in which *they* have now for some time occupied a place, the means employed to communicate with the inmates of houses to open unto them have been as various as they have been strange and curious.

That doors, gateways, cunningly-devised back-entries or posterns, portecochères, portes-brisées, and halve-deuren, risps, knockers, bells, bolts, locks, and bars have been strangely conformed and indicative of other times and other manners, would be materially suggestive to such people that all the world has not through all time shaped things after "one idea" and purpose.

Doors have been made as eloquently communicative of the friendly spirit of the host within, as of his mistrust and fear of the stranger. How significant of hospitality the SALVE of the antique on the tessellated threshold of the Roman portal! How grateful to the eye of the weary wayfarer the mediæval-Christian appeal on the gate of the monastery—

"Knock and it shall be opened unto thee!"

—"runaway knocks," like "knocker wrenching," being unknown till the faster ages of British civilisation.

But doors are now less eloquent than formerly, and rarely, with the exception of some ancient houses in continental cities, does the *grille* or grating of the convent door still bespeak the caution of the inmates to keep out intruders or stranger applicants, until their appearance and business has been furtively ascertained.

In newly-erected houses bells are mostly affected, bearing the inscrip-

tions, "Visitors" and "Servants," as though servants could not be visitors, and visitors servants. The bells being twins to all appearance,



save in label, are as often made to belie their inscriptions, being indiscriminately pulled. "Kitchen" and "House" are better denominations. Bells are frequently but mute affairs, and when they notify their faculty of speech, it is so monotonously that it affords little in-

formation as to the personality of the ringer, in comparison with the knocker, an instrument that bespeaks the individuality of every applicant. Any one can ring, or rather pull, a protruding knob, the interior effect of which is rarely heard by the operator, who knows not whether he has excited a sensation or a feeble tinkle.

Too strong a pull may overdraw the spring, one too weak hardly agitate the clapper. How different from the huge toll of the bell at the gate of the mansion of old, that resounded through the court; or the expressive knocker, which often, in its artistic form, repressed both diffidence and impudence; reporting the pert rat-tat of the postman, the dab of the mendicant, or the double thunders of the footman and the carriage, with its patrician imperativeness, indicative that "*noblesse oblige!*"



The dainty hand of brass was not uncommon on the maisonette of the Georgian period, though, compared with our initial cast knockers in an art view, are as machine-made music to tuneful fingering. Our initial was sketched at Frütigen, in the canton Berne, one sunny morning, while waiting for a change of horses to convey us to Thun. It will be seen that the modest handicraftsman has indicated on the hinge and clapper the smile and the frown; the lower, or the noise-making, part portraying the frown, and the upper, or hinge, part the smile.



KNOCK & RING

The "risp," or "trirling pin," which, doubtless, formerly preceded the knocker in use, and was to be seen in the "old town" of Edinburgh until a late date, is supposed to have been a Scotch invention, of the olden time. It was an iron handle or pin inserted in the door, that was sounded by means of a ring drawn up and down, and is the instrument mentioned by E. Fairfax, in his 4th Ex. :—



"Now clad in white I see my porter crow;"

—the ring in the door, called a crow, when covered with white linen, denoting, as Robert Chambers says in his "Traditions of Edinburgh," that the mistress was in travail; and an old Latin vocabulary, 1702, notes among the parts and appurtenances of a house—*corvex*—a clapper or ringle.



In some parts of Holland they put bulletins, signed by the doctor, on the door, announcing the same event ; and at Haarlem they indicate an accouchement by fixing to the posts of the door a little pellet of silk (klopper) which, when red, denotes a boy ; if white, a girl.

Long become less communicative by such means, the domestic events within our doors are hidden from public view, though they may sometimes be inferred, and the illness of one of the family be deduced, from the muffling of the knocker and the out-spread of straw—or, in more modern times, of tan—over the carriage way in front of the house ; still we have but few town-vestiges left of the usages of our forefathers. Here and there only are yet to be seen the, to many persons, now unaccountable iron, post-horn-shaped articles affixed to the old wrought-iron rails on either side of the door-steps, which in the last century served as extinguishers to the blazing links carried by the running footmen before their masters. Gas and carriage lamps have happily long superseded the link, or flambeau.



Lastly, as a once constituent appurtenance of our portals—now happily superseded by the removal of the fiscal duties that hampered the glass manufacturers—may be adverted to, the now rarely-seen radiating fanlight of the eighteenth century, which, when “England’s heaven-born minister” put a tax upon heaven’s beneficent gift of light, was in most modest habitations, with every window whose light could possibly be spared, not unfrequently “blinded” or “dummied” to diminish the number rated to the householder—a custom which for long years contributed greatly to the cheerless aspect of our houses, resting in some cases to this day as mementos of the ingenuity of thought which yielded gold pieces to the imperial treasury, to be detected as little by their smell as those levied by the will of the Roman Emperor of yore, and less obnoxious even than the Peter’s pence of the olden time, as a tribute in accordance with the political ethics of the day.



SOME who read the plaintive letters of the nominal “Ballet-girl,” about the dangers to which her sisterhood are exposed when strapped to iron bars and hoisted to the top of a pantomime scene, may have been led to speculate upon the reason why these aerial figures are introduced at all into a stage picture. Not to serve an artistic purpose, certainly. Nor yet to carry out the realistic notions of stage managers ; for, if live women, why not real trees, real animals, real rocks, real sky and stars? The leading fact is that the figures are always female : we never have a

"Herculean haunt" or a "Martial rendezvous" for a transformation tableau, with living statues of the sterner sex. The secondary fact is that the said female figures are posed and exposed in a style that makes it evident that they and their limbs are the chief attractions of the picture. Thus, with obvious intention, the live scene becomes as near an approach as dare be ventured to a *poses plastiques* exhibition. The greater the display of forms the better, in the eyes of admirers, and so after filling the ground space with them, the scenic designers pile them up one above another into the dizzy height; tying and strapping and suspending human beings as indifferently as if they were wood or plaster images. Would not wood or plaster beauties serve the purpose? Oh dear no! There must be flesh, and fleshing. A few years ago a London manager "put on" a ballet in which the dancers wore gay trousers; but after a night or two these were altered for tights in deference to the popular taste. The "Ballet-girl" who lately cried "save us!" was answered by a manager, who declared that the elevated young ladies liked their position, and sought it as a means of bringing themselves into prominence. This is quite conceivable upon one hypothesis of ballet morality. But that the position is oftentimes anything but agreeable is evident from a close inspection of the suspended ones' countenances. I remember an unrehearsed incident in a scene of this character happening one boxing-night. A fairy, vibrating in mid-air, felt, very naturally, the sensations of a mortal in mid-sea; and—never mind the rest: *she* did not look as if she relished her exaltation out of a steward's reach!

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"ONE man's food is another's poison," says an old proverb. I wonder if the originator of the adage foresaw its mental application? Perhaps not; for, most likely, he did not live in times when the public mind appetized on horrible stories and ghastly details of accidents and crimes. These, which are food to strong, albeit depraved, minds, are poisonous to such as are weak of nerve. Tropmann, doubtless, killed more people than he murdered; for it is conceivable that to many a mental sufferer the news of his deeds brought fatal consequences. The observant doctors of France have been remarking, with special reference to this case, that patients who are subject to constitutional nightmare, palpitations, St. Vitus' dance, sleeplessness, hysteria, and all the diseases that the mind is heir to, are more incessant in their calls upon the physician while the public prints are full of tragedy scenes than at other times. From a business-point of view they ought to look at this state of things rejoicingly, and thank the newspaper writers for sending them work. But all men are anxious for the general weal, though they individually suffer loss in promoting it. And so the philanthropic doctors aforementioned raise their voices against the prevailing disease of journalism—a disease that it is not within their province to attempt to cure. Who, indeed, could put down the evil? Even a censor could hardly interfere with the recital of *facts*. Many of the statements published by low-class papers, at home as

well as abroad, are, however, obviously fictions; for the reporters will unblushingly describe events, that no eye saw, as if the said events had been public performances,—and people will believe them. Does the editor of that most lugubrious of publications, the *Police News*, keep a staff of spiritual artists to send him those sketches of roadside murders and suicides in solitude with which he weekly delights a vast section of lower London? How else can he procure his vivid depictions?

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THE ages of stone and bronze have been; the age of iron is now. What will be the material characteristic of the next age? Paper, surely. The man who invented paper collars will be worshipped one day as the founder of a wonderful industry. See what have followed in their wake. Paper hats and bonnets, waistcoats, shirts, and neckties; paper curtains and furniture covers; paper boxes, trunks, tubs, and pails; paper boats and paper houses. Yes, paper houses: a Chicago company is building them. Of course, foundations, rafters, joists, and heavy parts are not of the material; but it is used where wood and plaister usually are, to keep out heat and cold. And very fitting stuff it is for all the proposed purposes. What could be better than a boat, for instance, in which paper takes the place of timber for planking? In no other material known to man could the same toughness, strength, and lightness be secured together; and as to its resistance to wet, that property is easily obtained by oiling or varnishing. Unappreciated virtues belong to paper. It is a bad conductor of heat, and as such it is fitting for warm coverings to our bodies. A poor man's friend lately suggested that old newspapers should be pasted or sewn together, to make blankets for those who shiver in want of woollen ones. A capital idea, because generic. Why should not the chilly man of one coat underlay the lining with several folds of soft pliable paper? Why not his scantily-petticoated wife quilt up her kirtle with whitey-brown? Why not the chilblained little ones have, as Pat would say, cork soles made of paper in their thin boots? A luxury to the rich, whose *papier maché* appointments are proofs of its infinite adaptability, the material might be a blessing to the poor. What poverty-stricken apartment need have a bare and draughty floor where a few layers of paper successively pasted over it will make a solid carpet, possessing greater hardness than one would credit it with, and that may even be decorated with a few yards of cheap wall paper, and indurated by common varnish or tar oil? This is an American workman's suggestion, worthy of dissemination.

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## CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

J. A. COMENIUS.

MR. URBAN,—Comenius, so briefly mentioned by your correspondent J. T., was at one time almost the most famous man among the literary men of Europe. I have now before me,

“*Janua Linguarum Trilinguis ; sive, Johannis-Amos-Commenii, Janua Linguarum [Reserata] Novissimè ab ipso Authore recognita, aucta, emendata : adjunctis [Theodorus Simonii] metaphrastisi Græci et [Johannis Ancorarii] Anglicana Versione. Omnes Linguae laudate Dominum. Londini, 1670.*” On the fly-leaves of this book, in accordance with a custom now falling into disuse, I have jotted a few biographical notes, which I now transcribe in the hope that they may interest some of your readers.

John Amos Komenský, better known by his latinized name of Comenius, was born in Moravia, March 28th, 1593. He was a minister among the *Unitas Fratrum*, and master of the school at Fulnek. When the Spaniards besieged the city, his library was plundered, and his MSS. destroyed. The persecution of the Moravians also deterred him from prosecuting a scheme he had for the better teaching of languages, and it was not until 1627 that he resumed the subject, and then it was at the request of Baron Sadowski de Slaupna, to whose sons a friend of his was tutor. The hotness of the persecution forced him to take refuge at Lesna, in Poland, and in 1631 he published “*Janua Linguarum reserata*,” which had at once a most wonderful popularity. It was translated into Latin, Greek, Bohemian, Polish, German, Swedish, Dutch, English, French, Spanish, Hungarian, Arabic, Turkish, Persian, “and even the Mogul, which is spoke all over the East Indies.”

The government of Sweden solicited his aid in reforming their school-systems ; the parliament of England did the same ; but the Civil war prevented our English grammar schools being remodelled according to the principles of pansophical science. He was in London in 1641, and probably then made the acquaintance of Samuel Hartlib, who was a devoted disciple of his, and who frequently mentions him in his letters to Worthington (see *Worthington's Diary*, published by the Chetham Society, Vol. 1.). It was his intention to have published a full explanation of his new system of education, but this project was never executed. After sojourning in Sweden and Transylvania at the instance of the governments of those countries, for the purpose of exemplifying the nature of his educational reforms, he returned to Lesna, where he again

lost his library and MSS., when that town was sacked by the Poles in 1656. He travelled in Silesia, Brandenburg, and settled at Amsterdam. He was reproached, though apparently without justice, as being the cause of the misfortune which befel the town of Lesna, by the panegyric or prophecy of his, concerning Gustavus Adolphus, as the destroyer of the apacy. He published many books; but the latter end of his life was entirely devoted to public controversies, and prophetic speculations. Like more modern enthusiasts, he lived himself beyond the time he had fixed for the end of the world. He died, Nov. 15th, 1671. His system of education appears to have been an improvement on the tiresome and long-winded method then in use. As applied to languages, the plan is that of familiarising the student with the forms of languages, giving him, by an easy method, the command of a large vocabulary, and at the same time storing his mind with the most important elements of all sciences. The *Fanua*, &c., is a condensed cyclopædia of human learning at the date when it was written, and as such, is now an interesting document in relation to the history of science. The foundation of his pansophical theory appears to have been the doctrine that *things* and *words*, object and picture, should be taught concurrently, and although the principle does not strike us now as novel, we are far from having carried it out to its fullest extent, and we may expect that in the days when Comenius wrote, both theory and practice would appear startlingly novel. Bayle gives a long account of him, but does not entertain a high opinion of his talents. See also Worthington's Diary, Dirck's Memoir of S. Hartlib (pp. 51, 53-80). C. M. Pillat (Biographie Universelle, IX.) gives a list of his works, extending to fifteen articles.

The *Fanua* is of a comprehensive nature, and describes alike wheelbarrows and Mahometans; comets, the perpetual motion, alchemy, and wine-making. As a specimen of the English version, I transcribe paragraph 491:—

“The ancients had swift-writing (short writing) by characters, by which they were able with the hand to take a discourse, not of one dictating to the pen, but speaking freely: yet we have a swifter way, *viz.*, printing, by which one man in one day setteth down more than otherwise a thousand clerks (scriveners) could do: but the English very lately have brought up short writing too.”

Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM E. A. AXON, F.R.S.L.

*Strangeways.*

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#### THE “PERSONAL” IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. URBAN,—Do you notice the rapid growth in America of that curiosity about individuals of note, which is so prominent a feature in the much—and, perhaps, deservedly—abused “Pencilings by the Way” of some few years ago? The newspapers of the present day teem with notices of the private habits and sayings of public men and women. It is more particularly the dailies which go in for this probing of private life: they tell you what the heroes of the hour eat, drink, and avoid.

*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* (which had a leading article, by the way, on *The Gentleman's Magazine* not long since) collects week by week a curious collection of scraps, narrating how Father Hyacinthe ate a beef-steak on a fast-day; how Mr. Beecher mismanages his farm; how Spurgeon endures small-pox; and a variety of still more personal incidents.

The love of associating writers with their works pervades the general criticism of America. An illustration is at hand which will interest you particularly, and the readers of *The Gentleman's*. "Christopher Kenrick," it appears, has been republished in New York. *Putnam's Magazine* has a review of it, more especially directed to the point whether the story is true or not. The writer takes three examples.

He has little doubt that the "leading young gentleman" of "Philip," represented some of Thackeray's adventures; and that Dickens intended to paint something of himself in "David Copperfield;" but with regard to Joseph Hatton's novel of "Christopher Kenrick," the reviewer is "at a loss whether to regard it as one made up of facts drawn from his own life, or as one in which there is no basis of truth whatever."

It is very curious to watch this under-current of personal curiosity in the general literature of American magazines and journals. I give you a home example, as an attractive wayside instance. The reviewer praises "Kenrick" highly; but even at the last he wonders if it is really autobiography. "If it is, Mr. Hatton is also the author of 'More Worlds Than One.'" This latter work is the fancy title of a book mentioned in "Christopher Kenrick's" diary.—Your obedient servant,

M. W. K.

Malvern, Jan. 10.

THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE  
MARCH, 1870.

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THE CHRISTIAN VAGABOND.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

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CHAPTER V.

BY THE OLD MEN'S CHIMNEY-CORNER.

**I**T was in the day-room of the Old men. To the hale and lusty the air was warm enough: but Age must have a sound cloth cloak, and his knees seek the chimney-corner. So that in the room, while the leaves dancing upon the boughs near the windows were hardly paling to the sight, there was under the ample chimney, fringed with oaken arm-chairs, a smouldering log-fire, that lazily crumbled to white ashes. With the red charcoal the old men, whose wrists were still firm enough, loved to light their pipes: and it was a sad day to him who for the first time found that he could no longer hold the pincers steady to the bowl. Pipkins were for ever simmering in the warm ashes. It is the wont of old men, grouped together by circumstance, to fall into curious fire-side habits. They love the little employments that carry them to the flaming coal, or glowing ember, as they love the wall the July sun is burning, and will avoid every shadow through a walk. Each man cares for himself, because, as Jean Paul has remarked, as we approach Death, we become cold to all that is of this life—cold as that man feels to the beauties of his native city who is taking coach for the wonders of one that is a hearsay marvel to his imagination. The old walk much apart: at most talk in groups of three. Ranged upon a garden-form they are mute. The spectacle of age, massed under one roof, is holy and sad, in short. Saddest

the sight is when each dimmed face bears the mark of sorrow, and the languor of a disappointed life.

I have seen old men ranged to die, in the banquet-hall of a king. Beggars all, gathered from cellars and garrets, and carried off upon litters, from children too poor to give them a blanket and a warm cup. The wandering, failing eyes were raised to a roof, marble and gold: the pallets touched work as fine as that of Marie Antoinette's chamber at St. Cloud. Crutches sounded through noble corridors. Over the unconscious heads of ancient beggar-women hobbling up marble staircases, were the carved glories of a great art-day. Along the royal terrace dismal crones were dozing, or knitting, or patching, with the forest stretching to the utmost distance, beneath the castle walls—as waste to human kind—but famous shade and solitude to the wild boar and the bear!

Old men thrust into human lumber-rooms, mumbling and chattering, and quarrelling in the gloom—nothing visible to the intruder but their cotton night-caps: dying in poor-house wards, with sulky pauper nurses, in hodden grey, elbowing them through Death's door—to the low hum of a rich and busy city lying all around them! Bed-ridden old women cheated of the thimbleful of wine by the drunken nurse! Again, numbered and lettered along a lofty room, with a little private parlour by each bedside, and at the end an altar, at which the priest stood morning and evening, visible from each bed! Again, wrinkled faces peering from rows of Lilliputian, speckless houses—the charity of the Little Homes!

In the day-room of the old men, which was part of the realm of the Lady of Charity, there was plain comforts offered to the infirmities of all. The chimney-corner held, within its warm embrace, a dozen unfortunate convives at life's banquet. Little more than a chimney-corner by day and a bed by night did many of them want.

On the morrow of the funeral the Christian Vagabond lifted the latch of the day-room: and the oldest, the most infirm, stood to meet him. Trembling hands did their best to push an arm-chair in the place of honour, in the chimney-corner. Some—soldiers, whom time only had ever beaten—saluted him: some bowed their heads: some could only show their reverence through the confusion of their startled feebleness. By the oldest, the Vagabond was patriarch. His greater span of life, as well as his sacred character, compelled the humble respect of the ancient company. Since he had tarried under the roof of the Lady of Charity, they had never ceased to chatter about him. Whence had he come? Whither was he bent? What was the last visit among the poor which he had paid? Upon



whose lucky head had his blessing been laid? And was he, in truth, so old? Was he to be given the days of Methuselah; that Charity might be spread in the fellowship of Wisdom "quite round about the globe?" Majestic was his solid gait: sweet his smile, and comforting, as that of grand-children when they wondered caressingly at the lines upon grand-dad's face, and ran their little fingers along the knotted veins upon his hands. But was he, in truth, so old?

"Brothers," the Christian Vagabond said, lifting his skull-cap, and resting lightly upon his staff, "the peace of God be upon you. I am not come as a stranger. Be seated—and let me take the first empty corner. You are warm."

The old men rubbed their hands, and smiled, and some stretched their palms over the logs, in search of yet a little more heat. Most pleasant to be told that they were warm: and to see the Vagabond loose his cloak, and disengage his throat.

"Between this and a tent under a hawthorn hedge, there is a difference," said he.

Again the aged fellows hugged themselves in their comfort, and leaned towards the fire.

"Plain oak for a seat, and the wood of the forest for a fire. What more can moderate man want? Who has Jacob's pillow is nearest Jacob's dream."\*

Among the old men was one they called Bernard, who was leader of the rest: for leader there is among the waifs and strays, as among vigorous, worldly men. He answered the Christian Vagabond:—

"Sir, Jacob's Pillow I have felt: but never a flash of the brightness of his dream."

The Vagabond turned his wild eyes upon the speaker. Bernard was a little man—but one who had been strong. Science would have drawn a stalwart figure from the proportion of the bones off which the flesh was fading. The eyes were sunk far under the sharp angles of the brow—but from their shadow could shoot penetrating rays of a lingering intelligence—bursts of the failing fire. The vibration of the veteran proclaimed a prince of extraordinary power.

"It has fared ill with you, brother! Have you suffered without any comfort at your heart? The love of God: the delightful strength of rectitude: the few wants which properly belong to the Christian and keep man independent of the blows of the world."

"Sir," Bernard answered, "I have no anger against the world—

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\* "With Jacob's Pillow, give me Jacob's dreame."—*Quarles*.

though it has used me with cruelty. I was alone in it when I could just run from a mother's knee to the nearest chair. I got a trifle of learning : and my loneliness made me get more. Every fresh bit of knowledge of Nature, of the thoughts and men and the works of the Creator, was a new companion to me."

"And you said, brother, you had never seen a flash of Jacob's dream?" the Vagabond interrupted.

"Sir, the companions I gave myself, were my tormentors. I set forth through the world—a tramp, a packman. These bits of knowledge urged me to multiply them. I started on the race. Why and wherefore, I said in every nook where I rested my bones. I scratched the earth : chipped the rock : tore the flower to pieces : watched the worm, the mole, the wolf, the boar, the eagle, and the star! There was no rest for me. The thirst would not slacken. I earned my bread as a cunning handicraftsman—more cunning than the rest. I had an idea—was laughed at—ay, beaten out of villages with the sticks of fellow-men who had no knowledge, and no thirst for any. Another idea broke into my brain, while I wandered, for ever wondering ; and for ever blindly diving, and searching. At last I had a firm hold upon secrets on which I built a resolve that possessed my whole heart and soul. I had married : I had children : but, before and above all I had this master Idea. The wife grew pale : the children wanted bread : the neighbours upbraided me. I saw bare feet around me ; but the thirst would not abate. I was beaten away from houses, at length, by people who had loved me. Whither have I not been, bare-headed, under the storm : bare soles upon the rock, with the Idea driving me—a most relentless task-master ! Sir—all who loved me are dead—and I am here : and the Idea has passed out of my brain. I might have been the hero of a child's book : I am—NOTHING."

Bernard shook his bald head, and repeated—"Nothing. Jacob's Pillow ; but never a glimpse of Jacob's Dream."

The Christian Vagabond took Bernard's feeble hand, and pressed it ; and laid the other lovingly upon his shoulder.

"You are, indeed, good brother," the Vagabond said, soothingly, "among the unfortunate. But with the blood of martyrs are the foundations of churches laid."

"History says not so of St. Peter's," Bernard answered, a sour smile passing over his face.—"But rather that it was designed in the pride of the voluptuary, and that the wages of Bramante, of Raphael, and of Michael Angelo were paid out of the sale of indulgences for sins."

"Softly, brother, we are too far forward on the journey for disquisitions. Let us lay our minds at peace, upon broad truths, upon a liberal faith. It has been said, 'the things men must believe are few and plain.' Let all be 'conscience and tender heart.'"

"Ay, sir: I have often prayed Bernard to rest at peace with the world—and he strives lustily after it we all know," said a bald brother, whose chin had nearly met his knees. We ought to go with a happy, thankful, humble spirit, though our backs be scarred with the rod of the world, and we are empty-handed. You have noticed, sir, I dare say, that there is generally a smile on the dead human countenance. I tell Bernard to bear this in mind—for surely it is the expression raised by the first glimpse of the world to come."

"Roger is right," said a cheery old man—whose sightless eyes were covered with dark spectacles. "I am patient, and hopeful—believing in the infinite mercy of the God who gave cheerful hearts to blind men."

"Brother Roger, may I know something of the life without, that led you to this holy place?" the Vagabond asked, still holding the hand of Bernard in his.

"It is a long tale, sir," Roger said, shaking his head—"a long one, and a barren one."

"No human story is barren, Roger; but, as you will."

"I loved money: I made money," Roger proceeded under his breath. "I was an ignorant boy: I remained an ignorant man—the very opposite of friend Bernard. Others became scholars about me; but they remained poor and in distress—while everything I touched turned to gold. You must have seen, sir, many a man like me; for I am of the commonest type."

"The learned are not the wealthy: but they are the rich in heart."

"In my pride of money, I spurned everything that was not money, and every creature not handy to my all-absorbing purpose. I was hated by kith and kin. I put them from my gates. I laughed the scholar down: and the priest shunned me. It was whispered abroad upon a hundred sneering lips that I could not read. I answered that my clerks could. But I am ashamed, sir, and —"

"Brother Roger," said the Vagabond, "we are friends, looking for lessons out of the life we have put behind us."

"It must have been pitiful," Roger continued, toasting his hands over the logs, "very pitiful to see me. I came, as I deserved, to a bad end. My clerks robbed me—to my last ducat: and men met in the street, and, rubbing their hands in their joy, said, 'You have heard, old Roger is ruined—hasn't a stiver—not the price of a leek?'"

It was more than I could bear : and I pulled my cloak about me—and fled—through horror upon horror, lasting over many years. At various places I caught rumours and stories about me. Old Roger was a porter at the quays at Antwerp, a rag-picker in Paris, a beggar in Madrid, a convict at Toulon, hanged in London ! The peace of God fell upon me one day, when, picked out of a door-way on a frosty night, a good Samaritan (who didn't know I was old Roger) carried me to the gates of the Lady of Charity."

The blind man sighed as Roger ended—then consoled him. "Forget it now that you have made your peace, friend Roger."

"It is a story I have met a hundred—a thousand times, in many lands, and among all ranks of men : in the husbandman starving his children with the granary full—in the beggar-woman found dead in a naked cellar."

Bernard began : "The Jewish greed——"

The Christian Vagabond lifted his hand to rebuke the speaker—"Nay, Brother Bernard, listen to a wanderer whose feet are familiar with every highroad of Europe : the Jew is a charitable man."

"I have known it." "I can bear witness." "I am bound to say yes,"—came from various corners of the room.

"Let Michael speak," said the blind man.

"Hush ! Andrew. I may surely be spared."

"We are all brothers here, withdrawn from the world—seeing every pebble of the short path that is between us and our graves. Speak, Brother Michael."

"I had excellent parents, sir : but bad schoolfellows. The precepts which fell upon my ears will sweeten till the last my memory of the pious woman who bore me, and the man of honour and cleanly life who begat me. Many tears did they shed for me, before they went to Heaven—for I left the path of duty betimes. As I said, I had bad schoolfellows. I will not say that they corrupted me : we were corrupt together. I became a sot, and all a sot is. Respect of friends left me. I fell to a lower level. My substance went to the vile traders who minister to men's vices, and thrive upon them. From the hands of the wine-merchant I declined to those of the publican. The dismal, defiling slough that lies behind !"

"Enough, friend Michael," the Christian Vagabond interrupted—"there is only one end. In the villages of Germany, of France, of Italy, in many languages and dialects, I have found a scrap of a book—a brown fly-leaf—'The Road to the Hospital'—to the Poor-House and the Asylum, that is. It is among the most ancient

scraps of moral literature which packmen have carried from village to village ; as old, indeed, as the legend of the ' Goodman Misery.' Foremost among the causes which drive men along the road to poverty—to the hospital, the asylum, the gaol—is the abuse of that which, in the wise and good man's hands, means generous health. Is there in nature a lovelier object than the vine laden with its blooming bunches ? is there a shabbier and lower one than a man besotted with the grape ? Our brother Michael's is, indeed, a common case. I have always said that only ink will take out wine-stains."

There was a pause, during which the Christian Vagabond talked softly to Bernard : seeking informing details of his inner life, which should explain how it had come to pass that his thirst for knowledge, and the wholeness with which he had given himself up to what he believed to be a new truth valuable to his kind, had withered everything around him, at length naked in the desert. With infinite gentleness, as the conversation trickled along, did the Vagabond smooth the ruffled surface of Bernard's heart ; drew out smiles upon his face ; raise his head ; and brighten from their shadowy place under his brow.

"It is upon the gloomy background of Failure that Success shines as a meteor. Shall we repine—we who fail, therefore ; or, taking a bolder dip into philosophy, shall we associate ourselves with—make ourselves part of—glory-giving success ? I say, observe that it is the gloom of Failure which makes the light of Success. We who fail make the glory of him who succeeds. To the chemist who fails in his experiment is due part of the fame which he inherits who picks the new truth out of his crucible. The martyr who falls under the arrows of the savages, having failed to get one dark skin to believe, is sharer in the glory of his church. Every spark of light in the nimbus of the saint, is the fire of souls who have been worsted in good battles. I am no judge of your life, Bernard,—"

"I am calm, and humble, sir—waiting in the vestibule—"

"Then it is well—and I have done, brother," the Vagabond said. And he turned to the company.

Andrew, the blind man, felt that the venerable pilgrim's attention was directed towards him ; and he seized the opportunity.

"Sir, I should tell you my story. It may be gathered within a sentence. I have been always blind and poor : and the world, and the good God have been very merciful to me : and I am a happy man."

The Christian Vagabond crossed to where Andrew sat, and shook him by the hands—and drew a chair to him.

"It is a real delight," he said, "to hear a man speak, under affliction, with such entire content. You must have passed a happy life, brother Andrew, in the company of such holy philosophy. Poor and blind, and content; while Bernard struggled, and avarice was knawing at the heart of Roger, and poor Michael ruled through squalid ways! There are greatnesses in the world that envy you the little dog which guides you through the corridors, and the serge under which your tranquil heart beats."

"I envy no man: I covet nothing—not even sight. I lie at rest within myself—and you should see, sir, what a sunny little kingdom I have under me! But, I pray, hear friend Timothy's story."

Timothy was a spare old man—with delicate-marked features, crowned with a smooth thatch of silver hair.

"Sir," he said, rising with a certain grace left in his age, "I do protest humbly that I had better remain silent. I am one of the bad schoolfellows of poor Michael. We have no reproaches to exchange. As he has said—'We were corrupt together.'"

"And were the lines of your lives parallel?" the Vagabond asked.

"No," Michael interposed, in a firm voice.

Timothy straightway proceeded:—

"Michael and I parted company as soon, we have said since, as there was no more bad example to be got out of either of us. I had married very young. I had two children. My wife's kindred were rich. I was never at her side: seldom kissed the babes. My nature was poisoned: my blood was the lees of wine. 'Far from home is near to harm' is an old proverb—old as harm is. I found my way to another home, and to a third. When wine possesses a man his passions are giants, and his virtues are infants. I destroyed the two homes which were not mine. My disgrace was nothing to the broadcast ruin which accompanied it. My wife and children went back to the love and comfort whence I had borne her on the bridal morning. I stood, alone, with the two partners of my guilt—angels both when compared with me.

"I fled: for he whose courage is of the cup, is a coward sober. Were not hunger and rags the just inheritance of such a man as I had shown myself? I took deeper draughts, and lower companions, learning from time to time the distresses which were befalling the honourable women I had drawn out of the paths of virtue, and of the *erring* lives of the children who, in their direst need, would not know them. I had gifts, I was told, which pleased: these I misused.

for the service of my passions: not only in my original degree and circumstance, but with the lower classes to which I reduced myself.

"You, sir, to whom in shame I speak before my brothers, when all passion is dead, and a man stands waiting to be judged, and trembling over the weighty indictments,—you, sir, whose pilgrimage of Christian compassion has blessed so many lands, and has covered so much of the sorrow lives like mine have wrought—understand, with a word, how I got through the years which followed upon my major sins, until my unworthy head rested under the roof of the Lady of Charity. You can conceive the anguish with which an old man who left the world ponders on his life, when he knows that it has given only sorrow to his fellows, and made the world more sinful wherever he passed along."

"Alas!" the Christian Vagabond said, "our sins are examples as well as our virtues. I pity you, from my heart. Brothers, let me tell you a legend—rather an image of some quaintness—apposite now—which I picked up in a Flemish God's House some seventy years ago, when some among you were in swaddling-clothes."

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.



DAYS of Heaven and earth, when all things seem  
Perfection, issuant from some central soul  
Whose life all love, all happiness, transfused  
Through Being we share, and in humane degree  
Enjoy, nay more, enhance ; for man's delight  
In virtue and holy thought redounds to God's.  
And as Heaven's calm, immense, intense, the wind,  
Ceaselessly operative, pervades, and so,  
Faintly, to us God's mode of Being conveys,  
And action spiritual, we, too, the more  
By deed of mind we range the world, and rise  
To thought serene, celestial, and devote  
Our spirits to inmost commune with His works ;  
In Him our source confessed, our base in them ;  
Knowing the duties, destinies of souls ;  
Self-charged their well-being to promote, and train  
The immortal up towards Deity, so far  
Do we God's work, and bear the stamp divine  
Of perfectness, progression.

To perceive  
Our oneness with the universe, and feel  
The joyous mystery which each special life  
Binds to the conscious infinite, immasked  
In its own creations, brings the intuitive soul  
Such fine delight as simple gods of old,  
Pleased cheaply, felt, who budged unseen the streets  
Of cities dedicate ; and beside some shrine  
Harkening their names invoked, and scenting myrrh  
Or nard, bewrayed their presence with a smile  
Men took for playful lightnings, such as cast  
From Pallas' filial hand gleam wide,—but home  
Returned, find every prayer they had prayed fulfilled.

The soul self-satisfied of Being which knows  
The absolute spirit and infinite ; on whose head



Their holy hands the ages have imposed,  
Teeming with sevenfold boons ; who through himself  
Feels flow the vital and invisible force  
Which to its will compels all, but through all  
Makes harmony of its most tyrannous laws ;  
Subjection grateful ; even in wild extremes  
Beauty inevitable ; and, though for a time  
Ill, like some arrogant cloud that blurs the sun  
Through the wide welkin riot, at last good  
Predominant o'er all evil,—in man's heart  
Mixed, as corruption serves to engender life  
For better ends,—he, like flower-sweets to the sun  
Light erst instilled, drawn Godwards, in whom souls  
Forelive first as in cause pretemporal, rests,  
From toilful apprehension of the whole,  
In spirit sabbatic ; and the heavens and earth,  
And various nature's sympathetic life,  
Each in their generations, hails divine.

Somewhat to feel in common with all life,  
Human, instinctive, vegetive, the vast  
Of nature's powers and products, or her fair  
And delicate outgrowths, river, mountain, main,  
Forest or floweret, gives the spirit access  
To God a thousand ways ; and so secures  
His favourable acceptance as we make  
Mention within our minds of all His good.

On wild and heathery turf to bask, or cool  
Green sod of meads, or bloomy lawn where rose,  
Laurel and lily cluster, loam-born scents  
With flowery incense mingling ; to recline,  
Dreamy and passive to all influences  
Cloudlet and sun thrill through the sensitive breast,  
By rivulets elm-o'erarched, and lulling lapse  
Of rippling wavelets glittering, and the oft  
Redimpled eddy slowly concurrent ; stretched  
Neath blos'my trees, gaze through their silvery snow  
On air's blue heights inviolable ; to scale  
Perilously some sheer browed cliff,—that day's  
Salvation thenceforth ne'er forgot,—or cling  
Only not vanquished by the vindictive blast,

Prone to the craggy nape of giant peak,  
 Whence the rapt eye may crowd into its ball  
 A visioned kingdom ; forth to steal at eve,  
 Grave tryst to keep with tutelary stars, and trace  
 Their prosperous walk through night ; or mark them rise  
 Till with their fair reflection midst the lake  
 They meet in tremulous joy ; cave-hidden to watch  
 The moonlit cataract sheeted like a ghost,  
 Muttering, in awful monotone, its one  
 Intelligible word of life ; to list,  
 Far off, the torrent's inarticulate roar  
 Blend with the storm-wind through the wood, till both,  
 In those inaudible harmonies silence copes,  
 Die ; to contest the strength of confluent streams ;  
 The rushing rain to face, heaven's holy rite  
 Of sprinkling, oft to priest at nature's shrine  
 Serving, prelustrant ; to imbreast the gale  
 Healthful, reanimative, the breath divine  
 Of the great world spirit, that where He will,  
 Blowing with aery baptism, re-impregns  
 With new life principles man's sacred frame ;  
 Desert and savage shore to roam, all thought,  
 Feeling, strung tense by soleness, and the sense  
 Of high equality with aught create ;  
 Star-like to haunt wastes spatial, where alone,  
 Mid clear-aired wilds the sunfires purify,  
 And founts rock-smitten of God, the spirit sincere,  
 Insensible of limits, may grow to feel  
 Like broad simplicity ; and learn to love  
 Of very lonesomeness, the elements,  
 Our kingly kin tetrarchal, as the powers  
 That start all shapes, and close ; uniting thus  
 Things sensible and things animate in one realm,  
 Our own heart's royalty, is to conceive,  
 By force of vital sympathies, the whole ;  
 And be and act through all.

Thus aye to live,

Part absolute of the world's essential cause,  
 Free, arbitrary ; creative of all truth,  
 Conviction, mental impress ; in oneself  
 Enjoyer of the universe, co-mate

With Nature's eldest dignities, self-ordained,  
Self-consecrate, enthroned, is to regain  
Our birthright, from us filched by the false world,  
Irreverent, mean ; our heart to re-immense  
In Being's primal font ; our covenant faith  
With Nature re-affirm, and so accept  
Absolvement by the Eternal Spirit from life's  
Vain toils and deadening trivialities ; renew  
Our soul's first sacrament, and take in God,  
With mindful extasie, to ourselves, and sense  
Of the world-bosoming Deity who all  
By reason made, in love sustains, and just  
In judgment all will bless ;—it is to feel  
Our spirits collateral flow with time's broad flood,  
Even as our heart's-blood coursing aye, like pulsed  
With earth's unhesitant streams ; 'tis to possess  
Souls self-adjusted to the whole round of things,  
The central life, the infinite.

Man alone,  
Conscious, alike, of nature and of God,  
Brings both into communion ; sanctifies  
With sympathy the naked elements,  
And,—like the mediator he is,—inspires,  
Appreciative of all his blessings here,  
That joy in God God's works enkindle in him.

When thus by wisdom's clear-sight he first views,  
With eye grown practised to the infinite,  
Whether on mount, mid desert, or withdrawn  
In chambered loneliness and studious calm,  
Those inner spheres wherein dwell goodness, truth,  
Peace, love, the inborn sense of God ; and knows  
That God subsists in virtue and holiness,  
As in material forms the essential force  
Impalpable, yet there,—which underlies  
The common properties of things, 'neath all  
Defect perfection ; soul-spheres these that rule  
And mould this volatile world, whose shews, that hour  
Lift themselves lightly off, mist-like, we find,  
*Instamped through Being's universal self,*  
*Proof of our prime conception there, and here,*

To such as love humanity, divine  
 Adoption ; and, life's loftiest end to come,  
 A spirit regenerate, glorified, in full  
 Concord with God and nature.

Such delights,  
 Of sun, sea, hill, and bleak and wind-bleached wastes,  
 And silence superhuman of the skies,  
 Are in wise solitude as the drumming world  
 Knows not, nor dreams of. Enter, therefore, thou  
 Into thyself, and be at one with God.

Thus being we truest live. To will what's just ;  
 To love what's pure ; to seek man's peace as God's,  
 And aid his worthier aims ; to feed on truths  
 Soul liberating, supreme ; our daily choice  
 Being such to assimilate, and to all commend  
 As gracious, saving, best, makes us in part  
 Celestial, and in ours inhearts the faith  
 Of everlasting being. Prophetic man  
 Who can foreset the stars their stations ; winds  
 Weigh ; and his own mind's virtues deify ;  
 A larger, freer, happier, holier life  
 Shall lead than all the painful pietism  
 Of peddling sects could compass.

God's great dower

To the accepted spirit, of life eterne,  
 Seems in excess no more when those He loves  
 He with the fulness of perfection crowns,  
 The gift of His own nature ; through the soul's  
 System so working that it is He who us  
 Capacitates to enjoy, and is Himself  
 The enjoyment He confers—feast, host, guest, grace  
 And blessing ; teaching that with us to strive  
 For heaven is heaven, to love God is to be,  
 Ourselves, divine.

For as yon space-spanning bow,  
 The miracle of a moment, which adorns  
 And seems to comprehend all things, earth, sea,  
 And firmament made its debtors, proud to pay

Their subsidy of admiring joy, its end  
Achieved, God's truth to certify, in the skies'  
Boundless and formless unity disappears ;  
So, arched an instant on the eternal disc  
Of life Divine, man's soul,—embracing here  
This world-frame in itself, each, but for heaven,  
Baseless, incredible,—ceasing gradual, grows  
With its object one ; this death-conditioned life,  
These vari-coloured pomps of transient time,  
These elements of existence dropped, whose end  
Is as was their beginning ; and, assumed  
In plenitude of Deity, and the immense  
Seclusion of His essence, reattains  
Identity with Being still ours, once all.

THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."

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## ISMAEL FITZADAM.

**A** FEELING, which must be present with any writer who cares to make his works more than a mere commodity, marketable, but transient and of small influence, is that, unless he can thoroughly imbed himself in the heart of the people (which becomes day by day more difficult as enthusiasm wanes and a hard experience grows), and gain for a long period the full recognition of all authorities (a thing which even the highest genius cannot always effect), his name and his influence are alike doomed to oblivion, and the question is but of a few years more or less.

Such is the enormous press of writings that nowadays crowd upon the more advanced portions of the world, that only those individuals who are favoured with the highest attributes of genius and culture, and have besides, beyond these, the considerable advantages of powerful friends, position in society, long life or extraordinary good fortune, can at all hope to keep themselves for any length of time above the rush, the overwhelming rush around them.

The grand passion for novelty, the scant care of the general public to go out of its way to read—to look beyond the goblet which the caterer presents to its lips; these leave a writer by whom the first tide was breasted fifty or even twenty years ago actually to drown,—unknown, uncared for, in importance below the most slipshod popular writer of the more modern days. A new author comes forth and engrosses the popular mind: fashion leaves the old one to be forgotten. It is “off with the old love, and on with the new,” and buried loves few take the trouble to disentomb.

In a general way this may not be unfair, yet there are exceptions. A host of excellences overshadowed by their superiors go to the wall, and the so-called genius of a former day, having no life for us, falls into the long sleep of neglect and necessary oblivion. We are enabled to get rid of an enormous amount of writings which, considered perhaps of the highest class in their day, have been finally estimated at a lower and a truer abstract value. But the originator of the idea may be forgotten, and the one who perfected it may enjoy the credit of it as all his own. Accident, also, may keep in the dark for a long period what is worthy of the full light of recognition.

Suppose, on taking up an old number of a magazine or a review, we find in it a critique on the works of some author of past days, which brings him vividly before us and tells us that he invented such a metre, was the first to develop such a power; it seems to us that we ought to have known of this fact before; but where ought search to have been made for it? We must have gone through a dispersed and confused medley of miscellaneous publications, of which some might be worth the trouble which wading through them would involve, whilst the majority would but ill repay our labours. Is it not a strange fact that we have no general critical History of Literature; no volumes to which we can refer in the hope of finding a critique such as is occasionally afforded in a first-rate periodical; nothing but condensed Students' Histories of Literature, and biographies bare of all but trivial facts? A comprehensive view of each age of writers with their tendencies, influence, and the claims of each upon us: is this a thing impossible to gain? The mere stringing together of matter already in existence, would, it appears to us, go a great way towards this. Would not the effecting of such a design simplify greatly what are becoming serious difficulties—what books to read; how to choose the best writers of each class, or on each subject; how to learn the representative works of each author? We have not even a catalogue containing the works of our modern writers. It may be a very pleasant thing to come upon some work of a favourite author of the existence of which we were wholly unaware, but it is quite right that such a pleasure should be possible? May we not thus lose more than we gain?

Thus as to want of order and arrangement of work. As to the care of the worker, much more might be said. Britain may well be proud of her charitable institutions, numberless, truly benevolent in conception—(we use the word charity, not in the narrow sense of mere almsgiving, but in its real meaning of bestowing aid, sympathy); but is it not a fact worthy of notice, that there is not a single guild which comprises Literature. Although the number of readers fast increases, day by day, and seems likely so to do to the end of time; although, on examination, educated people must acknowledge that from books they gain the greatest amount of the purest pleasure, yet as far as we know, there is not a single institution which cares for, or gives help or sympathy to the worker in the brave struggle before the first blush of renown.

To contemplate the necessary lowering of many a man's ideal, the giving up of the battle, the despair and bitterness, which must exist among those who aspire to something beyond a mere subsist-

ence in literature, and are even beaten back from gaining that, inspires no pleasurable feeling. We are speaking of the present, and perhaps shall not be believed: the present is reticent, sometimes the past speaks. It were fruitless to review the names of those who have gone down to despair all for want of a little sympathy—a few friends; most of them are well known. When Chatterton was found in his garret, his torn MSS. strewn about, it was, and rightly, deemed, a deplorable thing, but was anything done to upbear his successors from the same fall? How near to it many have been, perhaps none but themselves know. In literature at the present day, unless a man has money and, almost consequently, friends, there are many things to be gone through, of a nature to injure his self-respect, almost to utterly break him down. What a young aspirant feels the deepest need of, is experience; and to gain experience is the work of years. Is it a perfect Utopia, one of those pleasant dreams that pass us by, and go unrealized, that there should be some small institution where a man of the requisite ability and experience might be consulted as a right by the would-be poet, by the beginner of earnest study, by the half-hopeful, who would know whether it is right for him to hope, or whether he be but leaning on a broken reed, trusting to a fruitless lyre? It appears to be in this one fact, that there is no individual, no institution upon which a young aspirant after literary honours has any claim, that the beginning of disappointment has for the most part arisen. It is the hopeless sense of isolation which lies with so drear a chill upon fine-wrought feelings, and there are abundant cases on record, in which the slight recognition implied in a few words of judicious advice, direction, and technical aid from a man of mature mind, would have saved years of heart-ache to the weary traveller of barren paths.

In Denmark, the young artist, the scholar who manifests the rare and delicate quality of genius, is aided by public money on his way to his necessary culture; when somewhat of this is gained, he is provided with means to travel, to enlarge his mind in other lands than his own. To produce a great work the mind must be taught up to greatness; the creative principle must learn what is the most perfect covering for its embodiments. Travel is particularly a necessity to the artist. This the government of Denmark provides: What does England? It were well for her artists to die in the hope, and that a slender one, of some scanty provision being made for their fatherless offspring. Yet there is no need of public money. Englishmen, if they will but try, will find that they can do without it. They are sufficient for themselves if only they will look to the old fable, of



learnt, oft forgot, in these days again coming to life, of the sticks scattered and fragile, bound together and strong. The hand-clasp is the strongest cord of all.

We have endeavoured to bring together a few particulars of the life of a disappointed man, who lived fifty years ago. Few will know his name, for his case was not an appalling one, but a mere ordinary linking together of neglect in life and oblivion after it. Let fifty years roll on, and some one may be taking pains to be informed respecting some case existing now, unknown, and not worth that trouble now. It is astonishing how death enhances the value of a man.

Ismael Fitzadam was unfortunate, both during his life and afterwards. The carelessness of society pressed very heavily upon him; his writings were always in a dark corner, and although well deserving appreciation, met with no worthy support, and he may now be classed among those who have suffered through want of proper classification of literary valuables, for his name and works are alike unknown.

In the scanty records of his life we find several discrepancies, but after a lengthened correspondence with the existing members of his family, we believe that we have arrived at a true view of its events, however opposed it may seem to the few shreds of former notices.

That Ismael Fitzadam was a genius is unmistakeable; that he was greatly crippled by his position and disappointments, is also unmistakeable. In rating him as he is, ought we not to include in our estimate something of what he might have been? To sketch even the outlines of a complete biography is impossible, so very little is known about the manner of his life. For a long time it was matter of doubt among the very few who had heard of him, as to what was his real name. Some thought him Scotch, while others deemed him Irish. In *Notes and Queries*, of November, 1865, (p. 435,) Sir J. Emerson Tennent asked for light upon his history, being in doubt as to his very name. Fifty years before the same cloud had been upon him. In 1818, the *Literary Gazette* believed his title of "able seaman," to be an assumed one, and that he was probably more of an "able poet." The same periodical afterwards considered him to be some "Captain C——, the brother of a noble lord;" and two years later, (Sept. 16, 1820,) it discovered him, "on anonymous but self-evidently respectable authority," to be actually what he describes himself—"an able seaman, on board a king's frigate." At the same time it was given as opinion that his poetry "would not have disgraced a writer of any eminence in station or literature."

"Ismael Fitzadam" of title pages, "J. Williams" of correspondence, was John Macken of actual cognomen. He was the eldest son of Richard Macken, a merchant of Brookeborough near Enniskillen; and brother of Patrick Macken, A.B., of Trinity College, Dublin. From his nephew, Mr. J. M. McElroy, Barrister-at-law, of "Fermanagh Club," Enniskillen, and "Stephen's Green Club," Dublin, to whom we are indebted for many particulars previously unrecorded, we learn that he was born about the year 1780. From his earliest youth he aspired after poetry—as he says himself, "in defiance of opposition, in despite of circumstances, and in the midst of avocations every way unpropitious to its development." What were the unpropitious circumstances cannot now be learned. For a very short period of his early life, he carried on business of some sort at Ballyconnell, co. Cavan. He then came to Enniskillen, where he proposed the establishment, and was fellow-editor with his brother-in-law, of the *Erne Packet, or Enniskillen Chronicle*. The first number of this Journal was published 10th August, 1808, and to it Fitzadam contributed, both prose and verse, probably during several years. The *Enniskillen Chronicle*, we may suppose, afforded but small scope for genius, and in 1814 appeared, anonymously, Fitzadam's first book, "Minstrel Stolen Moments, or Shreds of Fancy," J. Cumming, Dublin; Constable & Co., Edinburgh, and Geo. Cowie & Co., London.

In this volume are several indications that its author was subject to continued ill-health. A sonnet is there addressed to Mr. Simon Macken, his uncle, as having saved his life while bathing one gusty morning at Bundoran, on the western coast, where both were sojourning, the poet seeking his lost health. Another poem in this volume, "A Fragment of Romance," is dictated from the bed of sickness to the author's amanuensis and brother, Thomas Macken, who was for twenty years sessional crown solicitor for Fermanagh. At the time of publication, which we are told had been contemplated some years before, but prevented by his loss of health, Fitzadam was "seeking the restoration of life's best blessing beneath another sun," and the editing devolved upon a friend. The volume is an octavo of nearly 170 pages; and in 1826 its author speaks of it as following various attempts in periodicals, which were the "productions of youth, and died upon their birth-day." We may fix the date of two poems in "Stolen Moments" to 1810, as referring to the "Lady of the Lake," which came out in May of that year. In the preface the editor alludes to the author's limited knowledge of the world, and also draws attention to the fact that the poems were composed "during the hasty intervals of avocations, than which none could

easily be conceived more foreign or offensive to the Muse." Whatever these unpropitious circumstances may have been, if we add to them the almost constant ill-health of the poet, we may shadow forth the veil of disappointment which hangs over so many such lives, and whose dark influence we can discern all through Fitzadam's life.

In 1817 or 1818 he came to London with the manuscript of his second volume, "The Harp of the Desert." He was not wholly without money; but, most foolishly, as times went, he came up, "dreaming of patronage all the way." The "Harp of the Desert" is a poem, of about two thousand lines, on the Battle of Algiers, which took place on the 27th August, 1816, and which was naturally about this time a subject of great national congratulation. This volume was offered to Mr. Murray, as bookseller to the Admiralty; but he declined it, as "his hands were, just then, too full." Fitzadam afterwards met with Messrs. Whitmore and Fenn, who absorbed his scanty capital, and published (if so it might be called) this little volume. He immediately forwarded a copy, with a letter, to Lord Exmouth, the hero of Algiers (to whom with the officers under his command the book was dedicated), and hoped and waited for some reply. None ever came; no acknowledgment whatever was vouchsafed to the desponding poet. Such cases are, perhaps, not uncommon; but only those who have experienced the pangs of hope deferred can appreciate the disappointment that must have preyed upon him,—the bitterness, the wormwood of expectation thus "blown vagabond and prostrate." "All hope of acquiring either fame or profit as a poet," says he, "died within me." Some friend, however, sent a copy of the poem to Mr. Croker, Secretary to the Admiralty, for the *Quarterly Review*; but all that resulted from it was a "mutilated insertion of the title in the ensuing number." They omitted the distinctive part of the announcement—that it was on the Battle of Algiers. We may here dispose of the idea that Fitzadam was ever a sailor. The title-page of the "Harp of the Desert," it is true, runs thus: "by Ismael Fitzadam, formerly able seaman on board the ——— frigate;" and the preface to "Lays on Land" is written to favour the same idea. As Fitzadam never published his real name, this was, doubtless, brought in to add to the interest of the former poem—a naval battle-piece. This poetical licence the few who knew him put down as fact. The "authority" of the *Literary Gazette* was "Philo-Nauticus," H. Nugent Bell, of whom more hereafter. Others followed suit to this idea; and we have it amplified by the *Literary Gazette* to this, that Fitzadam was discharged from the Navy "after long and honourable service, unfriended and unprovided for." Miss Landon, also, in the monody

she has given to his memory, lies under the same impression. There are also several other allusions to Fitzadam's naval service among the few contemporary notices of his poems. Against these we may bring, as evidence, an article in the *Literary Magnet*, vol. iii., 1827, p. 46, the information contained in which purports to be derived from Fitzadam's brother-in-law, the proprietor of the *Enniskillen Chronicle*. Here it is asserted that he never was a sailor. His sister, also, Mrs. Duffy, the eldest of her family, although now too far advanced in years to afford many memories of so long ago, affirms positively that he was not at any period of his life in the service. In this opinion coincides an old gentleman who knew him very well, recently consulted by Mr. McElroy, to whom we have previously alluded as Fitzadam's nephew. Besides this, we can hardly find room for "long and honourable service," between dates already otherwise allotted. The misconception as to his ever having been a sailor is the more noteworthy, as the fact is taken for granted, so lately as December, 1865, when, in *Notes and Queries*, appeared several brief notes on his life and writings.

Fitzadam, on recognising that the "Harp of the Desert," had met with no echo of public response, went to Paris to "economise and forget." He took with him the remains of his small capital, thirty-five napoleons. We have a most musical little poem, composed here in 1819, which we quote hereafter. From Paris, Fitzadam was induced to return to London, to assist in a literary undertaking, which promised much, but which ended in disappointment. This appears to have been the "Huntingdon Peerage," (Baldwin, Craddock, and Joy, 1821,) ostensibly edited by Mr. H. Nugent Bell, but which we are informed, was written and compiled by Fitzadam. He was to have been paid 500*l.* for this work, but received only a tenth of this sum. It is somewhat strange to examine this volume, which, composed after the manner of the poet, rather than of the lawyer, is yet a minute record of Mr. Bell's researches into the musty recesses where Hans Francis Hastings' title lay hid. Mrs. Bell, also, sometimes accompanied her husband on his searches for evidence, and if it were Fitzadam who produced the account of their wanderings, he must have possessed dramatic talent of a rather novel kind. Mr. Hastings was at Enniskillen when called upon to fill the vacant seat in the House of Lords.

A poem on the coronation of George IV. suggested itself to Fitzadam, doubtless in the hope of gaining some popularity from it which should assist him in other efforts. He says himself, "Circumstances will speedily break the spirit down to the level of expedients,

from which the philosophy of prosperous life would shrink with a feeling almost of horror." This is but too true. With reference to the proposed poem, Fitzadam again wrote to Lord Exmouth, with a modest request for a ticket of admission to Westminster Abbey. Again he received no reply to his communication. This would probably be early in 1821: the coronation took place on the 19th July. He then made unsuccessful attempts to obtain permanent employment in journalism, an avocation certainly unpropitious to poetry. Indeed *The Press*, in a late article upon Mr. Buchanan, affirms that, "for a London journalist to be a poet, in any worthy sense, is simply impossible." Poor Poetry! its ray has had to struggle through many a cloud, many times.

In 1820, Fitzadam gained through Mr. Bell an introduction to Mr. Jerdan, the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*. Mr. Jerdan appears to have acted towards him with great kindness; he published several of his poems, and in the autumn of that year, learning from Messrs. Whitmore and Fenn that Fitzadam was in distress, he inserted some sort of advertisement for him, wishing to know his whereabouts. Several letters, also, were received by Mr. Jerdan, expressing a willingness to assist in plans for Fitzadam's benefit. Some months elapsed, when Fitzadam appeared with grateful acknowledgment of the intended benefits, but complaining of a letter sent by Mr. Bell, "containing an appeal not very spirited," and declining any assistance save through some suitable literary arrangement. It has been stated, that Fitzadam was not at any time in want, as his father was always in independent circumstances and ready to assist him. In the *Literary Magnet*, vol. iii., 1827, p. 46, it is also affirmed that his brother-in-law, the proprietor of the *Enniskillen Chronicle*, had money and securities in hand belonging to him at the very time when he was supposed to be in want, besides having remitted to him, during three or four years, considerable (?) sums amounting to about 200*l*. Still the preponderance of evidence is on the side of his poverty. His publishers, Whitmore and Fenn, allude to it, as well as himself, in terms that are unmistakeable. He was of an extremely sensitive nature, willing to endure any suffering rather than be a burden upon either friends or relatives. Through Mr. Jerdan was procured the publication, by Mr. Warren, of Fitzadam's third and last volume of poems, the "Lays on Land." An application, but an unsuccessful one, had previously been made to Messrs. Longman, to incorporate with this the former volume, and advance a trifle on the two. At this time Fitzadam appears to have been living at 47, Bedford Street, Strand, where he was addressed by Mr. Jerdan as "J. Williams."

This volume—"Lays on Land,"—met with better treatment than its predecessors, but the publisher is named as "that most unfortunate of booksellers," and the venture met with no success. Again disappointed, and in bad health, Fitzadam returned to Ireland, where he resumed his position as joint-editor of the *Enniskillen Chronicle*. He died at his post, of decline, after a protracted and tedious illness, two years after the publication of his last attempt. This was on the 7th of June, 1823, and in August of that year we gave a brief obituary of this neglected genius. Miss Landon has bestowed on him a worthy monument in the monody, beginning,—

"It was a harp just fit to pour  
Its music to the wind and wave :  
He had a right to tell their fame  
Who stood himself amid the brave."

This poem we quoted in our number for September, 1823. In the churchyard of Aghavea, where he is buried, is no memorial of him ; it is believed because he was a Roman Catholic. The *Literary Gazette*, also, gave a short account of him as follows—

"ISMAEL FITZADAM.—The early readers of our *Gazette* may remember how deep an interest we took in the poetical publications, which were given to the world under the assumed name above described. We found the author in misfortune, and we did our humble endeavour to serve him ; but an honest pride and sense of independence, even in the midst of the severest distress, rendered our efforts less efficacious than we desired. For the little we could accomplish, we were amply repaid by the grateful feelings we had the pleasure to excite in a breast of no ordinary cast ; and our columns were enriched by many contributions from the pen of this gifted writer. Depression of spirits, and a cankering sorrow, at the neglect which he experienced from the world, and especially from the profession (the naval service) to which he had devoted his broken hopes, preyed upon Fitzadam's health, and he left London, with an almost broken heart, after vainly trying to attract that notice, which seems only to wait upon wealthy bards, and the sunny favourites of trade and speculation. His manly mind shrank from the baser arts by which some contrive to rise, and he retired, as we now learn, to his native land, to die."

Though long oppressed by ill-health and ill-fate, till a settled melancholy seemed to grow over him, there appears no trace of his having been of fretful or morbid nature. He was independent to the last, and not a single expression can we find of aught but praise and esteem from the few, the very few, who knew him. Verily, he is

having his reward ; and where he is, may be, are listeners to his singing, and many a soul may hear in it the echo of the dark waves, as they moaned around him upon earth, ere the great tide of death bore him above them. This he longed for : shall he not gain it ? He says to his harp, the heart-string lute of Israel within him,—

“ Come, I'll braid thee now—  
For thy best strings are broken, and the heart  
That gave them utterance—with pale flowers that blow  
On barren cliffs, with the wave-weed sour and swart ;  
Then, like old Cambria's bard, from some crag's brow,  
Plunge—where we'll sleep in peace and never part.”

We have headed this article with the assumed name of its subject in deference to his own words—“With respect to my *nom de guerre*, or, rather *nom de mer*, I have no wish to be known by any other name. It was assumed under the pressure of evil, as indicative of the destiny of a wandering and desolate man ; and I have since found no reason to abandon it.”

We have made a few selections from Fitzadam's poems, although, without doubt, it is much the best that each reader should select his own favourites himself. It is to be wished that it were possible to refer each to the original, but the books have been long out of print, and are to be found in few libraries. We can only express a hope that some one may think him worthy of further attention, and that he may one day have a chance of appreciation, in a volume actually “published.” For fifty years his works have been in the dust. It may be well to refer to the quarries from which we have drawn our information, scanty as it is, respecting Ismael Fitzadam. Besides the sources already referred to we may quote, *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series, vol. viii., pp. 435, 480, 481, and 546 ; *Literary Magnet*, vol. ii., 1826, p. 193, and vol. iii., 1827, pp. 46-48 ; *Literary Gazette*, 1818, pp. 419, 420 ; 1820, pp. 593, 594 and 635, 636 ; 1821, pp. 326-8 and 1823, pp. 411, 412 : “Auto-biography of W. Jerdan,” vol. iii., pp. 39-46, and Appendix C. Poems may also be found in the following corners:—*Literary Gasdte*, 1821, pp. 252, 380, 410, 444, 458 ; *Literary Magnet*, vol. i., 1826, pp. 206 and 221, and vol. iii., 1827, p. 48 ; “Auto-biography of W. Jerdan,” vol. iii., pp. 317, 318, and A. A. Watts' “Poetical Album,” 1825, pp. 103, 104, 190, 191, 285, and 307 ; but of these latter, all but one appear to be reprints from the published volumes. Doubtless the *Enniskillen Chronicle* might supply much that would be worth the recovery.

*Although it is now idle, we cannot help expressing the wish that the*

chances of life had brought Fitzadam to the knowledge of William Blake, at this time not many years from the end of his life, so obscure and so brave. Both were poor; but while poverty was to Fitzadam as a crown of thorns, Blake carried it easily as a child's plaything. Blake's sympathies, which were all flame, could not but have brought good to Fitzadam, who was all cloud and as wanderings of darksome waters. Blake was immeasurably the greater man, and Fitzadam from him might have much increased his strength.

"Minstrel Stolen Moments," though of various contents and including many fine elegies, sonnets, and songs, partakes more of tenderness than power. Almost all of these poems are personal. The following sonnet is perhaps a fair example:—

" Low sighs my shepherd harp, poor child of home,  
 No spirit swells the string to themes of fire :  
 Scourging the deep, loud-thundering into foam,  
 Majestic genius pours the tempest's ire ;  
 Hurrying the fleet rack o'er the fields of heaven,  
 Then heard up mountain wood with bursting wing.  
 To my poor home-harp humbler voice was given,  
 A zephyr sighing round some dimpled spring,  
 Whose slumbering Naiad bubbles slow reply ;  
 Thence bending off at eve o'er couch of rose,  
 To kiss her folded cheek and dew-wet eye,  
 Or rock the valley lily to repose,  
 Shaking at morn, all softly, stem and spray,  
 But shaking not morn's manna tears away."

The "Harp of the Desert" is in the form of a tale on the Battle of Algiers, told by Childe Erie, the Minstrel of the "Desert Harp," to a noble family, whom he meets near the ruins of Carthage. Ancient Carthage, it will be remembered, stood on the north coast of Africa, about 300 miles east of the present Algiers. We quote from this volume a graphic description of a sailor's life:—

" Oh, Christ ! 'tis strange to think upon,  
 And sad to tell, and wild to see,  
 The toils of fight, of storm and sun,  
 That seamen grapple smilingly—  
 Round the chill pole doomed scarce to breathe,  
 Or scorched the burning line beneath :  
 Thro' many a midnight charged to keep  
 Drear watch along the desolate deep ;  
 The calm's slow-wasting prey, perhaps,  
 Or gulphed within the roaring lapse  
 O the mountainous o'erbursting waves."



The battle, also, is well described, and the suspense of the critical moment in the midst of the fray :—

“ A moment's hush, when, vast and sheer,  
A whirlwind from the *Charlotte's* tier  
Swept the wave !  
They saw the burst, but scarce might hear,  
So sudden came that grave !  
No vestige left—no, not a boat !  
A turban here and there afloat,  
A blasted brow, a bladeless hand,  
That sinks or struggles yet for land.”

This is, at least, as good as anything of A. A. Watts's, the popular genius of the day. “The Hour of Phantasy” sounds light, but has a ring of alternate bitter and sweet :—

“ There is an hour when all our past pursuits,  
The dreams and passions of our early day,  
The unripe blessedness that dropped away  
From our young tree of life—like blasted fruits—  
All rush upon the soul : some beauteous form  
Of one we loved and lost ; or dying tone,  
Haunting the heart with music that has flown,  
Still lingers near us with an awful charm !  
I love that hour, for it is deeply fraught  
With images of things no more to be ;  
Visions of hope and pleasure madly sought,  
And sweeter dreams of love and purity :—  
The poesy of heart, that smiled in pain,  
And all my boyhood worshipped but in vain.”

Perhaps the most perfect piece, in form and melody, is in “Lays on Land,” of which we quote a portion—to this we have previously alluded as dated from Paris :—

“ Seine washed his banks of thousand bowers,  
Thick with light feet and loving eyes ;  
The earth all beautiful with flowers,  
And all transparency the skies.

“ I screened me in a viny spot  
Upon her way, and watched her there ;  
She came, she saw, or knew me not,  
Who saw not, knew not, aught but her.

“ How did I tremble then, just Heaven !  
And wish, and fear—I knew not why—  
One moment worlds I would have given  
To shun,—the next, to win, her eye.”

Happier circumstances would have brought good work from Fitzadam. The following is from "Lovers' Oaths," and involuntarily reminds us of Edgar Poe's lighter subjects and metres, which saw light a score years after this :—

" By the vow breathed thro' lips,  
Meeting oft as they breathed it,  
As to drink the warm life  
Of the heart that bequeathed it.

" By the big tear of blisses,  
That moistened, in starting,  
Our long-clinging kisses,  
The moment of parting.

" By thy sweetness and grace,  
More than heaven to a lover ;  
By that form and that face,  
Which are heavenly all over.

" These pledges I call, love,  
To witness I take thee ;  
By these, each and all, love,  
I'll never forsake thee."

Here there is nothing of the moodiness, the great wild thought : all is light and playful as any rose-lipped maiden could desire.

This is from parting :—

" No, never other lip shall press  
The plighted one where thine hath been ;  
Nor ever other bosom press  
The heart whereon thy head did lean.

" Oh, never, love ! though after this  
Thy smile, perchance, no more I see,—  
The very memory of that bliss  
Shall keep me sacred all to thee."

It is painful to turn from the natural tenderness of the man to the gloom of his despair, however grand that may be.

" Another day is gone—the sun's i' the sea—  
Sealed with the stern irrevocable past,  
One life-sand more is down—and so till the last  
Melts in a mass of round eternity.  
Oh life ! thy thrifless suns pass over me,  
As o'er the herbleas and unwatered waste,  
Smote with eternal barrenness and blast.

The malediction of the Scripture tree  
 Is on me, or if such dead mass make sign  
 Of summer, 'tis as some forgotten grave  
 Which brings forth nought of blade or blossom, save  
 Rank, bitter weeds. Would e'en such grave were mine,  
 For this slow rotting of the spirit here,  
 Makes death itself a thing most wished and dear !”

Though the natural bent of Fitzadam's mind was evidently toward moodiness and melancholy, yet he did not always give way to it; and in the obituary of the *Erne Packet*, his own paper, special reference is made to the hilarity of his temper. He could even fling back a lance at his adversaries. Witness his “Parting Word to London, from the Top of the —— Coach” :—

“ You seem quite unconcerned, my dear,  
 Nay, laugh and leer as if you funned one—  
 Does this become you, Mistress London—  
 To titter so behind your fan,  
 At your wronged bard and “broken man ?”  
 What ! you ungracious baggage, what !  
 Though all my money you have got,  
 Nay more, much more than that, you shrew,  
 All I could beg and borrow too.”

We cannot better conclude this brief sketch of Ismael Fitzadam, the neglected, the forgotten poet, than by quoting “Napoleon Moribundus,” which is certainly the most powerful of his poems, as it is also the most characteristic effort of his original and peculiar faculty :—

“ Yes ! bury me deep in the infinite sea,  
 Let my heart have a limitless grave ;  
 For my spirit in life was as fierce and free  
 As the course of the tempest wave.

“ As far from the stretch of all earthly control  
 Were the fathomless depths of my mind,  
 And the ebbs and flows of my single soul  
 Were as tides to the rest of mankind.

“ Then my briny pall shall encircle the world,  
 As in life did the voice of my fame ;  
 And each mutinous billow that's skyward curled,  
 Shall seem to re-echo my name.

“ That name shall be storied in records sublime,  
 In the uttermost corners of earth ;  
 Now breathed as a curse, now a spell-word sublime,  
 In the glorified land of my birth.

“ My airy form on some lofty mast  
In fire-fraught clouds shall appear,  
And mix with the shriek of the hurricane blast,  
My voice to the fancy of fear.

“ Yes ! plunge my dark heart in the infinite sea—  
It would burst from a narrower tomb ;  
Shall less than an ocean his sepulchre be,  
Whose mandate to millions was doom ? ”

This poem need not fear comparison with any of its age. May we not look upon it as a blossom in a wreath of immortelles which shall bind “ Ismael Fitzadam ” to our memories a little while longer ? We may wish that he had written more with such a power, and think what he might have done under a happier star.

KENINGALE ROBERT COOK, B.A.

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# WILL HE ESCAPE?

## BOOK THE THIRD.

(Continued.)

### CHAPTER III.

MR. HARDMAN PAYS A VISIT.



HE next day he went about dissatisfied, scarcely touching his piano. At dinner his wife said,—

“Why don't you go out, dear, and take a good walk with Livy? You will get ill.”

“O, I can't be always walking. Really, I'm not a school-boy quite—to be sent out to take an airing. If I had a horse, then I could ride—as every other man in a place like this has; but I can have nothing like any one else.”

“But why not get a horse, dearest? We should both be so glad to see you riding about.”

“O, the expense! and you wouldn't like it. It wouldn't suit the petticoat government under which I live. O, no.”

These, again, were words foreign to him; still they pointed merely at a little domestic grievance, not at the one which they so dreaded. It was a relief. Before the day was over, it had been all planned, and Mrs. Talbot came to him with a scheme.

“It is quite reasonable,” she said; “and, indeed, I think you ought to have your horse. Livy and I make you a little present—this five-and-twenty pounds out of our bank; and you can make up the rest yourself.”

The Beauty was greatly pleased, but he was a gentleman, after all, and would not take their money.

“I am not so dependent as that,” he said; “but I know where I can get a capital horse for forty pounds, and get time to pay for him, without taking your little money. No, no.”

He was very proud of himself for this. Perhaps, too, he wished not to lay himself under any obligation which might hamper his

future movements; perhaps he felt a twinge of conscience. No matter, the horse came home that very evening; and the Beauty took to making long rides.

Next day drove up the Hardman carriage, its owner seated back in it, with quite a sheriff-like air. He got out in a slow, solemn way; stood on the steps a few moments, giving orders to his servants while the door was kept open; then entered slowly.

"Tell Mrs. Talbot, please, that I would be obliged to her to let me speak to her privately. Privately!—you understand?"

It was wonderful the change in Mr. Hardman as he appeared to Mrs. Talbot when he entered. She understood it all, and it was a deep humiliation. There was a puffed importance, half medical, half official; and his chin was elevated some more degrees.

"I have come," he said, "to speak about this matter, which concerns us both so immediately."

"O, about the proposal your son made my daughter. It was so unexpected—such a surprise—that I thought it better not even to mention it when you were at Bindley."

She could not resist taking this tone, and it gave her her old superiority.

"Of course—of course," he said; "quite right. You see though, Mrs. Talbot, I have been turning the matter over a great deal; and, of course, it comes to this; I must look at it as a pure matter of business."

"A pure matter of business!" she repeated. "O, you are joking, surely?"

"Not at all, ma'am. Love, and all that, is very well; but I, as a man of sense, must consider it in other ways. Now, I know you are people of good family and connections, and all that, and very suitable; but, then, our side has its corresponding advantages, too. My son will come into a very large income; I may naturally look for a very high and advantageous connection for him—very high, ma'am, as things go now! Plenty of girls in the market—ay, and that I know of; people of rank, and all that."

"Then we have no wish to interfere with your *market*, Mr. Hardman; not for a moment."

"Now," went on Mr. Hardman, "I do not know what sort of fortune Miss Talbot will bring with her; but I may assume it will be a very moderate one. I am not saying there is any discredit in that—far from it; but——"

"Now once for all," said Mrs. Talbot, with a calm contempt, under which he became restless, "let us put this on its proper footing.

This all should come last, instead of first. You seem to me to begin in the Turkish fashion; and I must tell you simply, Mr. Hardman, that *we* cannot treat, as you would call it, in this *rather* business-like way. We must pay some little homage to the conventional usages, after such things are arranged, to a little regard and affection in the matter—the only things that would tempt us at all, and certainly my daughter, into the business. Let us speak frankly on the matter, Mr. Hardman. There are many reasons which should make this alliance unsuitable to both families; but the only one which makes us favour it, is that our children have set their hearts on it.”

Very red and puffed, Mr. Hardman replies,—

“Oh, I don't follow that at all, ma'am. With my fortune and my house, and the tone of the day, ma'am, I hold myself as a good connection for any lord's family in the kingdom; and as for my son's fancy, I don't value it *that*—not *that*, ma'am, unless it should fall in with my plans.”

Mrs. Talbot could have come forth with a contemptuous reply, that would have crushed him—taking him at his word, and leaving him there for ever. But the image of her child came back on her, worldly woman as she was.

“Napoleon said we were a nation of shopkeepers,” she answered, with a smile; “and if he heard your views, Mr. Hardman, he might think himself right. But I may surely speak with the same frankness? Now this arrangement does fall in with *our*—with my plans,—for we do value our daughter's fancy a great deal. You see that is quite an opposite view. However, there need be no hurry, surely, with such views on both sides? We may wait, I suppose, a little, while these young people learn to test their affection? This was what I had to go through myself. Let us say four or five months; not a very long probation.”

At this idea of confidential arrangement, the vulgarity of the man, swelling and swelling, frog-like, had like to fairly burst him.

“I see,” he said; “we can wait, ma'am. You and I understand each other. All right!”

Vulgarity is, of course, used here after Sir Walter's definition or explanation of the word. His heart warmed at her tenacity of purpose.

“Hope to see you very often at the Towers, and that we shall see each other reciprocally. You mustn't mind,” he added, loftily, “my daughter, Mrs. Labouchere. She has a putting-down way with her; and at Bindley I know she was a little annoying. I told her so.”

Mrs. Talbot writhed under this familiarity, more than she had ever done before. He went on,—

“We like your husband very much ; he is so pleasant and agreeable, and [Mrs. Labouchere makes quite a pet of him. His voice is really getting very fine ; and when he was lunching with us yesterday I thought that he sang better than I ever heard him.”

The well-trained lady showed no surprise. Mr. Talbot had not mentioned this visit. It flashed on her also—*this was the purpose for which the horse had been purchased.* It was growing serious indeed. There was something here like organised planning and revolt.

It was a relief when Mr. Hardman went away, going to call on Lady Shipley, and engage her for a dinner or lunch. Long after, Mrs. Talbot remained in a pensive, thoughtful attitude, lines growing in her forehead, searching out some plan. By dinner the Beauty was at home, in great spirits. He had enjoyed his ride thoroughly. He spoke of the visit of that morning.

“Mr. Hardman was here, was he not ?” he said, with new respect, that was quite evident to all. “A real, intelligent, long-headed man. I can see he wishes to be friendly with us, and meet us more than half way ; and it is really foolish to stand off now that he is to be connected with us. We have quite misjudged him all along ; and I think his views on this matter do him great honour. These self-made men, you know, have a sensitiveness that seems to us pride.”

These were wonderful distinctions for a man like the Beauty ; but they were clearly not his own.

“He is very willing and very good-natured,” went on the Beauty, warming. “He has asked me to dine to-morrow, in a friendly and family way. You know, as we are to be connected, it is absurd standing on ceremony.”

“That is just the reason I would stand on ceremony with a person of his class. But you forget we have asked the parson and his family.”

“Parson—nonsense !” the Beauty said pettishly. “So vexatious ! Then you must put him off ; I can’t have my little amusements, without being interfered with in this way. Why can’t I be like other men, who are consulted in these matters, before making my household arrangements ? I can’t be here—indeed, I cannot. I don’t want to be a child—a cipher—in my own house.”

“He is a clergyman, and we must pay him respect. It can’t be thought of. You must write and say you did not know of our invitation.”



"Then I can't do anything of the kind. You must only entertain him yourself."

"No, no; you must not give way to such folly as that! You are not going to be *ungentlemanly*, I suppose?"

"Oh, that's a very smart way to put it! I am as gentlemanly as any other. But that's neither here nor there; and, I tell you, I don't mean to be made a cipher of in my own house, and be laughed at. I can't do it, really."

"We shall see, dear," said Mrs. Talbot, unhappily for her, beginning to lose her temper.

"Very well; we *shall* see," the Beauty answered, turning red. "This has gone on too long—much too long. I don't mean to make enemies, and lose my dinner party; and, if you were sensible, you would put no obstacle in the way, and fall in with my wishes."

These were not his own words again.

On this day the cheery figure of Mr. Lumley was seen stumping along up to the door, where he had not arrived for some time; he had had a bad fit of bronchitis, which he had fought off in his usual Widderington style—very much, as it was certain he would cross swords with the enemy he so dreaded. Here he was, "pulled down" a good deal, but cheery as ever: crimson tie, pale trousers.

"Just come down to hear all the news," he said. "Been ill, you know, in my chambers; and have been cut off from that sort of nourishment—quite hungry and thirsty for it now."

So he was, for the world had behaved in its usual fashion to its dear worldlings when they are ill, or past work. And all his dear friends, when they heard that "old Dick was ill," assumed he was as good, or as bad, as dead. This was rather a shock to him; and it was natural he should first turn to the house where he had always received a friendly welcome, and where nothing had been expected in return. He must stay and spend the night, and he was delighted to do so.

His quick eye, in a few hours, saw how matters stood. With his old probe—a little bent and rusty now—he got to the bottom of the Beauty's new weakness; and his sense was sufficiently alive to see how Mrs. Talbot was affected. Walking briskly round the garden, to get an appetite for breakfast, he met Livy, fresh and blooming as a rose, devouring, when she thought no one saw her, one of the welcome notes on blue paper, which came to her every morning from The Towers. Her story he soon learned; his pleasant "Robin-red-breast manner," as one of his friends called it, invited confidence, though it did not hold out sympathy; and he was amused to see the

faint crack, "the little rift," which might make that music mute which Mr. and Mrs. Talbot played together so harmoniously. He began almost at breakfast with a comic story of a certain Bob Lindsay—one of the best things—married to one of the Fermors—who got fifteen thousand, "which stopped so me leaks in the ship."

"A shallow-pated fellow. The girl threw herself away; and the best was, I told her so, plainly."

The Beauty knows him, too, and says, contemptuously, "he had nothing in him."

Old Dick Lumley was now getting into one of his stories.

"Well, off they started; and who should they fall in with but that go-a-head Mrs. Allington, *née* Kitty Crowder, now separated from her husband, and with nothing to do. Well, no game would suit her but to worry a new married pair; and she did it. That wretched, empty-pated Bob Lindsay—you could not conceive the donkey she turned him into: making him fetch and carry; lend her money; pay her debts; in fact, do all those things we might expect from Kitty. We, his friends, were sore to see him making such a goose of himself. I declare I was ashamed, and went and spoke to him; but was received as might be expected. All the time the woman was playing him off against a captain; and, when the opportunity came, he was left there, making a very pitiable show indeed. We had a good laugh at it, at I don't know how many dinner-parties."

The Beauty listened with a very put-out air, and moved restlessly on his chair.

"Oh, but he was always a fool. Nothing in him. That makes all the difference."

"Makes the difference from what?" said Old Dick, with a comic twinkle. "My dear fellow, *you* don't mean to justify married men going on in that style?"

"I didn't say so. Of course not. But I mean a man isn't to be tied to apron-strings all his life. It makes him and his wife ridiculous."

"Not so ridiculous though," says Mrs. Talbot, "as that foolish philandering, as it is called,—always childish in even young men, but, in men with a family, quite laughable."

The Beauty turned red and hot.

"Some one said, the other day, that those who were fondest of holding up everything as laughable were themselves the most laughable."

"A woman's speech, I'm sure, and a clever woman's!" said Mr. Lumley.

"Exactly," said the Beauty, eagerly; "a most clever woman, with quite a turn for epigram. Touches off everything like that."

"You are speaking of Mrs. Labouchere, I suppose," said his wife, with a smile of contempt. "Your standard of epigram can't be very high."

"Oh! what, the woman that married poor Labouchere, the tin-plate or machinery man's daughter? Oh, I believe there were some nice doings out at Malta, or Gibraltar, or wherever they were. She was a sort of professional flirt. What *was* the story about some young fellow? Poor Lab had enough of his bargain, I believe."

Old Dick Lumley, it is to be feared, had neither chapter nor verse for these scraps of scandal; but his was not as other men's scandal. He imagined that, under certain conditions, there were things that *must* happen, or else the world would be turned upside down; and that a woman—of the sort he had settled Mrs. Labouchere to be—must behave in a corresponding way. He had no scruple, therefore, in saying a thing of this sort.

Mrs. Talbot tossed her head calmly. "What we might expect."

"I am sure it is not what we might expect. She is a true, clever woman, full of taste and accomplishments——"

"What, because she gets you to sing, dear, all because she thinks I don't like your exhibiting yourself?"

"Why, Talbot, you're not her champion, are you? For shame, sir. You shock my morals. Depend upon it, the woman wants to get something out of you."

Miss Livy, it may be said, was not present.

"Oh, yes!" said the Beauty, trying to sneer, "that is all very well! I assure you, there are some really good-natured and kind people in the world. As for these stories, I simply say, I don't believe a word of them. She is above that sort of thing. And I think it is a shame to have such tales circulated about people."

"Oh, my dear friend, you are not turning philosopher on us? There is chapter and verse to be had for all these sort of things; and if you take a man of the world's advice, you'd give her a wide berth. That's all I have to say about it. As for stories; why, you remember what I told you the last time I was here?"

The Beauty was quick enough to see an advantage here.

"If it was as true as *that* story, why, it was *your*" (to Mrs. Talbot) "spreading that calumny that made Colonel Labouchere marry her. *I* heard what he said——"

"*My* spreading a calumny! You cannot know what you are

talking about. You should not make such speeches, even before a friend like Mr. Lumley."

"Then ladies' characters should not be taken away before him either."

"Come, now," says Old Dick, "don't let us be magnifying things more than we need. What have we to do with this woman at all? Let her be. Let her be, and go on with her pranks. What do we care?"

"She is to be connected with my family," says the Beauty,—“to be Livy's sister-in-law; so I think we owe something to our own respect."

Mr. Lumley was amazed and even silenced. It was wonderful how the Beauty had picked up all these topics from a certain quarter, and put them by for use. He saw, too, that he had the best of it, and quitted the room with a foolish pride and heat. He got out his horse. Mrs. Talbot fretted, beside herself with forebodings, and mad with herself for having lost the old buckler of patience and indifference which she had so long carried, now despised herself for her want of restraint, and for having given this weak soul such an advantage. The sound of the horse riding away almost struck a chill; and, though she saw from the window that he took another road, she knew he was artful enough to take a round, and then go in the direction of The Towers.

Old Dick Lumley, with his spectacles on—never troublesome in a house—was in the drawing-room, reading the *Court Journal*.

"What is over our friend?" he said, as she entered. "Foolish fellow! But let me give you a bit of advice, my dear,—and I heard old Lady Mantower give it again to her daughter—laugh at everything of the kind: show that you don't care that for it. He'll soon tire of it. Talbot is a little boyish still, though he has a grown-up daughter—who, however, looks about six years younger than her mamma," added Old Dick, mending an awkward inference.

She was not thinking of such things.

"Oh, *he* is nothing! But she is a dangerous, *wicked* woman. What did you hear about her? Tell me—do."

"Oh, come," says Dick, taking off his spectacles, "you nearly got me into a scrape before. Now, do take care about these things; it is very incautious, and with a low creature of that sort. Oh, I can't give chapter and verse for all the scraps I hear at this dinner and that, no more than I can for all the scraps I eat."

"But you said you could give chapter and verse. Do tell me; and you'll ever oblige me."

"Oh, my dear woman, nonsense; I really can't. And now, I must speak to you about all this. You are making mountains of mice, and will give yourself a great deal of annoyance, yet, depend upon it; take an old friend's word for it. Let our Beauty sing his little song, and pay his little visits to this Labouchere, and get what amusement he can out of it. She, or he, 'll soon tire of it. She'll find it troublesome the first, and perhaps snub him. And then, you see, there's this marriage coming on, the connection between the families: one must keep up a decency. No, no; take my advice and leave it alone. At dinner, you'll see how I'll laugh him out of it."

This was sound advice from a man who knew a good deal. It had been well for that lady had she followed it, for she would have been spared many troubles. During the day the veteran and Livy went out for a short walk, when he enforced the same doctrine. "We must keep our mamma a little in hand, or she will be worried more than you could possibly dream of. She must not be too sensitive about these things. We all know papa, a good and capital fellow in his way; but a very young and good-looking papa, and rather inclined to be led by the last person met—you understand."

"Oh, Mr. Lumley!" said Livy, opening her heart. "This is what I am thinking of, and it gives me such a deal of anxiety, I hardly know what to do."

"She must just show that she is utterly indifferent to his little amusements. Why shouldn't she? There's no harm in him. And I think I know that lady a little, who is to be your sister-in-law, and I can tell you she is a person not to fall out with. She has all the sensitiveness of an inferior caste, feeling herself at the mercy of one in the position of your mother. It is like a rankling sore. Take my advice, and leave her alone."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### FACE TO FACE.

THE old *gandin* was fond of Livy in his own way, and but for the horror he had of the arch enemy, and of all its associations, ceremonies, &c., which made him turn his back on the idea of "a will," he might have put her down for a little legacy. She came in very grave from that walk. Old Dick had had a little quiet nap of a quarter of an hour, with his handkerchief over his head, and was reading his *Court Journal* comfortably in the library, by himself, when he heard the sound of wheels crunching the gravel of the place.

It was the great Hardman's *Berline*, ploughing its way up to the door. Mr. Lumley peered round the edge of the curtain to see who it was, and, seeing but indistinctly, wondered who the showy dressed lady was who got out. He wondered still more when the servant came and told him that Mrs. Labouchere wished to see him. Why she wished to see him at once flashed upon "Old Dick," and he employed the minute's interval in marshalling his thoughts.

The lady swept in haughtily. Mr. Lumley bustled about, as obsequious as any young cavalier.

"Bless me!" he said, "some time since we last met, Mrs. Labouchere. I am not a man for compliments, or I would——"

"Nor do I care for them," she said, impatiently. "I have not come to this house to receive them; that you may be certain of."

"To be sure!" said he, a little put out. "Did I understand, though, you wished to see me? Mrs. Talbot, I am sure——"

"She is coming—ah, here she is."

And Mrs. Talbot entered, with a nervous flush on her cheeks; but with her lips compressed, as if ready to go through anything.

"Now," said the visitor, in an icy measured tone. "I have come to pay this visit because I wished to see Mrs. Talbot and Mr. Lumley both together. I am so glad to have found you."

"This seems a sort of mystery. Pray explain, as quickly as you can."

"I have been informed that it was stated in this house, that certain stories could be told of my behaviour abroad, during the life-time of my husband. I may as well mention that this escaped by a sort of accident from Mr. Talbot. It was Mr. Lumley that said he could bring forward some racy anecdotes of this sort. Mrs. Talbot seemed to say they would be of such a character as she could expect. Now, I ask Mr. Lumley what are these slanders?"

Mute astonishment was in the faces of both; dismay in that of Mr. Lumley. He almost trembled.

"My dear lady!" he gasped. "Surely you don't attach importance to any idle——"

"What are these slanders—these stories. Do you know of any time or place?"

"Oh, really, if one were to remember all the gossip."

"Do you venture to say there are any? I, that was known in the place for my devotion to my husband—for my almost recluse sort of life! Do you dare, Mr. Lumley, to say so; or do you shrink from substantiating your words?"

"My dear Mrs. Labouchere, I neither substantiate, nor shrink from

them : simply, because, there is nothing in the matter. You know, I hear—going about in my little way—such a quantity of stories, odds and ends, and all that, that one confuses names sometimes.”

“Then you heard nothing of me—yes or no : recollect this is a question of calumny, not of accuracy?”

“Well—er—*no*, Mrs. Labouchere. I am sure I confounded one name with another.”

“Are you certain—yes or no?”

“Well, yes.”

“There ! I thought so. Then I simply say the whole is false—a fabrication. For shame ! you should be more careful. Are you satisfied, Mrs. Talbot ?”

“Am I satisfied ?”

“You are doubtful ? What, after Mr. Lumley withdrawing his statement ? I suppose you do not doubt his words. I should not take this trouble, only that I am obliged to do it, from what happened before. You recollect ?”

Mrs. Talbot, every time that she met this lady, was more and more conscious of a weakness in her presence—that she was in presence of a mistress. Her little sparkling waters of readiness ; seemed to her all dried up. She felt she could not answer, except with rudeness.

“I do not think of the matter one way or the other. It is new, certainly, that we should be brought to account for what is said at our private breakfast table.”

“You must make your husband accountable for that, not me.”

“Ah, poor Talbot ! make him accountable, poor boy, for a few light words. My dear Mrs. Labouchere, you won't take an action against us, or put me in the stocks for my little anecdotes ?”

“You call them anecdotes ; I call them——”

“Exaggeration ? well. But, my dear madam, you must consider this, everybody of note must be talked about, and have things said about them. It's a sort of compliment. No lady in society minds it. It shows she's of importance. Come, don't be too hard on me.”

She gave this “poor old creature,” who was glancing nervously at her, a look of contempt, then turned to Mrs. Talbot.

“We shall say no more about it. Is Olivia, so I must call her, as she is to be my future sister-in-law, at home ? I should like to see her.”

“She has gone out.”

“*I am so sorry. Everything seems to combine to make our*

families intimate. Your daughter marries my brother. I discover Mr. Talbot's musical gifts, and he comes over to get lessons. Almost the first day of our acquaintance, my father brings you the present of a picture."

"Which I refused," adds Mrs. Talbot, quickly.

"Which you refused, and mortified him. In spite of that we are all being drawn closer together. I, myself, shall not be here very long; the country makes me dismal, and I sigh for the rarefied social air of London."

After this, she rose to go, Mrs. Talbot, still under the spell, and not able to make any battle. She felt herself overpowered. Old Dick, going out with extra gallantry to see the lady to the carriage, no hat on his head. Mrs. Talbot stood up hastily, with a wild and fierce look.

"I cannot endure this longer—coming into my own room to insult me! I could kill her!"

Soon after the Beauty came riding home, in great spirits. He did not reckon on what was in store for him. Poor Lumley was the first to enlighten him, who fell on him with an old man's bitterness.

"I say, my friend, are you losing your wits? That was a very shabby trick of yours; and, really, we'll have to talk before you as cautiously as before the servants, if you go on this way. My dear, good Beauty, what was over you that you should go and tell what we were talking of here, your wife and I?"

The Beauty coloured deeply.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, but you do. She was here in her coach, and there was the devil to pay, and all that."

"Really I don't know what has happened. You know, if we lose confidence among gentlemen, why we may as well give up. And she came here and told you? What a thing!"

"Rather, what a thing of you, to denounce your own wife and your guest. I declare it looks like madness."

"I never did it. She got it out of me. She said she was sure that you and Mrs. Talbot were cutting her up; and then I was so astonished——"

"Well, now tell of *her*! Here's Mrs. Talbot. Here is the informer." She looked at him with a contempt which he shrank from.

"I do not believe it still," she said. "Can it be possible you should have done this? I prefer to think it an invention."

Oh, it's not fair, all this; both of you setting on me. I tell you *she is very clever*, and puts things together; and I know——"



"I wish to hear no more of it. We must be only more careful in future. There is dinner."

"I believe," said Old Dick Lumley to her, privately, "it is as he says. That Labouchere enticed it all out of him. Don't let us bother him any more about it. Never fear, though," added Old Dick, looking as spiteful as a demon; "*I'll pay her!*" And when he was going to his own room he repeated the promise, with an addition,—"*By G—d, I'll pay her!*"

This incident, however, was very disastrous for the Beauty, who felt he had committed a most compromising blunder, and placed himself at the mercy of the family. Mr. Lumley, introducing some of his good things, would say,—

"Now I must make it as a request, Talbot, that you will not repeat this to the parties concerned; it would bring about serious mischief."

On which Mrs. Talbot would add,—

"I prefer to lose the story altogether. I have no wish to be drawn into the matter, and have them invading our house to call me to account."

"But, in this matter of to-day, what amuses me is to see the unkind return you met with—the betrayer betrayed in his turn. There is no faith kept in these matters. It is always the way. Certainly a most mortifying return for volunteering a communication. But, my dear fellow, whatever you do, let me off in future—or, at least, tell me, and I'll keep a regular padlock on my jaws in your presence."

The Beauty was much mortified by this lecture. He felt himself in the power of these two people, and knew his own weakness. Yet the iron, shaped like a pin, had entered into his soul; and he longed to revenge himself.

Old Dick Lumley, as he took his candle that night, talked with the hostess in a comfortable, self-satisfied way.

"You have done him a world of good. You see, I have met such a deal of character, I know exactly what suits each. A stiff, tight hand is the only thing with our poor fellow—just a little severity. You see how I brought him up. Oh, it has done him a world of good."

Mrs. Talbot thought so too; and when they were alone, and he looking moodily into the fire, said, firmly,—

"What made you do that to-day? Are you taking leave of your senses, or of the common notions of a gentleman?"

*He did not answer.*

"Such a disgraceful, disreputable business—like a child in a nursery would do. You must really reform all these boyish ways. It is not respectful to me, and you only expose yourself to such mortification as you received to-day. If you do not choose to keep up my respect, I shall not take any trouble about yours. I don't choose to hear your second-hand opinions, and you need not bring any more of them here. A pretty brains-carrier you have chosen!"

The Beauty lifted his face, flushed with anger.

"Ah, you are afraid of her! No wonder. She lectured you well to-day. Came off to attack you in your own den! Oh, yes! You'll not find she'll be put down in that way. As she says, she is going to be Olivia's sister-in-law, and the families to be connected; and yet we try and shut our eyes, and affect to despise her. She says it's very poor pride, and that if we had real sense we would make as much of their family as possible; and that people will only laugh at the contradiction. Oh, yes!"—the only sort of sneer the Beauty could manage—"And, I tell you, I shouldn't be surprised if she yet *forced you* to receive her with the greatest cordiality."

Mrs. Talbot listened with wonder, and even terror. There was truth in this.

"We shall see that! Let her try it. Let you both try it."

The foolish husband smiled with delight. He had touched her.

"Oh, I think it only sensible; when I go so far as to connect myself with a family who may not be in our station, I would make the best of it; and, I tell you, I mean to be on as friendly terms as possible with them. You can do as you please, of course."

"It matters very little what you do," said the hurt Mrs. Talbot, forgetting all her old tactics, her labour of years, in a moment. "Mrs. Labouchere is not a person that I should enter into any contest of the kind with; and as for you, you are not very dangerous. What would you be without me, I should like to know? Who would care anything what you say or do—you poor, foolish creature! What would you be thought of at all but for me? It is like your foolish ingratitude to forget all that you owe to me, who got you the very place that helps to buy you ivory brushes, and pomatums, and scents. Who is it that prevents you being considered a mere cipher among men, and keeps you from being laughed at? Oh, it is time to speak plainly, and let you know all this."

"It's all untrue, and you shouldn't speak to me in that way. If you knew what is said, and how they do laugh at me for allowing it. Oh, yes! I've kind friends, who tell me for my good; and I'm really obliged to them, who have my interest at heart, too. Yes,

that's exactly what I hear. They do laugh at me, because I seem to be worried and ordered about; so it comes very badly from *you*. But it musn't go on; and you'll see it won't."

Mrs. Talbot's heart struck her as she heard these words, and her lips trembled, as she could only murmur,—

"What do you mean? You are talking folly."

That night she almost execrated the foolish advice of Old Dick Lumley; for the Beauty, with all his folly, had gained a substantial victory.

## CHAPTER V.

### OUT OF BOUNDS.

NEXT morning he went in as usual to the light work at the office where he was engaged, and Mr. Lumley went in with him, for some shopping. Mrs. Talbot stood out on the steps to see them off. She had seen her mistake, and had this morning put on many extra charms, and much sweetness. But there was a manner about the Beauty, a spiteful air of self-satisfaction and triumph, which really struck a chill to her heart; for he had used weapons not his own, and she saw that he knew he had used them with success. This gave her a terrible presentiment for the future. But now, on this morning, she was all smiles and spirits, seeing the two gentlemen off in her little carriage, that was to take them to the railway. Just as they were driving away, a groom rode up with a letter for Mr. Talbot, which he took a look at with a peculiar smile, and saying it was "all right," drove off. She knew well who that groom was, and was disturbed at the foolish look of pleasure on her husband's face. When alone with her daughter, the latter remarked the worn look of anxiety that came upon her, and putting her arm about her, tried hard, by embraces and caresses, to soothe her. The mother said:—

"Oh, I feel there is trouble coming, dearest. Something that will make the rest of my life miserable, after you have left me."

"But how, dearest? Poor Beauty——"

"That woman—this is her excitement, her amusement. She thinks she has a more powerful mind than mine: she has, certainly, one more unscrupulous. She will stick at nothing, as they say——"

"But, dearest, why not approach her, meet her a quarter of the way, at least; make a friend of her?"

"Never, never. Let me die before I come to *that* humiliation. You cannot know what my life has been—one of victory and triumph. I am not going to bend to a person of her stamp. If I

lose everything, I will not do it. And yet, what must I do? She has this fatal hold on us—what she has taught *him*, your father, to say, that the families are to be connected, and that we are bound to them. Ah! that cannot be helped now.”

Livy looked at her with a strange wonder, as if some new light had come upon her, then hung her head and remained silent. The day passed over in their usual occupation; evening drew on, and the hour of the train which was to bring back both gentlemen. Mrs. Talbot, in her own room, had thought over the mistake she had committed, and determined to atone for it by quite a new line of conduct. She had determined on a fresh programme, soothing and gentler, with due humouring. Some strange, unbending, stiffnecked spirit within was urging her not to yield “to that woman.” Here were the bells of Livy’s ponies, and here were the two ladies out on the steps, and here was only Old Dick Lumley returned by himself. They turned pale. No accident? Old Dick was a little nervous.

“Well, he would stay, hang him. I did my best, I assure you. He is at Starridge’s Hotel for to-night. But here is his letter. Some ball he is mad to go to.”

“A ball!” repeated Mrs. Talbot. The Beauty’s letter ran as follows:—

“I have been begged to stay for a party to-night in Great Cumberland Street. I will be down in the morning. Please send my clothes back by the next train, and I will have some one to meet them in town.”

This was the whole scrap.

“It is very absurd,” said Mr. Lumley; “as I told him, he ought to be done with balls by this time. But she asked for the invitation for him, and offered to take him in their carriage.”

“She! Oh, that Mrs. Labouchere.”

Mr. Lumley gave her a curious look. “He seems determined to set out on a new life. I date it from that unlucky ‘Last and Lingering Smile,’ which we made him sing, and sing too much of. Now to go to my room, and when I’ve had my little nap, I’ll come in and tell you all my adventures.”

But a very weary and *distract* evening followed. The old gentleman, with the best will in the world, felt that too much was cast upon him; he was too selfish to enjoy so much hodman’s labour, which was not at all encouraged with the applause it deserved. And he went to bed rather early, and grumbling at those two homely women who had not much tact between them. This sort of *scholastic* life would not do, *and, in fact*, injured his health. So he would get a letter next

day or so, obliging him to leave. How could he waste time keeping these two foolish people together, who hadn't the tact to disguise these "bothering" troubles. In truth, his sympathies were with that clever woman, Mrs. Labouchere, who seemed to hold a little of the precious *dixir vitæ* in her, and which he could by mere contact inhale. Sprightly, dashing people, full of spirits, seemed to furnish his frame with *ozone*. But these humdrum practices! He often, in act, described the whole scene, suppressing the name, and with much admiration pourtrayed her. "She took the bull by the horns, gallantly drove up to the door, and faced her enemy." No, it wouldn't do.

We now shift the scene to a large house in Great Cumberland Street, where a ball was going on. It was given by people Dick Lumley had never heard of; but he would have gladly gone there for an hour or so on the chance of meeting a friend or two. They were wealthy, "semi-decent people,"—a favourite phrase of his—moneyed and fat, with "the garlic of trade about them." Their name was Mannock—the present Mr. Mannock's father had been in Birmingham, but not the son, so that they were of an order higher than Mr. Hardman, and he looked up to them accordingly. He determined to go in state, as it were, and went up to town to attend it.

The party arrived, and were announced as "Mr. Hardman, Mrs. Labouchere, Mr. Talbot!" The latter gentleman was "brought," an invitation having been procured for him. It was "ages" since he had been out in this fashion, and he now felt happy. Indeed, it was fast opening on him that he had been misusing precious years of his life, living down in a mine, as it were, throwing away precious opportunities of enjoyment. The dazzling lights, the inviting air of the place, the lovely *houris*, so they seemed to him, flying round to the exquisite music of the German Valse, all entranced him. Mrs. Labouchere, sitting beside him, pointed out all the "queries," found out their names, asked him his opinion of the "pretty people" present, and seemed eager to please and amuse him. One of the old *passions* of the Beauty was Valsing, a pastime he had not enjoyed for many a year. The musicians were playing one of those new strains, so tender, so sad, so feverish, so wild, soft and enticing, which Germans alone seem to have the gift of composing for the dance, and in which, of Germans, the charming Gungl, and the almost divine Strauss, excel their countrymen. The exquisite art of such compositions is not on the surface. Those who enjoy them most, and *feel their many twinkling feet floating on, obedient as to*

a magician's call, only know the results. In the beat and measure, these consummate masters find their account: they know the mysteries which that simple *tempo* holds in itself; they can make it lag, or struggle to get forward, like a fiery horse champing at his bit, and bring back their original air, winding out sadly, like some beckoning Undine, who must go back, and touchingly woos us on. In this trifling "only a Valse," there is enshrined a world of true music, which, heard on the grand orchestras for which they were written, and led by the genius, is something to dream of. "Yes," some lisping child of vacuity will say, cordially endorsing this view, "a canter to the *Mabel*, or the *Guards*, nothing approaches that!" But these and their fellows are mere tunes, and bear the same relation to one of the German masters', that an English ballad, say the Beauty's "Lingering Smile," would to one of Rossini's or Mendelssohn's songs.

Some such bewitching strain began to draw gently the Beauty's ladylike feet, as if with a magnet. It made him see himself as in some magic glass as he used to be years ago, floating round with some Lady Mary, the lights of the room in parallel rings, clouds under his feet, and the sweet, dying fall inviting him on to fly—fly until he dropped. In those days he knew not fatigue or exhaustion—it was most sweet toil; the night was too short, though it began at eleven, and glided on till four, half-past four, and sometimes five: when he used to stand out under the porch, the morning, fresh and blue, his eyes blinking at the sun, the keen air making him shrink, and his throat feel chill behind his white tie; while a glance upward showed him the windows, with the yellow light of the ball room behind—an almost absurd anachronism. These thoughts all came pouring back on Mr. Talbot; and when the lady of the house, Mrs. Mannock ("Mrs. John Mannock" at home), stood bridling before him, asking would he not let her introduce him to a partner? he looked eagerly and wistfully at Mrs. Labouchere.

"Do go and dance—you must not be tied all night to an elderly woman like me. Do go; Mrs. Mannock will introduce you to some charming girl."

He went, and was presently flying round the room with some young girl, from whom the fact *had been concealed* that he was married,—such an introduction for a professional *danseuse* being an unpardonable sin. It is like a physician's valuable time—worth so many guineas an hour to him—all thrown away; and such a deceit is fruitful in tossing heads and scornful looks. How he enjoyed it, revelled in it! He seemed to be swimming in the old sweet waters of bliss. Foote and Kenney's band—a slender extract rather—was

furnishing the music. Flushed and ecstatic he returned to his friend.

"Why, we do not know a tittle of your accomplishments," she exclaimed, in what seemed to the Beauty an uncontrollable and extorted burst of admiration. "You are a charming dancer; so easy, and really graceful. I see there is none of the cavalry trot in your style."

Much pleased, the Beauty said, "Oh, I was frantic about dancing once. *They* used almost to engage *me*. But that was years ago."

"Scarcely wonderful," she said, smiling. "But why years ago? It is a most innocent and delightful recreation. You are not old."

"Old? Oh, *that* is not the reason, I hope."

"But what other can there be? Do tell me."

"Oh, you know—being married; and Mrs. Talbot does not like——"

"I see. It always comes round, in the strangest way, to that. Luckily I am your real friend, and, as you know, admirer. But that reason would not do for others—the wicked ones, I mean. Some men of the world would say, *raison de plus*. I know my plain speaking gives me the air of hostility to your wife. But what is the need of any hypocrisy with *you*? *You* know that we dislike each other."

The Beauty looked down. "Of course I could dance as much as I pleased, without consulting anybody; but the truth is, we have given up balls altogether."

"Why?"

"Why? I don't know. I thought it was not the thing after we were married, until our daughter came out."

"How strange, how singular. Why, look round us; even here the room is filled with married men. That good-looking young man dancing is married; so is that other. But you know all this as well as I do. No one knows the world better. These are only the ideas that have been forced on you by your long seclusion in the happy valley."

"Oh, I don't know about the happy valley. Of course it was all with my own wish. Would *you*—Oh, if I thought you would try a dance with me, Mrs. Labouchere."

He saw an eagerness in her face; her eyes were following something at the other end of the room. She was not heeding the Beauty, who was mortified.

"Why it is—it must be," she said.

## CHAPTER VI.

## A QUARREL.

A SHOWY-LOOKING man, with well-coloured cheeks and good eyes, dressed in velvet collar and white waistcoat, tall, good-looking, and forward-looking too, rushed across, with a warm "My dear Mrs. Labouchere."

"Colonel Fotheringham! The idea of our meeting in this place! When did you come over?"

"A few weeks ago. I was trying to find you. Do you recollect the passage out? How pleasant it was."

"It was all pleasant," she said, smiling. "I shall have a great deal to talk to you about, so much has happened since."

"Take my arm, then, and let us go down and get something; we shall be hours telling each other our adventures."

"Delighted," she said, rising. Then to Mr. Talbot, "You must come to me again, and we shall settle all that. Ask me to go down to supper late. Don't forget."

The new comer looked down contemptuously at one so inferior in "build" and "chic," and physical strength. As he moved away, he whispered something and laughed: and an instinct that never fails on such occasions, told the Beauty that this man appearing so suddenly, disliked and contemned him. He himself was put out, annoyed at this interruption, and then felt, for the first time, a curious sense—an uneasiness at the accustomed attention and worship being directed to any one else. Here was this lady, whose speeches, whose interest in him, whose encouragement had made up so much of his life, just as eager and interested about another! The Beauty was not a profound analyst of human motives, and could not have discovered that this might be the misty precursor of a passion known as *jealousy*. As it was, he became restless and uneasy; and, after a short delay, employed in prowling about, and looking into this room and that, found himself drawn down the stairs, seeking the friend who had left him so unceremoniously. She was hard to find, and at first he thought she had gone away; but at last he stumbled awkwardly into a sort of bower, a retired little room off the return on the stairs, whose door was ajar, and there were the parties he sought, in a deeply confidential attitude, and an absorbed air. The gentleman looked up angrily and contemptuously at the interruption. These were evidently most near, dear, and intimate friends: and indeed the affection of a life, and



the demeanour that follows from such an affection, have often been recalled by the delighted and exuberant outpouring of soul and heart, between some well "hacked" young ballroom maiden and her free and familiar military cavalier.

"You said you would dance or come to supper. They are all down," the Beauty said, pettishly. "Do come now."

The colonel looked at her with an amused smile; then at Mr. Talbot. "Oh, don't think of going," he said, coolly. "I'll take you down later myself. I won't let you crush or fluster yourself."

"Yes, Mr. Talbot, by and by."

"You *told* me to come back."

"But this gentleman does not seem to know what he wants exactly. He said something of a dance. What an idea! Then a supper."

The Beauty had not forgotten his old training.

"You will allow me to arrange this with Mrs. Labouchere, who is better acquainted with me than you are."

The other's eyes flashed; his cheeks grew red.

"As for acquaintance, I assure you I have no wish of the kind. But I think the not being able to take a hint is one of the most unfortunate infirmities of our nature."

The Beauty made no reply, and sat down next the lady, but on the other side.

"Do come," he whispered; "I shall go away if you do not, and go home. Why do you treat me in this way before that man? It is very unkind."

Mrs. Labouchere looked from one to the other, then whispered, "You *force* me to offend him—a most dangerous man: make him my enemy. But nevertheless" (she rose, and took the Beauty's arm), "I must keep my engagements."

"Ridiculous!" the colonel said. "Sit down again. I won't have it. You are not in earnest about this absurd dance, or going down to the dishes below, where the grunTERS are at work? Well, it is delightful to see such primitive rusticity. This gentleman lives in the country, I am sure."

"It only concerns my friends where I live," the Beauty said, leading off his prey, flushed with triumph and excitement.

"You forced me to do that," she said, as they went away. "I must be a great friend of yours. Some way, I would not have done it for any one else; at least I thought so. But do you know I have a strange feeling towards you, Mr. Talbot. We like those whom we have advised, or even helped in a little way. Now what

shall we do? I do not care for supper, though I would not say it to that man. Do you know who he is?—a terrific Don Juan—a dangerous Tartar in that way. He once boasted that he had run away with four married ladies. I am sure he secretly thinks he can add me to the list. He did his best out at that place. But I do not admire those rough desperados—(swash-bucklers they call them in the plays and novels)—though many women do. He is furious at the slightest opposition, and will never forgive me for going away with you, and leaving him.”

“You would not desert an old friend!” said the Beauty, with devotion.

“I have very few, but I *think* you like me.”

“I like and admire you,” said the Beauty; “you are so clever. Everything you have told me has come out so true; every piece of advice has turned out so good for me. It fills me with wonder.”

“But how foolish for myself, and, you must own, how disinterested. There are people who will never forgive me; but I am not one of those who think one ought not to interfere. I know no such rule where there is a person I respect and like.”

“Respect!” repeated the Beauty, “oh, that of course——”

“I never knew a man,” she said, smiling, “that liked being told he was respected. I may not do more than respect; but I *do* respect and like you too for being here to-night; and, what is more, others will respect you also. Olivia, as I may call her, will look to you with more pride and also respect, now that she sees you can think and act a little for yourself. Even my sworn enemy,” she added, smiling, “will feel greater respect for you *than she even does at present*. So you see how disinterested I am. As you are to be connected with me, I feel I may take this interest in you, and give you all good advice. There is my father going away, very impatient as usual; and there is a partner for that divine valse, just begun. Enjoy yourself, my dear Mr. Talbot, while you have youth, and, I was going to say, beauty. See how one forgets.”

She went away. The Beauty remained for one more entrancing valse. Round and round he went with a charming light-footed little girl, who never pierced through his bachelor disguise. It was delicious—rapturous; the time about 2 A.M. At last it was over: Mrs. Mannock's guests were departing; and Mr. Talbot, who that night seemed to have drunk of the fountain of youth, and to have got back to the charming old days, had turned into the supper room to refresh himself.

“I was looking at you,” said a voice at his ear. “You seem

a wonderful performer—fly round like a dervish.” For a moment the Beauty thought this was compliment, and smiled. The other was helping himself. “But when you are awkward, and come in another man’s way, what does he do? Gives you a push, and elbows you off. I don’t choose to have people coming in my way,” he added, holding his glass in one hand, and looking steadily at the Beauty. “If they do, I give them a push, and tell them too, besides that, I think them weak, empty-headed puppies, and if they come in my way again, I pull their noses.”

“I don’t see why you should tell me this,” the Beauty said, quietly. “I don’t know you, and I don’t care whose nose you pull.”

The other laughed.

“No? You don’t? Really, now?”

“No,” the Beauty answered, with spirit, “not if you boasted of running off with fifty married ladies.”

They were now out in the hall, getting their coats, lighting cigars, and had then reached the door.

“What do you mean by that?” said the other, following him, and seizing his arm.

They were now at the top of the house-steps, with the usual confusion, boys shouting, carriages coming up, and crowding on each other. The Colonel caught the Beauty by his coat-sleeve.

“What speech was that you made? Repeat it.”

A couple of other gentlemen, close by, listened eagerly.

“I don’t know you,” repeated the Beauty, a little agitated, “and don’t want to. I’ll not repeat anything for you.”

“You miserable little creature! you woman in man’s clothes! Get down out of my way, or I’ll give you a lesson.”

The Beauty *was* down out of his way, and walking up the street, the other following, as well as the two good-natured gentlemen, who wished to see the fun. These were men about town. One was a great friend of Old Dick Lumley, and told the whole story to that gentleman:—how the Beauty had pushed away an officer; how the latter struck at him; how there had been an unseemly scuffle, in which they had rushed up and parted the combatants. Colonel Fotheringham was a well-known figure; and the story flew about, how this dashing Lothario, Don Giovanni, Faublas, Casanova, What-not, had had a difficulty about another lady—not a married one this time—with a gentleman named Talbot—a married gentleman. She was the widow of an officer of rank, very handsome and clever.

He arrived by the evening train with an affected placency of

"having enjoyed himself so much." With an audacity that was wonderful in him, and which comes with rebellion unchecked, he told them boldly how Mrs. Labouchere "had got him the card." On his wife's side there was a forced air of indifference and acquiescence. She had hardly recovered the shock yet.

"You might have let us know in time; it is only politeness."

The Beauty was quite hostile—primed with a sort of pertness based on the exultation filling his little soul.

"Oh, I declare! I can't go to a party without coming out to beg leave. I had a most delightful night of it—danced nearly the whole time."

There was a silence. All seemed to be thunder-struck; yet, after all, if he did, it seemed magnifying matters rather too much.

"Well, you *are* coming out, Master Talbot," said Mr. Lumley. "He *is* cutting the strings."

An indifferent jest, which contributed, in its little way, to the mischief already existing.

"Strings, Mr. Lumley! what do you mean by strings? I enjoyed myself immensely; and everybody says it is absurd shutting myself up at my age,—it will be time enough ten years hence."

His wife could hardly contain herself.

"Everybody! who is your everybody? There are mischievous people who say these things, and laugh at you all the time."

The Beauty smiled. This was all delightful.

"I'll take care people shan't laugh at me. There was a man there last night to whom I had to give a lesson. It is all over the town, I believe, by this."

"Tell us about that," said Mr. Lumley, eagerly. "What! a *rencontre!* Well done, Talbot. Nothing like that for giving you prestige. I declare, you are going about the thing well. Who was he?"

"Oh, a man you will have heard of—a Colonel Fotheringham."

"What! Jack Fotheringham, the wife killer!"

"The wife killer!" repeated Olivia, in alarm.

"That is, other men's wives—dreadful character; but with a certain *ton*. This is better and better; and our friend here will be a lion. I am serious. To be talked of in connection with Fotheringham is a certainty—well, a certainty—of being well talked of. What was it about? Begin at the beginning."

"Oh, it was only a misunderstanding about taking some one down to supper," said the Beauty, embarrassed, and smiling a foolish smile.

"Yes; but her name. Can't you tell us?" said old Lumley, *pettishly*. These things were meat and drink to him.

"Oh, some lady he was sitting with in a return. Then he came out on the steps, as we were all going away, and tried to bully and hustle me; but I gave him as much as he gave, and sent him spinning down the steps."

Livy looked at her father with great admiration. He was something of a hero to her.

"But who was she? Ah! he won't tell, sly fellow. This is what comes of letting him out by himself."

"No; I am not going to tell," said the Beauty, delighted. "I keep my secrets to myself. She was a very charming, clever person; and, I assure you, when it came to a question of choosing between this desperate lady killer and the very unworthy person now addressing you, she paid me the compliment of not hesitating a moment, and coolly left him there. You never saw a man so taken aback. However, I gave him a lesson which he will remember."

Almost at that moment came in the post, and Old Dick Lumley had his mail of frivolous answers to frivolous questions before him,—rambling communications from "dear Lady Buckstone," or even from "Old Tow Row Gunter," veteran campaigner, who was glad to tell her gaffer some scraps of news. Suddenly he called out, "Here we have it all! Hallo, Talbot; they are talking of you everywhere."

That gentleman almost blushed.

"Ah, and you wouldn't tell us the name of the heroine. Here we have her."

"Oh, I say!" in much agitation; "don't, please. Why, you want to make a row. Just leave it."

"Oh, I understand," said Mrs. Talbot, with a trembling voice. "You need not be at the trouble of these subterfuges. You see, with all your attempts at concealment, these things come out. I knew all the time it was that Mr. Hardman's daughter. You are very clumsy."

"Well, if it was," said the Beauty, pertly, "I suppose I can behave like a gentleman to her, as to any other lady? Yes, it *was* Mrs. Labouchere. I am most grateful to her, and am glad I was there to get the credit of the thing. She will never forget it to me, she says."

"My dear fellow," said Old Dick, "you are getting unblushing. Not going to turn out a Lothario on one's hands, I hope?"

This *mal-adroit* compliment made the Beauty simper, and move impatiently in his chair.

Mr. Lumley went away that evening, and had a sheaf of capital sketches and anecdotes for "dear Lady Buckstone" and other

friends—in return for their dinners—about “a house where I was stopping, and where a baby-faced husband was growing restive; the wife, a retired beauty, making frantic efforts to hold him. Altogether, it was growing too hot for me,” said the old marauder; “and I took myself off as quick as I could.”

It would have been too hot for him, or for anyone. For the foolish Mrs. Talbot, at this discovery, had lost all control and discipline. Forgetting the tactics of years, she opened on him with a bitter contempt and vituperation, speaking with a scorn and personality.

“You poor, vain, blinded creature. You don't see through all this, and take it all to yourself. You are being made a mere tool of, and, if I were to speak for an hour here, would not believe that you are being treated as a mere foolish child. A bit of flattery about these little songs of yours would make you do anything. They have found out your weak part.”

“I don't care what you say,” the Beauty replied, trembling with rage; “it is all spite. And, what is more, it's not true.”

“You are being taught manners, I see, in your new school.”

“I have learnt some other things, too: that I have put up with all this too long; that it is very improper of you to address me in that style. I a child, indeed! You are angry that I don't remain one, as I have been. As if I couldn't go to a ball, indeed! I'll go to as many as I please, and not be brought to book by anyone for it.”

“I'll put a stop to it, then,” said she. “A pretty apprenticeship I have had of it! But it has gone on too long; the best years of my life wasted away in humouring you. But you'll find a change, I tell you plainly.”

## CHAPTER VII.

### RETREATING INCH BY INCH.

AN enforced truce was brought about by the arrival of a visitor—young Hardman—who entered eagerly.

“I come to tell you they are getting up a party at the Towers, and will be asking you. You will be able to come, won't you? Oh, you must!”

“I!” repeated Mrs. Talbot, scornfully. “I know we cannot; we are engaged.”

“I am not, and Livy is not,” said the Beauty. “How absurd all this is!”

Here Livy entered, and the young man took her aside into the window.

"I shall have to go away for a month, at least. They want you to go to them at the Towers, and I want you, too. I make a point of it. Get them to go, a great deal depends on it—more than you think, for me. You know, dearest, they must be conciliated; and yet my sister has a whole catalogue of offences, and seems to think that your family are all bound in some vendetta."

"We have no vendetta," said Mrs. Talbot, in excitement. "I would not condescend to it."

"You see," went on the young man, "all this is very painful for me; and makes my position at home most difficult. Latterly I have noticed that both my father and sister are turning against the marriage; and certainly, unless they are conciliated in some way, it is only natural. I shall not stoop to conciliate them in any way. Surely you know, as well as I do, what my views have been all through. I neither courted nor desired this connection. In fact, I may speak the truth to you—nothing could be more painful or odious."

"This is really getting ridiculous," the Beauty said. "It is quite proper what he says. Surely the thing is agreed to; and we must treat them with civility. I shall go, and so shall Livy. She not to dine at her future husband's house!"

"Livy will do what I wish," said her mother, with a trembling voice; "and what I think good for her. So will you, if you are wise."

The young man became very earnest.

"Now, do give way, Mrs. Talbot. I assure you more depends on this than you think."

"I repeat it is nothing to me, or to Livy. My child has no need to be received on sufferance at any house. The time has come to speak plainly. I have discovered the plans of Mrs. Labouchere; she wishes to sow dissension in this family. She has done her best already, and succeeded, too; and——"

"Oh, mamma!" cried Livy, covering her face with her hands.

"Yes, I know it; and the world shall know it, if she doesn't take care. How dare any woman attempt to set my husband against me? Does she think I cannot see the object of her tricks and manœuvres? Does she fancy——"

The Beauty drew himself up, with a very good attempt at loftiness and dignity.

"This is not the way to speak before people, and before Livy. It is not good taste, to say the least. Don't bring in my name, at all events."

"I am sure I don't understand all this," the young man said, confused. "I only tell you my ideas on the matter ; and I really feel that something serious will happen for Livy and me, if it goes on."

Half-an-hour after he had left arrived one of the Hardman great cards of invitation—a vast screen of pasteboard, splendidly engrossed.

"I shall not go, I repeat," said Mrs. Talbot.

"And I *shall* go ; and I require that Livy goes too, as her father. Why should you not, after insulting that high-minded, generous woman before her own brother ? I am ashamed of it, and I will not have it ; I am not going to be a cipher in my own house. Can't dine out, indeed, without leave—or take my own daughter with me !"

That miserable recrimination went on for a long time. The mother had taken up a weak position, which she could not hold ; even from her daughter came an opposition, if such it could be called—an imploring of her to give way, for her sake.

"*Indeed* he is right, dearest,—a great deal may depend on this. And as for poor papa, surely you know it is nothing but his little amusement ? I would stake my life he means nothing—it just amuses him, *and makes him so happy*, dearest mother. Now, do not mind him. And what I fear is, dearest, by opposing him, you will make the thing of much more consequence than it really is. I was greatly struck by what Mr. Lumley said when he warned us of this ; and he knows the world so well."

"So *you* turn against me ! Well, go ; do whatever you please. You and your father settle it between you. I give it all up."

This was but a prologue to that faithful daughter's flinging her arms about the mother she so loved.

"Oh, this is dreadful !" she cried. "It is making me wretched to see you and papa going on this way ! Oh, if we could only get back to our old happy ways ! I would die—make any sacrifice—only to see you both as you were before."

"That you will never see. I wish I could die here, rather than live in this degradation—to be under the feet of that woman. But she holds a scourge over me. She knows what a power she has. Oh, heaven help me ! That I should have lived to sink so low as this ! Yes, dear, never mind ; it is not your fault. Yes, I think you had better go. I give it up, and only accept it all. I am beaten !"

Livy left her, with a despairing face ; but with something resolved *in her heart*.



The Beauty—who was rather a childish Beauty, after all—all but crowed with triumph at his victory. He was asserting himself—showing that he was “master in his own house.” Then, as usual in such cases, came self-justification. “It couldn’t go on: he was not a child; not to be made a cipher of in his own house. Absurd that he couldn’t go out and dine where he liked.”

That evening again arrived the Hardman livery with a letter for Mr. Talbot; as usual, solemnly delivered before the family, and causing a miserable disquietude. It ran:—

“I assume that you are coming to us, and am so delighted. Mind you bring your song—or *my* song, rather, for I *invented* it, and deserve some of the glory. But there is another reason for which we wish you here. ‘Will you forgive me for what I have done?’ asked the poor vanquished Colonel Fotheringham. I want you to be reconciled; he too is willing, and you must be generous. He is a friend of mine, and really good; and I daresay you have guessed the reason of his temper the other night. So we must have indulgence. It will be such a pleasant reconciliation dinner; and we shall have the pleasure of seeing conqueror and conquered in the same room. We hope that Mrs. Talbot is coming, and *dearest* Livy.”

The Beauty so simpered and smiled over this flattering testimonial, and so glowed with honest blushes, as to attract the attention of his wife and daughter.

Mrs. Talbot, beside herself, again forgot her dignity and reserve.

“Some more of that ridiculous letter-writing—to hold yourself in readiness to be exhibited as a jackal—run of some errand!”

This was a happy opening for the Beauty. It was with an almost exquisite feeling of pleasure that he handed it over.

“You can read it, if you like.”

Her first impulse was to push it back: then to take it, and glance over it contemptuously. Her face grew serious as she read. She stopped before finishing it, and said passionately, “What gross and transparent flattery! I never saw such an attempt to make a fool of a person—without even taking the trouble of concealing the attempt. Certainly you are not much complimented. I congratulate you on your letter; and if I was you, I would show it to every one, as you have shown it to us.”

The Beauty started up furiously.

“You must not speak this way to me. I won’t have it. It’s too *impertinent altogether*. You’re very ready with your fools and

names, as some one said the other day. When people are fond of using it too much, they speak about what they know best."

"It is easy to guess who primes you with fine speeches; they can't come from yourself. You have quite a parrot way with you."

"I tell you again, I won't have this."

"Oh, papa, mamma dear," said Livy, wringing her hands, "if this goes on it will kill me. What *am* I to do—what is to become of us?"

"Don't, Olivia. I request you will not speak in that way," said Mr. Talbot, with dignity. "I must assert my own position in this house, at whatever cost."

Another scene—ending with Mrs. Talbot sweeping from the room, with that savage rustle by which a silk dress exhibits passion, just as well as an oath or a burst of fury could do it.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE PROGRESS OF GASTRONOMY.



COUNTRY place for the unmolested pursuit of gastronomic science! The stew-pan singing under learned eyes: and March violets battling for the mastery with truffles!

A beginning is being made, at length, and at the right end. Not many months ago some horseflesh banquets were given, which did infinite harm to the cause of hippophagy in England, because they tried to prove too much. Horse beef is *not* better than ox-beef: nay, it is not nearly so good. The horse steak is lean; horseflesh generally lacks fat, and therefore the rich juices of the ox. To ally truffles with the poorer and drier beef of the two: to fry with horse fat or marrow that which should fall only into the sweetest oil, is to commit a gastronomic blunder, and to put horseflesh to a ridiculous test. If "with wine, not oil, we feed the lamp of life:" it is with oil—and the finest and sweetest—we inspire the enthusiasm of the *gourmet*. That which the hippophagists had to prove was, that horse beef was very much better than no beef at all: not that it was the best beef. In holding epicurean banquets with a pony for the *pièce de resistance*, a kind of criticism was challenged which should have been shunned. Francatelli, busy over a pony, while there is fine ox-beef to be had, is in a false position; and it is with sound reason that a Gouffé and a Dubois would disdain to spend their science on the "noble animal," while the butcher was able to furnish them with prime cuts from the ox. But the value of gastronomy—the most elaborate and the daintiest—is beyond question, in a state of society where the economy of food is of vital importance, and where the habits of men have lessened the robustness of appetites. He who steadily pursues the lessons of the kitchen; who invents new flavours; who introduces as a food that which we had been accustomed to tread under foot as a weed, is a good social servant. That such servants are cropping up in England is a fact of good augury; and that such books as the handsome volume before me, by M. Dubois,<sup>a</sup> find a welcome in

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<sup>a</sup> Artistic Cookery. A Practical System, for the use of the nobility and gentry, and for public entertainments. By Urbain Dubois. Longmans.

England, is evidence of a new gastronomic appreciation, which the thoughtful and cultivated should delight in noticing. The experimental spirit has been awakened, and gastronomic courage has been shown among the leaders of a better, more various, and a more economic kitchen than the little, coarse, and dear one, to which Ignorance has hitherto limited the majority of my countrymen.

I have a letter under my eyes from one of the most enthusiastic and daring of our English gastronomic savants and reformers. "I have taken a country place lately," he says, "very much with the view of being able to experiment in cooking comfortably." Imagine an experimental *cuisine*, with the roses nodding in at the windows, and the clematis tickling the nose of the inspired *chef*!

"The last novelties," my friend pursues, "I have tried, are stewed hedgehogs and arbutus tarts. Fatted hedgehogs remind me a good deal of quail: arbutus tarts are capital, but *I need scarcely say that nobody here will dine with me!*" The wonder is my friend's neighbours don't denounce him in the county papers, for an ogre, a brute, and a base glutton. "Hedgehogs," he says,—and at this let the reader prepare his prejudiced stomach for a trial—"hedgehogs fatten best, I hear, on adders and snakes (of which I have plenty). Themselves, everybody knows, are excellent." Baked in clay, the gipsy has long had a kindly tooth for Monsieur Hérisson. My friend appeals to me—

"What do you think of my introducing *Hérissons aux vipères*, as a new dish for the 1870 season?"

My country gourmet, whose fat smoke rises amid noble timber, and in a rich valley, is not content with hedgehogs, snake or viper fed.

"I am fattening a four-year old donkey for Easter, instead of a Paschal lamb. The last donkey was too young, and had suffered from the colic."

Nay, but these details are a trifle trying to the most philosophic investigator with his teeth. Turn we to pleasanter prospecting:—

"A subject that wants light is edible fungi. As far as I know, it is quite the exception to find a poisonous fungus. I breakfasted on more than a dozen sorts last autumn, and I found them all more or less wholesome."

The very latest thing from my friend's experimental kitchen, is a pretty recommendation:—

"You should also try guinea-pig with sunflower *purée*."

I must;—and, I think, a few days at least before the *Hérissons aux vipères*, which I commend to M. Urbain Dubois.

But let me turn from gastronomic prospecting to the contributions to the progress of scientific cookery which the King of Prussia's renowned *chef* has offered to the culinary professors, and the gourmets of England. It is in every respect a masterly and a splendid performance—worthy to stand upon the shelf with Jules Gouffé's *Book of the Kitchen*, and M. Dubois' own *Cuisine de Tous les Pays* and his *Cuisine Classique*. M. Dubois is an essentially liberal-minded *chef*. He is at home in all kitchens, and can pick something good out of each. In his cosmopolitan work he was bold enough to teach his continental compeers that England included many noble dishes, and fine table manners, with which they would be wise to make themselves acquainted. He proclaimed the delicacy, I remember, of the English rhubarb tart:—he who had written and executed the coronation menu of the King and Queen of Prussia at Königsberg, in 1861. In his new volume (the splendid series of menus of which are worth the price of the entire work, ranging as they do from royal feasts to children's suppers, and *déjeûners dînatoires*), he pays a deserved tribute to the care, discretion, and success with which gastronomy has been cultivated in England, among the wealthy.

“As respects England,” he observes, “those who have studied its developments, cannot fail to have observed, that the art of eating, in the highest sense of the word, has undergone notoriously progressive transformations. All classes of society furnish their contingents of expert and well-trained epicures; but it is in the higher circles more especially, that the taste for gastronomy is the most widely diffused and the most highly cultivated.” This is true of the most refined: but not of the lower and less educated classes. The deplorable aspect of the English cuisine is in its middle-class and working-class sections. The middle-class kitchen, and the workman's kitchen, are, throughout England, wasteful, bad, and ridiculously limited. There is not an English working-man's wife who can make a vegetable soup: there is hardly a middle-class kitchen in the kingdom that can turn out a passable omelette. But when M. Dubois touches upon the culinary standard of the kitchens of the rich, he only does them justice.

“English cookery, considered in its practical results and in its rich splendour, stands much higher than its former reputation; and it has in every respect improved, and advanced towards perfection. The tables of the nobility and gentry are served with uncommon opulence, but above all with the nicest care and attention. The *vians* are varied, abundant, luxurious, and delicate. The kitchens

are admirably organised, and richly stored: they are, in fact, permanent and thriving schools, whence good traditions are continually spreading. If the tables of the middle-classes be still deficient as regards variety, yet it may be said, that the care bestowed on the details, and the manifest character of real comfort presiding at their repasts, make amends for this defect; and besides, here, as everywhere else, improvement becomes every day more visible."

M. Dubois should make tables of the comparative cost of the kitchens of various nations which he has examined, and in which he has practised. I am quite sure that he would find the limited range of foods in our humbler kitchens made them the dearest in the world. And, a dear kitchen, I shall always maintain, is a bad kitchen. My friend in the country who has experimented upon hedgehogs, donkeys, and guinea pigs, and turned his sunflowers into *purée*, is, I contend, doing good service, even in his most extravagant mood; because he is helping to break through the prejudices of ignorance, which limits the Englishman's range of vegetables and salads to about a dozen plants and roots; and confines his ideas of meat to half a dozen joints. I remember that when, in conjunction with the late Lord Brougham and others, I was concerned in an attempt to provide the poorest classes with cheap and nutritious dinners, a wholesome, savoury ragout of excellent meat was offered to them for a few halfpence—a goodly dish. They would none of it. It was a slop: a suspicious hodge-podge. They must have a slice of meat from a joint—these poor, ignorant starvelings—which could not possibly be ceded to them at less than double the price of the ragout—the nutritive value of the ragout being more than equivalent to that of the slice of meat.

M. Dubois' remarks on gastronomy in the United States show the wide range of his observation. "Formerly," he says, "the science of good living, the search after delicate viands, were the privileges of the few; now-a-days epicures may be counted by legions. In all countries, among developed nations, and those that seek after the benefits of modern civilisation, the most enlightened minds are the most fervent worshippers at the shrine of good taste. In confirmation of this, the United States furnish the most striking examples that can be adduced; and if we consider the progress effected in so short a time in culinary and gastronomic art in that country, it may be predicted that at no distant period it will be numbered amongst the highest in repute."

*Take the American cuisine, as developed in American hotels.*

Where the Englishman has one food—one dish, his American cousin has a good dozen. And New York boasts, at least, one establishment that does not fear, in its *cuisine*, competition with any *chef* or *chefs* in the world.

The first merit of the scientific, artistic, and practical work which M. Urbain Dubois now offers to the epicurean public of England is its thorough genuineness. It has been said that a perfect cookery book must have been compiled on the corner of a stove; M. Dubois appears to have been guided by this dictum.

“In examining the ornamental subjects contained in this collection,” he warns the reader, “many persons may be inclined to suppose that they are simply sketches proceeding from the pencil of an artist of a capricious imagination; and it is to provide against this erroneous interpretation, that I think it necessary to inform my readers, that the greater number of these pieces were executed in the kitchens of Their Majesties the King and Queen of Prussia. This being the case, the designs may be considered as actual documents, and not as problems yet waiting to be solved; since they have either been engraved from the subjects themselves, or have served as models for their execution.” *Timbales, croustades, cotelettes, paupiettes, grenadins, hôtelets* in extraordinary variety, are all engraved with exquisite delicacy. *Oreilles de veau à la Périgord* are a perfect picture! The preliminary article on the service of the table—on the *service à la Française*, and the *service à la Russe* (the *service à l’Anglaise* being merely a modification of the *Française*) is full, and drawn from the customs and rules of the greatest tables. The whole work, in short, consists of teachings from experiences accumulated patiently, intelligently, and with a high sense of the dignity of the culinary art, in the palaces of kings.

I add M. Dubois' explanation of his plan, of which this copious and brilliant volume is only the first part.

“But in order to dispel all misapprehensions as to the real scope of this collection, the style of which might appear too elevated, it is well to observe, that it is but the first step towards a complete work that I intend publishing in England. Culinary art, both in theory and application, is a vast field: its limits are unbounded, its details infinite; to treat it thoroughly in a single work, it would be necessary to compare its various methods, which we know are modified in practice, according to the situation in which we are placed. It is to obviate this confusion that I have divided my work into three principal parts, of which each is to form a particular study. This first essay will, therefore, be succeeded by two other publications, in

which the various theories of the modern school will be found recapitulated : these books will be complete in one another, each of them maintaining its distinctive character."

I shall hope to see, before M. Urbain Dubois has put aside his pen, such a comparative view of the tables of the various civilised nations as I have indicated ; together with a manual, bearing the authority of his European name, for humble kitchens of taste. For taste in eating is profitable, both to the stomach and to the purse ; and may be advantageously cultivated by the humblest citizen, as well as by princes who can command the Dubois and the Gouffés.

FIN BEC.



## TWO DAYS IN BEDFORDSHIRE.

**B**RITANNIA, with her shield and her sheaf, and her adopted text, "He that tilleth the land shall have plenty of bread," had caught our eye as we swept over the Ouse, which runs through the heart of Bedford; still we had to make a long circuit past the Grammar School and the Swan, before we were among the clang of hammers, over which she presides on the old site of Caldwell Priory. Here the Messrs. Howard have pitched a most substantial "temple of industrious peace." The rooms for models, the model agriculture and engineering library, and all the other natty arrangements of the interior, do not lack the Woburn sheep-shearing picture. The seventh Duke of Bedford and Mr. Buckley alone re-appear in the companion print of the Royal Agricultural Society's Meeting at Bristol in '42, where, with Ransome, Garrett, Crosskill, and Hornsby to back them, the implements take up their legitimate ground. In the latter, Gardner's turnip-cutter and Garrett's horse-hoe are the foremost of that modest array; and, if we take "leave to report progress," we have only to glance from the front door of the Britannia offices, over a couple of acres (out of sixteen), which hold a perfect army of iron ploughs, till autumn summons them afield. About a thousand ploughs are always kept in stock, and many thousands leave the works annually.

The run was once upon the Chelmsford *PP*, and then upon the Bristol *JA*, which is peculiarly adapted for hard work and clay land. Gradually the *B's* and *BB's* have become standard ploughs for deep cultivation, while the *SB's*, which are smaller, suit light land. The *DD's* have gradually superseded the old Andalusian plough on the light lands of Spain, and suit the Continent generally. They are also much used by the Indian Government. A few staring red Hottentot ploughs, with their strong wooden frames and shares, which will turn two furrows at a time of the light Cape soil, lend a rude dash of colour to the sombre blue masses. These good genii leave the works, with their attendant sprites, in the shape of beer barrels with twelve dozen plough-shares in each, the fruitful formers of many a glorious seed-bed:—

“ Then straight a triple harvest rose,  
 Such as the swarthy Indian mows,  
 Or happier nations near the line,  
 Or Paradise, manured and tilled by hands divine.”

Some subsoil ploughs were awaiting their letters dismissory to Cuba, to supply that deep culture which the sugar-cane needs. Australia and America patronise the triple, or “gang ploughs,” upon which a man rides and steers. Peat, thirty inches beneath the alluvial soil of the fens, will not be proof against the gentle violence of those sturdy clunch ploughs, which look quite antediluvian by the side of their lithesome iron compatriots. Stacks of flexible and zig-zag harrows, with reversible tines for grass and arable lands, cultivators, horse and steam, and horse rakes for Russia and Austria, are all brigaded together; and the prize Leeds haymakers are a great host in their season.

Russia, with no tariff to fetter her, is by far the best all-round customer. Fifteen per cent. stares each plough in the face as it enters a French port, and the treaty did not touch it, subject to a moderate duty, which is reduced one-half on application to the Government. Tillage implements and Lincolnshire steam-engines and threshing-machines more especially have found their way in large numbers to Austria and Hungary, which is struggling hard to be the garden of Europe.

There are a hundred and one fancies on the subject of ploughs, and, although there are some forty varieties, such is the subtle touch of a really good ploughman, that he is very hard to satisfy. English counties have quite different notions as to the orthodox style of work, and proper depth of tillage. The Kentish furrows must be turned right over; those of Middlesex, Herefordshire, and Gloucestershire must be shivered; and in other counties they must be as even and true as bars of soap. The great ploughmen are like the retained jockeys of the establishment, and during the season they are always “up for the stable” somewhere, either at home or on the continent. John Hulatt is a well-known Howard’s man, and has ploughed, with the same unfaltering nerve, before many crowned heads. George Brown has come back again to his original trainer; and Fred Purser, Ben Simms, and Joe Curtis are also crack men at a furrow.

Since steam ploughing was introduced a new class of skilled workmen have sprung up, who are sometimes sent off perfectly alone to Spain, Germany, Egypt, or Hungary in charge of a set, so as to put the natives in the way of working it. At a day’s notice they will pack

up and away by "the deep sea sailings" to Australia, on the same errand. Still the best hands among the ploughmen have generally proved the aptest scholars with the steam plough and reaping machine. In fact, ploughing is one of those fine, thoughtful processes which educates a man's eye and judgment, so that he can do anything analogous to it. The largest number of steam ploughs go to Warwickshire and Staffordshire; and, in fact, all the Midland Counties have been in the van as buyers of agricultural machines and implements. The Eastern Counties have been much less spirited; and Lancashire, where the farms are only small, is still a laggard in this great cause.

A few steps bring us from the heart of the finished to the noisy regions of the raw material.

"The Ouse glides stealthily by the edge of the workshops, and bore, ere railway dues were reduced, its hundred tons of coals weekly from 'the pleasant town of Lynn;' and a troop of Priory rooks in the elms caw their hopeless protest against the hammers which have invaded their solitude. Tier after tier of pig-iron from Scotland and Barrow is reared high by the water-edge, and six score tons of it are served out 'all hot' weekly by the furnace-men to the moulders along the little tramways. Red Mansfield sand; yellow local, with more clay in it; and cream-coloured Woolwich make up, with coal-dust and a coating of charcoal, the wherewithal of the moulder's art. Three men are bending, flattening, and hardening horse-rake teeth, of which six dozen may be turned out in an hour, and twenty-eight go to a rake. Five or six men, chosen for their stalwart proportions, are holding plough breasts of 40 lbs. weight to the grindstone, as deftly as if they were razors; the clock is telling, with its unresting pointer, of four yards of wire rope for steam-ploughing woven in 25 secs.; jets of water are giving the chilled ploughshares their earliest and most enduring notion of temper; and welding, cast and wrought iron together for haymaker barrels, is the great order of the day,

"There were piles of elm and poplar in the pleasant Priory meadow, some of them sprouting before their packing-case turn arrives; and along with them ash for horse-rake and haymaker shafts, and oak for steam-plough windlasses. If the six stone coffins, which lie there as the sole above-ground relics of the Priory, could speak for their 'handfuls of white dust,' they would take comfort from the thought that wood, their supplanter, has had—at least, in its implement estate—to bow the knee to (iron) stone once more."

The firm has a most varied and extensive trial ground of more

than a thousand acres. The Britannia farm at Clapham, two miles out of Bedford, is on heavy, hilly ground, and Mr. Charles Howard's farm, at Biddenham, is on light and level, and half bounded by the Ouse. Cultivation at the former has been deepened from five to twelve inches, and thus more than a third has been added to the produce. In this deep trenching, the plough occasionally turns up the bones of the rein-deer, which is associated, according to the *savans*, in the Bedford gravel with red deer, flint implements, and the hippopotamus, as it is near Rugby with the cave hyæna. The Clapham estate, to which access is had by a private road planted with gorse, broom, and evergreens, extends over six hundred acres, which include its fifty-acre wood, a very favourite meet with Lord Dacre. When Mr. James Howard, M.P. for Bedford, bought the Clapham property, the fox preservers had not much hopes of "such a utilitarian fellow;" but they had taken his measure wrongly. Fresh rides have been cut, and as some of the hunt members thought that their vista was too extended, and that foxes would head back, small clumps of evergreens have been planted in spots to break the view. The park foxes have now, therefore, no earthly excuse for undue nervousness in cover. About thirteen were found on one day, and, in fact, they were running everywhere about three adjacent parishes, and up and down Biddenham farm as bold as if they had tickets of leave. The Grand National Steeple-Chase finished in 1867-8 at the corner of this wood, and was run over the Duke of Bedford's property, two large fields on the Clapham estate, and a small bit of the Bedford freemen's common. It was with reference to the latter easement, that a freeman was very pressing upon Mr. Verrall as the C.C. to give him "20*l.* down,"—upon this point he was inflexible—and he would make everything comfortable and pleasant with his brother burgesses for another five shillings per head. Mr. Verrall did "not see it," and merely gazed on during his speech, in a pleasing abstraction, at the gudgeons in the Ouse.

Mr. James Howard's remarkable judgment in implements has long been patent to the world; but his tastes are not confined to steel and iron. He has been very successful with live stock, and his cart-horses, spaniels, and greyhounds won prizes at the Paris Exhibition. Pigs, however, are his specialty, and we found two barns and sundry outhouses at Clapham, specially devoted to the "prize-fighters." By way of a good beginning, he bought "Advance Quality!" of the large breed from Mr. Wainman's prize pen at Worcester, and another boar of the Carrhead strain, as a mate for her. With their produce he took the first prize against Mr. Wainman,

at Birmingham, for the pen under six months, at his first Christmas essay, and he has won the same prize nearly every year since. At the Plymouth Royal he had the pick of Duckering's prize pen of the best sow and pigs of the large breed, and selected a boar. He took tithe wisely from that fine pen of suckers, as the young boar ripened into a first prize one at Bury Royal, and was the sire of the first prize sow from a daughter-of Advance Quality. Sending three entries, and winning two firsts, was a fine handsel to a Royal show career. Still, he inclines to Christmas fat shows, and the crucial test to which he has put the "pig dentists" would furnish a fine chapter in a treatise on the Infallibility of Pig Professors. A union of Wainman and Duckering is his only blood, and he always goes for the large sort. He once crossed for an experiment with Berkshire; but the produce would bear in rapidity of growth no comparison with the pure Yorkshire. Horses and shorthorns all find their place, and the brown hackney mare, which has taken not a few rosettes in her day, was in the straw-yard with a Wingrave foal. For cart and plough Mr. Howard prefers a cross of Clydesdale with big Essex mares. Into shorthorns he has not gone very deeply; but he bought the prize cow Claret for 50 gs. at the Clifton Pastures sale. She was sold, fat and unhonoured, out of the Smithfield Club ranks, and left him Lord Claret for her keep.

A railway ride of twelve miles from Bedford along the Bletchley line brought us to the station for Woburn, which is some two miles distant from it. We saw the Abbey on one of the sweetest and sunniest days that ever fell to our lot. About three thousand acres of park, arable, and woodland, are within the park ring fence, and 28,000 acres in farms form a lordly appanage. At that time about eighteen hundred acres were kept in hand, but the tillage land had been reduced from six to three hundred. Now the whole is grazed. There is a great variety of land on this home farm, of which the fine, wild park forms a part. Poor Tom Ball used to speak quite rapturously of the flying deer which were bred there, and how the Vale men rejoiced when one of those "jewels" was uncarted. In Duke John's day the antlers reigned supreme; but the pasturage has been very much improved since then, and they are now only tenants in common with the Southdown and the Hereford. Lord Dacre's hounds scarcely ever draw for a fox now; and although they once gave promise of thriving, the lack of water springs has quite banished the grouse.

The late Duke kept his hunters at Oakley; but brood mares took their place, and Jem Robinson had the "purple and buff stripes, black cap," in his keeping, when His Grace had ceased, after 1828.

to be an M.F.H. No man was fonder of a pack, and he often cantered up to town when Marquis of Tavistock, after a long day's hunting, to be in time for a great division. When His Grace ceased to hunt, his old whip, Tom Ball (uncle to Baron Rothschild's late huntsman), turned farmer, and kept a hunter, and he always repaired to Oakley on his return, and posted up the Duke in the sport of the day. By way of stopping a gap, His Grace was joint master of the Oakley once more, with Mr. Magniac, for a short period, between the departure of Major Hogg for the Cape, and the accession of Mr. Arkwright. It was, after all, little more than a Mastership in name, as His Grace hardly ever went out, and merely subscribed 400*l.* a year, and so does the present Duke.

Woburn is the workshop of the estate, and—

“ Every span of shade that steals,  
And every kiss of toothed wheels,  
And all the courses of the sun,”

are devoted to some class of industry. A fifteen-horse-power engine, which is stoked with cones, sawdust, and chips, moves the whole, and drives a circular sawing machine at 1500 revolutions to the minute. Joiners, blacksmiths, and whitesmiths are all toiling under that roof. Here you find a new campanile for a school; there, is a cottage roof in embryo; while the founders are pouring metal into the sand mould for a drain-trap, or a lattice, stamped with the Bedford coronet.

The walls of the steward's office speak to bygone Hereford triumphs, with their portraits of the Oakley steer, bred by John Verney, which took the Smithfield gold medal in 1836, and of the Royal prize bull at Cambridge. Life-sized pictures of the Leicester and the Southdown of the period are painted into the panels of the old office; but we look in vain for the improved Leicesters, which took the Smithfield gold medals in 1840 and 1844. A trotting horse, modelled by Sir Edwin Landseer, looks down from the vane above the stables on to the scene of “The Woburn Sheep-shearing Picture;” but no picked English Parliament of Agriculture meets there now to handle fleeces and exchange minds under the big Dutch elm. What a troop of worthies are in the print which preserves the form and fashion of those “memorable days!” Royalty is there, or supposed to be there, in the person of the future “Sailor King,” and so are three Dukes of Bedford, Francis, the fifth, on his Irish mare, handling some merino cloth; John, the sixth, on horseback as well; and the late Duke, with his brother, Earl Russell, as little boys in knee breeches. If Ellman and Overman have had an invitation to ponder over the South-

down, Buckley and Stone have the Bakewell interest equally in keeping, and a word to say on the Welsh and Spanish wool samples. On the root-table we read the name of "Gibbs." Arthur Young, that learned Thane of agricultural travel, is talking to Mr. Coke and Sir Joseph Banks, that connoisseur in kangaroos, who has four other baronets—Davy, Sebright, Wynn, and Bunbury—all well known in their lines, from the safety-lamp to the Newmarket mile—to keep him in countenance. Sam Whitbread is there, as a matter of course, or it would hardly be a Bedfordshire picture. The Suffolk Punch has a place, and so has the "Teeswater." The "Oakley Hereford bull," under the tree, would seem to be the reigning favourite; and Wetcar, the herdsman, is described as the man "who fed all the beautiful oxen sent from Creslow."

The present Woburn flock consists of four hundred Southdown ewes, which have been kept up by rams of Ellman, Webb, and Walsingham blood. Oxford Down wethers are kept on the outlying parts of the estate. At one time, the late Duke sent good Southdowns to the Smithfield Club, as well as Leicester Downs; but none have been fed for seventeen years. The once celebrated "Woburn White" pig has had to give way to the Berkshire, which has been crossed occasionally with the middle-weight Yorkshire; but pigs are not made the same point of as when, at least, five score were on daily rations of skim milk and Indian corn, and ate up to their weight.

The Hereford herd was commenced in 1801, when Duke John, whose taste lay chiefly in sculpture, succeeded his brother Francis. The Duchess had a fancy for Ayrshires, Alderneys, and Scotch sheep; and His Grace began with a few shorthorns, but soon exchanged them for "the mottle faces." The herd took two first prizes in Goswell Street with steers as well as the gold medal; and it has gone steadily on till it has gained a seventy years' title to the soil. There are generally about twenty-five cows, and a score of polled Suffolks have been added of late years and crossed with the Hereford bull. We found the old herdsman strong on the Hereford faith, and quite eloquent upon the Bright Eyes' tribe, with "their darker skins, deep red round the eyes, spotted faces, and heavy flesh." He esteemed the Keightleys, with their white sides, as better milkers and lighter-fleshed. A picture in the Abbey drew forth his warmest sympathies. "There's Bright Eyes in it, and her daughter; she be lying down; the shepherd's coming off the hill like, with a donkey-cart, and going to meet a boy with the sheep. John Ricketts, that's my name. I be there, too; he put me in, did the gentleman,

just behind the Cambridge bull. My picture's in two places in the Abbey." Most of the leading Hereford breeders have had a bull under orders for Woburn; but Ricketts shall speak for himself again: "Lord Berwick's Bluenose, he brought substance; and the heifer calves, especially, fell large. Mr. Monkhouse's Stripling had good, deep flesh, but he was a bit sharp in his hair. He did better for us, did Mr. Hewer's Victory, than his Sir George. Mr. Prince's Victory gave us curly coats and more room; but he was a room-full bull himself. His Napoleon the First," &c. And so he went on, did that little beef-and-hair philosopher through the ranks of the departed. Royal Oak, by Battersea, had just arrived from Mr. Baldwin's sale, and he had passed him as "a promising lad."

The third crop of Victory calves were running with their dams in the park. Once upon a time they had only ten days at the teat; but now they have six or seven months of it, and their fine lusty frames, curly coats, and faces well smeared with milk, told of comfort and plenty in the land. In the Elm Walk, we found the Hereford-Suffolk stock; but the cross had brought them rather light-fleshed. Nearly all of them had kept the white face of the Hereford, and resolutely refused to do more than put out slugs or snails for horns. Shorthorn on Suffolk—which is now the universal plan—had answered better, and engrafted the horn; but the cherry red of Suffolk had refused to yield, and the flank, quarters, and belly had merely a dash of grey. Hereford on Ayrshire has also answered well.

We fairly lost, and never wished to find ourselves again that afternoon, in delicious wanderings without chart or compass, on a hack, over all that wild domain,—now plunging into glens deep in dock and fern, now cantering along grassy rides lined with evergreens and rhododendrons; now twisting out a line for ourselves down rich laurel banks, with cedars of Lebanon, and Liberian firs overhead.


"Kilve, thought I, is a favoured place,  
And so is Liswyn farm;"

but always reserving the shore of Sutherland, give us an early autumn ride or ramble, through Penryn, Cortachy, the valley of the Hodder, and the woods and glades of Woburn.

H. H. D.



## ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.

 NEW mania in journalism. The newspaper has arrived at the illustrated phase. Comic literature has come out of the epidemic tolerably successfully; the magazines have got down to a dead level of bad drawing and worse engraving; and now comes the turn of the more serious publications—the newspapers. We shall soon see what they make of it. The growing taste for pictures, and the demand for art education, has recently brought into existence two illustrated papers, which are, in every respect, novelties in journalism. We allude to the *Graphic*, and the *Illustrated Midland News*.

Looking at what the provinces had achieved in the way of newspapers, the projectors of the *Illustrated Midland News* declared that the time had arrived when the country might fairly compete with London in the production of an illustrated newspaper. As the metropolis of the Midlands, they selected Birmingham for their headquarters. In September, last year, the paper appeared. The first number reached nearly thirty thousand copies. In less than two months we find the editor writing almost pathetically of the difficulties attending the publication of an illustrated paper in the provinces:—

“With plenty of money there is no difficulty whatever in producing a magnificent illustrated paper in London. Every appliance for the work is at your command. Artists, engravers, printers, are on the spot ready to receive and execute your orders. In the country all is new and strange. There is hardly an artist in the provinces who can draw upon the wood for newspaper illustrations; and we have met with no engraver who could cut the artist’s work, supposing the block was prepared. Ninety-nine out of every hundred printers in the country know nothing of ‘bringing up cuts.’ To print an illustrated newspaper in Birmingham is to introduce a new industry into the provinces. In face of enormous difficulties we have started this new industry; we have added a new branch to provincial printing; we have added a fresh page to the history of provincial journalism; we have shown, once more, that with energy and perseverance the country can do all that London can do in journalism” . . . .

Not quite all. The writer gushed just a trifle in this part of his leader. He would admit the soft impeachment we are sure. But here are some details which are interesting:—

“We have had some curious instances of the general want of knowledge con-

cerning pictorial papers. Our artist was present the other day at a festive gathering. The director was astonished that a picture of the event could not be published in the current issue of our paper, which would appear two days afterwards. Some of our readers would be exceedingly surprised could they watch the progress of a local illustration from its commencement until its publication in the Illustrated Paper. In the first place the artist must make his sketch; then he, or a draughtsman having special experience of the subject, re-draws the sketch upon a prepared block of wood. He must define every detail with care and exactness. When his work is finished the wood holds a high-class drawing, such as might cost you in an ordinary way from five to fifty guineas. It has then to be engraved. Supposing the picture is a large one, the block is divided and placed in the hands of several engravers. They cut the wood, with the sharpest of edge tools, into such a shape that the printer can take impressions from it. This process alone, for a block the full size of one of our pages, cannot be covered, in the most ordinary case, by an expense of less than twenty guineas. Twenty guineas for the mere engraving of a single picture! It is then far from ready to print. The practised machine-printer, with something of an artist's feelings for the lights and shadows of the drawing, next proceeds to prepare his block for the press. Special overlays and underlays, bearers for the lighter parts, strengthening coverings for the heavier shadows, have to be cut and carved and fitted. The whole process is one requiring the greatest care and judgment; and all this work is supplemented with the ordinary labours attending the publication of a newspaper. If any difficulty arises in the course of the work, there are no skilled hands in the next street to render assistance. A few weeks ago we felt these obstacles immensely. We feel them no longer. Our last impression is one that we can point to with honest satisfaction."

The editor wrote this in November. The *Graphic* had not then appeared. Within the last few weeks the provincial conductor has made further progress in his mechanical arrangements. Some of his illustrations have by no means been up to the high standard of excellence which is necessary to maintain the success of the early numbers. These, however, were the work of London artists and engravers of repute. Perhaps the engraver was overworked, or taxed too much in the way of rapid production. Determined to overcome every obstacle, the conductor of this difficult enterprise has at last begun to produce his woodcuts at home. This has only been accomplished by taking London engravers down to Birmingham; but for the first time wood engraving, for an illustrated periodical, has been done in Birmingham. An interesting correspondence on the subject has appeared in the *Birmingham Daily Post*, in which it is proposed to form a class for engraving in connection with the School of Art. The conductor of the new paper has, therefore, done this for the provinces: he has produced an illustrated newspaper out of London, printed and published it, and he will shortly complete his scheme by having his illustrations engraved on his own premises in that extraordinary town of Birmingham which makes everything:

if it be grateful, it will make the fortunes of the proprietors of the *Illustrated Midland News*.

It is not a little singular that illustrated journalism should owe so much to countrymen. Mr. Ingram, the founder of the *Illustrated London News*, was a Lincolnshire man, and he projected the famous London paper at Nottingham. His partner, Mr. Cooke, (who is connected with the *Graphic*) was a native of Worcestershire. It is said that the *London News* paid from the first week. The idea occurred to Mr. Ingram through the great additional sale which any newspaper in London or the country obtained when accompanied by a picture. "If one illustration makes so much difference," said Mr. Ingram, "what an enormous sale a paper would have which should be full of pictures." Everybody knows what a happy thought that was. The *Illustrated London News* is famous, as it deserves to be, all over the world. Competitors from time to time have sprung up, with but partial success. Mr. Ingram was jealous of opposition. He bought the *Illustrated Times*, and this, together with the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, belongs to the same proprietary as the *News*. Mrs. Ingram, a most estimable lady (widow of the late proprietor, who was member for Boston), is the sole owner of the *Illustrated London News*. The first Christmas supplement of that paper was suggested by Mr. Ingram, and produced by the veteran journalist, Mark Lemon, whose pen (with that of the most graceful essayist of these modern days, Shirley Brooks) has adorned its pages ever since.

The illustrated paper for the country did not profess rivalry with the London paper. It is half the price, and is modest in its aims, appealing to the country and "to Midlanders everywhere;" but the *Graphic* challenged illustrated literature generally. It raised its standard in the Strand; it openly declared that there never had been a really good illustrated paper; and it claimed the foremost place in picture papers. With regard to wood engravings, the Christmas number of the *Graphic* was certainly a triumph of art. There has not been anything in England superior to it. Since then, some of its current numbers have been nearly equal to the supplement. But the *Graphic* can hardly be called a newspaper. It is a critical and art review, a weekly magazine, a pictorial essayist; and it is, without doubt, a remarkable and fine work—highly creditable to English art and English enterprise. In America it has been the cause of a general press discussion. *Harper's Weekly* has reproduced nearly all the *Graphic* pictures. Pressmen in this country would at once believe that the *Graphic* had made an arrangement with *Harper* for the purchase of electrotypes from the Strand; but this

is not so. *Harper* photographs the *Graphic* upon wood-blocks, engraves and prints them as its own. Piracy of this kind is practised by all the illustrated papers in America, just as it is practised by the editors and publishers of literary periodicals and books. The absence of an international copyright law, places the whole of the English press at the disposal of the American publishers. And they avail themselves right merrily of everything worthy their attention. No sooner is "The Holy Grail" published in England at seven shillings, than it is pirated and sold in America for fivepence! *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper* is less guilty of this crime of piracy than its contemporaries. *Frank Leslie's* chief delinquency is his "Spirit of the European Press," which is a reproduction of the best pictures of the French, English, and German papers. Occasionally he helps himself to a *Punch* illustration; the other day he condescended to avail himself of the design of a new cattle truck from the *Illustrated Midland News*, and to adapt the original text to the requirements of his New York readers. And yet we find *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper* combatting the criticism of the American non-illustrated papers, and condemning, in hearty terms, the pilfering of *Harper's Weekly*, and the others. So much for American journalism! *Frank Leslie* is by far the most honestly illustrated paper in America. An occasional honourable quotation of the source of foreign pictures and foreign matter would place the paper above reproach.

It will be interesting to note the difference between the borrowed cuts which appear in the European papers. In England, France, and Germany there is a system of purchase or exchange of illustrations. The *Illustrated London News* has long been in the habit of selling electrotypes, or duplicates of some of its illustrations, to French journals. Nearly all the pictures in the *Illustrated Times* are French electrotypes. It is the duty of an agent in Paris to select these each week, and send them over to London. They are not old blocks, as some people imagine; they cannot be old, because they illustrate current events. Take, for example, some of the foreign pictures that have appeared in the *Illustrated Midland News*. By an arrangement with a leading paper in Paris, the proprietors of this paper shared the expense of producing certain pictures which on being engraved were electrotyped, and became the English copyright of the English paper. There is some little prejudice, however, in this country even against legitimate treaties of this kind; for we observe the *Midland* paper is gradually making its way out of the arrangement which was evidently a feature in its original plan.

The illustrated papers in the colonies are mostly too far away from contemporary publications to obtain the assistance of *diches*; but for all that the illustrated mania is spreading even in the colonies. Australia and New Zealand have produced very creditable illustrated papers. A new one has recently appeared, illustrated with lithographic pictures, which means two printings, the first on a lithographic machine, the second on a letterpress machine. This may be suitable for a paper with a small circulation, but it would be hardly applicable where large numbers are required. Now is the time for the oft-threatened revolution in wood engraving. Every substitute for the wood block has failed so far. The man who could hit upon an invention for making a drawing on wood which could be printed, with ordinary type, without the tedious and expensive process of engraving, would make his fortune in a month. He would ruin a most industrious and exemplary class of men, it is true; but Progress stops at neither coaches, hand-weavers, nor engravers. The latter need have no fear, however, at present; the signs of the revolution are further off than the perfection of the type-setting machine. When the day of inexpensive picture-printing comes, we may look for illustrated *Daily Telegraphs* and *Pictorial Standards*. Fancy the *Telegraph's* leaders illustrated, and the *Standard* adding bitterness to its articles, during times of excitement, with political cartoons. Imagine a flood of illustrated replies morning and evening, together with fierce general controversies, carried on by means of pen and pencil. Fancy the *Echo's* semi-leaders, each with a picture; and the *Globe's* political essays adorned with fancy portraits of the opposition. Imagine the *Superfine Review* cutting in with *Girl of the Period* sketches; and the *Rock* with pictures of ritualistic parsons. And then picture the provincial press teeming with the works of native talent—Potts, with an artist at his elbow. We mean no offence to the country press. We know that Potts only exists in a few insignificant towns. We pause to shut out from our mental vision this dreadful flood of illustrated possibilities. The reader will be glad to take breath also. Permit it, O worthy printer—successor of the immortal Cave! Take up the next contributor's "copy;" and pray goodness his theme carry him not into such exciting chances!

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## FIRST BLOOD.

[On the 22nd of September, 1642, "while entangled in a narrow lane," near the little village of Powick, Worcestershire, the Roundheads encountered Prince Rupert and his Cavaliers. After a short skirmish the Roundheads were defeated, and fled precipitately.]



HE news had come from Nottingham, the standard was unfurl'd!

Men's hearts were in their mouths, I wis; men's brains in tumult whirled.

King Charles, with gallant men-at-arms, was hast'ning from afar,  
To quell the rising ere it grew from Riot into War.

They marched, and marched, and marched, until the faithful city's  
spires

Rose bright before their dazed sight. Then belched the beacon-fires  
In north, and south, and east, and west;—the children saw with  
dread,

Although the sun had sunk to rest, all night the sky was red.

A month has passed. The *réveille* on twenty drums is beat.  
The Cavaliers they muster at the Cross with hurrying feet,  
And through the city proudly ride, Prince Rupert at their head,  
While every casement is undone, and parting words are said.

To one brave gallant—Martin Vere—a maiden drops a glove;  
Who would not like a Trojan fight with such a gage of love?  
He ties it gaily round his sword, and waves a fond adieu—  
A glance, a sigh, a sob; and then the troop is lost to view.

In ambush close the Cavaliers at Powick village lie—  
Not one amongst them, man or youth, but knows the way to die!  
All hold their breath and grasp their swords more firmly as they hear  
The horses' tramp, betokening the foe is drawing near.

On helmet, umbril, sword, and spear the gladd'ning sunlight gleams—  
No moment this to think of home, no time for lovers' dreams.

"Hush, gentlemen!" Prince Rupert cries; "the game is on the wing;—

Ha! by the Rood, they're here at last!—Now forward for the King!"

A hundred swords flash in the air—a hundred voices cry,

"For merry England! For the King!"—"For Cromwell!" some reply.

Swift thrusts—deep curses—groans—then cheers, re-echo left and right;

And now Old Nolly's men retreat along the roadway white.

In vain Lord Essex bids them charge, and bleeds and fights amain;

For Sandys has fail'd to rally them, and lies amongst the slain.

Entangled in the narrow road, they trample o'er their dead,

And ere the fray has well begun—the Roundhead troops have fled!

\* \* \* \* \*

With open missal on her lap, a trusting maiden waits

For his return who rode that morn so proudly through the gates;

And she may wait full many a day, for in the roadway red,

Beneath the elms, her Cavalier is lying stark and dead!

EDWARD LEGGE.

# BY ORDER OF THE KING.

(*L'Homme qui Rit.*)

A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY: BY VICTOR HUGO.

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## PART II.—BOOK THE FIFTH.

(*Continued.*)

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### CHAPTER II.

#### THE WAIF KNOWS ITS OWN COURSE.



ALL this arose from the circumstance of a soldier having found a bottle on the beach.

We will go into detail.

In all details there are wheels within wheels.

One day one of the four gunners composing the garrison of Castle Calshor picked up from the sand at low water a flask covered with wicker, thrown up by the tide. This flask, covered with mould, was corked by a tarred bung. The soldier carried the waif to the colonel of the castle, and the colonel sent it to the Admiral of England. The Admiral meant the Admiralty; with waifs, the Admiralty meant Barkilphedro.

Barkilphedro, having opened and uncorked the bottle, carried it to the queen. The queen immediately took the matter into consideration.

The facts were found to be correct. They obtained from the local archives at Vevey, at Lausanne, the certificate of Lord Linnæus' marriage in exile, the certificate of the birth of the infant, the certificate of the decease of the father and mother; and they had duplicates, duly authenticated, made to answer all necessary requirements.

All this was executed with the most rigid secrecy, with what is called royal promptitude, and with that mole-like silence recommended and practised by Bacon, and later made law by Blackstone, for affairs connected with the Chancellorship and State, and in



matters termed parliamentary. The *jussu regis* and the signature *Jefferies* were authenticated. For those who have studied pathologically the cases of caprice called "our good will and pleasure," this *jussu regis* is quite simple. Why should James II., whose credit required the concealment of such acts, have allowed that to be written which endangered their success? The answer is, cynicism—haughty indifference. Ah! do you believe that effrontery is confined to abandoned women? State reasons are equally abandoned. *Et se cupit ante videri.*

Queen Anne, in one particular unfeminine, seeing that she could keep a secret, demanded in this grave affair a confidential report from the Lord Chancellor of the kind specified as "report for the royal ear." Reports of this kind have been common in all monarchies. At Vienna there was "a counsellor of the ear"—an aulic dignitary. It was an ancient Carlovingian office—the *auricularius* of the old palatine deeds. He who whispers to the emperor.

William, Baron Cowper, Chancellor of England, whom the Queen believed in because he was short-sighted like herself—even more so—had committed to writing a memorandum commencing thus:—"Two birds were subject to Solomon, a lapwing, the Hudbud, who could speak all languages, and an eagle, the Simourganka, who covered with the shadow of his wings a troop of twenty thousand men. Thus, under another form, Providence," &c. The Lord Chancellor proved the fact that the heir to a peerage had been carried off, mutilated, and then restored. He did not blame James II., who was, after all, the Queen's father. He went so far as to justify. First, there are ancient monarchical maxims. *E senioratu eripimus in roturagio cadat.* Secondly, the royal right of mutilation exists. Chamberlayne writes—*Corpora et bona nostrorum subjectorum nostra sunt*<sup>a</sup>—as said James I., of glorious and learned memory. The eyes of dukes of the blood royal have been plucked out for the good of the kingdom. Certain princes, too near to the throne, have been conveniently stifled between two mattresses, the verdict found being apoplexy. Now, to stifle is more than to mutilate. The King of Tunis tore out the eyes of his father, Muley Assem, and his ambassadors have not been less favourably received by the Emperor.

Hence the king may order the suppression of a limb like the suppression of state, &c. It is legal. But one law does not destroy another. If a drowned man is cast up by the water, and is not

\* The life and the limbs of subjects depend on the king. Chamberlayne, Part 2, chap. iv., p. 76.

dead, it is God's act readjusting that of the king. If the heir be found, let the coronet be given back to him.

Thus was it done for Lord Alla, King of Northumberland, who was also a mountebank. Thus should be done to Gwynplaine, who is also a king, seeing that he is a peer.

The lowness of the occupation which he has been obliged to follow, under constraint of superior power, tarnishes not the blazon; witness Abdolmumen, who was a king, and had been a gardener; witness Joseph, who was a saint, and had been a carpenter; witness Apollo, who was both a god and a shepherd.

In short, the learned chancellor concluded by advising the reinstatement to all his estates and dignities, of Fermain Lord Clancharlie, miscalled Gwynplaine, on the one condition that he should be confronted with the criminal Hardquanonne, and identified by the same. And on this point the chancellor, constitutional keeper of the royal conscience, based the royal decision. The Lord Chancellor added in a postscript that if Hardquanonne refused to answer, he should be subjected to the *peine forte et dure*, to wait for the period called the *frodmortell*, according to the statute of King Athelstane; which orders the confrontation to take place on the fourth day, which is a little inconvenient, for if the prisoner dies the second or the third day, the confrontation becomes difficult; still the law must be executed. The inconvenience of the law makes part and parcel of it. In the mind of the Lord Chancellor, the recognition of Gwynplaine by Hardquanonne was decisive.

Anne, well aware of the deformity of Gwynplaine, and not wishing to wrong her sister, on whom had been bestowed the estates of Clancharlie, graciously decided that the Duchess Josiana should be espoused by the new lord,—that is to say, by Gwynplaine.

The reinstatement of Lord Fermain Clancharlie was, moreover, a very simple affair, the heir being legitimate, and in the direct line.

Barkilphedro managed all.

The affair, thanks to him, was kept so close, the secret was so hermetically sealed, that neither Josiana nor Lord David caught scent of the fearful abyss which yawned under them. It was easy to deceive Josiana, entrenched as she was behind a rampart of pride. She was self-isolated. As to Lord David, they sent him to sea on the coast of Flanders. He was going to lose his peerage, and had not a suspicion of it. One circumstance is noteworthy.

It happened that at six leagues from the anchorage of the naval station commanded by Lord David, a captain called Halyburton broke through the French fleet. The Earl Pembroke, President of

the Council, proposed that this Captain Halyburton should be made vice-admiral. Anne struck out Halyburton's name, and put Lord David Dirry-Moir in his place, that he might, when no longer a peer, have the satisfaction of being a vice-admiral.

Anne was well pleased.

A hideous husband for her sister, and a fine promotion for Lord David. Malice and kindness.

Her majesty was going to enjoy a comedy. Besides, she said to herself that she was repairing an abuse of power committed by her august father. She was reinstating a member of the peerage. She was acting like a great queen; she was protecting innocence according to the will of God, that Providence in its holy and impenetrable ways, &c., &c. It is very sweet to do a just action which is disagreeable to those we do not like.

To know that the future husband of her sister was deformed sufficed the queen. In what manner Gwynplaine was deformed, and by what kind of ugliness, Barkilphedro had not communicated to the queen, and Anne had not deigned to inquire. She was superbly and royally disdainful. Besides, what could it matter? The House of Lords could not but be grateful. The Lord Chancellor, its oracle, had approved. To restore a peer, is to restore the peerage. Royalty on this occasion had shown itself a good and scrupulous guardian of the privileges of the peerage. Whatever might be the face of the new lord, a face cannot be urged in objection to a right. Anne said all this, or something like it, and went straight to her object, an object at once grand, womanlike, and regal; namely, to please herself.

Barkilphedro was for a moment ready to renounce, not his desire to do evil to Josiana, but his hope of doing it; not the rage, but the effort. But what a degradation to be thus baffled! To keep hate henceforth in a case, like a dagger in a museum. What a bitter humiliation!

Whatever appearance of indifference Barkilphedro wished to present to the world, his stupefaction had equalled his joy. Everything he could desire was there to his hand. All seemed as if ready prepared. The fragments of the event which was to gratify his hate were spread beforehand within his reach. He had nothing to do but to pick them up and fit them together—a repair which was an amusement to execute. He was the artificer.

Gwynplaine! He recognised the name. *Masca ridens*. Like every one else, he had been to see the laughing man. He had read the written sign nailed up against the Tadcaster Inn, as one reads a

play-bill that attracts a crowd. He had noted it. He remembered it directly in its most minute details; and, in any case, it was easy to compare them with the original. This notice, in the electrical summons which arose in his memory, appeared before the depths of his vision, and placed itself side by side with the parchment of the shipwrecked crew, as an answer at the side of a question, like the key-word by the side of an enigma; and these lines—"Here is to be seen Gwynplaine deserted, at the age of ten years, on the 29th of January, 1690, on the sea-shore at Portland"—suddenly took in his eyes the splendour of an apocalypse. He had the vision of the light of *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, outside a booth. This was the destruction of the edifice which made the existence of Josiana. A sudden earthquake. The lost child had been recovered. There was a Lord Clancharlie. David Dirry-Moir was nobody. Peerage, riches, power, rank—all these left Lord David and entered into Gwynplaine. All the castles, parks, forests, town houses, palaces, domains, Josiana included, belonged to Gwynplaine. And what a climax for Josiana! What was now before her? She, illustrious and haughty: he, a player; she, beautiful and precious: he, a monster. Could any one have hoped for this? The truth was, that the joy of Barkilphedro had become enthusiastic. The most hateful combinations can be surpassed by the infernal munificence of the unforeseen. When reality likes, it works masterpieces.

Barkilphedro found all his dreams nonsense; facts were finer.

The change he was about to work would not have seemed less desirable had it been detrimental to him. Insects exist so savagely disinterested that they sting, knowing that to sting is to die. Barkilphedro was like these vermin.

But this time he had not the merit of being disinterested. Lord David Dirry-Moir owed him nothing, and Lord Fermain Clancharlie was about to owe him everything. From being a *protégé*, Barkilphedro was about to become a protector. Protector of whom? Of a peer of England. He would have a lord of his own, and a lord who would be his creature. Barkilphedro counted on giving him the first impetus. This peer would be the morganatic brother-in-law of the queen. Being so ugly, he would please the queen, in proportion as he displeased Josiana. Advanced by such favour, and assuming grave and modest airs, Barkilphedro might become a somebody. He had always been destined for the church. He had a vague longing to be a bishop.

*Meanwhile, he was happy.*

Oh, what a great success! and what a quantity of useful work had chance accomplished for him!

His vengeance—for he called it his vengeance—had been softly brought to him by the waves. He had not waited in ambush in vain.

He was the rock, the waif was Josiana. Josiana was about to be dashed against Barkilphedro! to the intense ecstasy of the villain.

The Duchess Josiana quitted London at the same moment that the wapentake presented himself at the Tadcaster Inn to carry away Gwynplaine, and to take him to the penal dungeon at Southwark.

When she arrived at Windsor, the Usher of the Black Rod, who keeps the door of the presence chamber, informed her that her majesty was shut up with the Lord Chancellor, and could not receive her till the next day; that, consequently, she was to remain at Corleone Lodge, at the orders of her majesty; and that she would receive the queen's commands direct when her majesty awoke next morning.

Josiana entered her house feeling very spiteful, supped in a bad humour, had the spleen, dismissed everyone, her page excepted, then dismissed him, and went to bed whilst it was yet daylight.

On arriving she had learnt that to-morrow, Lord David Dirry-Moir was expected at Windsor, having, whilst at sea, received notice to come immediately and receive her majesty's commands.

### CHAPTER III.

"No man could pass suddenly from Siberia into Senegal without losing consciousness."—*Humboldt*,

THE SWOON of a man, even of one the most firm and energetic, under the sudden shock of an unexpected stroke of good fortune, is nothing wonderful. A man is knocked down by the unforeseen blow, like an ox by the poleaxe. François Albescola, he who tore from the Turkish ports their iron chains, remained, when they made him pope, a whole day without consciousness. Now the stride from a cardinal to a pope is less than from a mountebank to a peer of England.

No shock is so violent as a subversion of equilibrium.

When Gwynplaine came to himself and opened his eyes it was night. He was in an arm-chair, in the midst of a large chamber lined entirely with purple velvet, walls, ceiling, and floor. The carpet was velvet. Near to him, standing upright, with uncovered head, was the corpulent man, in his travelling cloak, who had emerged from *behind a pillar in the cell at Southwark*. Gwynplaine was alone in

the chamber with this man. From the chair, by extending his arms, he could reach two tables, each supporting a girandole of six lighted wax candles. On one of these tables there were papers and a casket; on the other a slight refection—a cold fowl, wine, and brandy, served on a silver gilt salver.

Through the glass of a long window, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, the clear sky of the April night was seen between a half-circle of pillars, around a court enclosed by an entrance formed of three gates, one very large, and the other two low. The carriage gate, of great size, was in the middle; on the right, that for equestrians was less; on the left, that for foot passengers was small. These doors were closed by iron railings, with gilt points. A high piece of sculpture surmounted the central door. The columns were probably in white marble, as well as the pavement of the court, which gave the effect of snow, and which framed with its sheet of flat flags a mosaic, which showed confusedly distinct in the shadow.

This mosaic, no doubt, when seen by daylight, would have disclosed to the sight, with all its emblazonry and all its colours, a gigantic coat-of-arms, of the Florentine fashion. Zigzags of balustrades rose and fell, indicating steps of terraces. Over the court frowned an immense pile of architecture, now shadowy and vague in the night-light. Intervals of sky, full of stars, marked clearly the outline of a palace. An enormous roof could be seen, with the gable ends vaulted; garret windows, roofed over like visors; chimneys like towers; and entablatures covered with motionless gods and goddesses.

Beyond the colonnade there played in the shadow one of those fairy fountains which, as they fall from basin to basin, combine the beauty of rain with that of the cascade, and as if scattering the contents of a jewel box, fling to the wind their diamonds and their pearls as though to divert the statues around. Long ranges of windows were seen sideways, separated by panoplies in relief, and by busts on small pedestals. On the pinnacles, trophies, and morions with plumes cut in stone, alternated with the statues of heathen deities.

In the chamber where Gwynplaine was, at the side opposite the window was a fireplace as high as the ceiling, and at another, under a dais, one of those old spacious feudal beds that were reached by a ladder, and where you might sleep lying across; the joint-stool of the bed was at the side, a range of arm chairs at the bottom of the walls, and a range of ordinary chairs, in front of



Cwyplaine and Barkiphedro.—See p. 475

them, completed the furniture. The ceiling was domed. A great wood fire in the French fashion blazed in the fireplace; by the richness of the flames, variegated with rose-colour and green, a judge of such things would have perceived that the wood was ash—a great luxury. The room was so large that the girandoles failed to illuminate it. Here and there curtains over doors, dropped down and swaying, indicated communications with other rooms. The style of this room was altogether that of the reign of James I.,—a style square and massive, antiquated and magnificent. Like the carpet and the lining of the chamber, the dais, the baldaquin, the bed, the stool, the curtains, the chimney, the coverings of the table, the sofas, the chairs, were all of purple velvet.

There was no gilding, except on the ceiling. Laid on it, at equal distances from the four angles, was an enormous round shield of embossed metal, where sparkled in dazzling relief, coats of arms; amongst these devices, two blazons, side by side, were to be distinguished. The cap of a baron and the coronet of a marquis; was this made of brass gilded, or was it of silver? You could not tell. It seemed to be of gold. And in the centre of this lordly ceiling, like a gloomy and magnificent sky, this gleaming scutcheon was as the dark splendour of a sun shining in the night.

The savage, in whom is embodied the freeman, is nearly as restless in a palace as in a prison. This superb chamber was depressing. All such magnificence produced fear. Who could be the inhabitant of this stately palace. To what colossus does all this grandeur appertain? Of what lion is this the lair? Gwynplaine, as yet but half awake, was heavy at heart.

“Where am I?” he said.

The man who stood before him, answered,—

“You are in your own house, my lord.”

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### FASCINATION.

WHILST Barkilphedro spoke, Gwynplaine, in a crescendo of stupor, remembered the past. Memory is a gulf that a word can move to its lowest depths. Gwynplaine knew all the words pronounced by Barkilphedro. They were written in the last lines of the two placards which lined the van where his childhood had been passed, and, by the habit of letting his eyes wander over them mechanically, he knew them by heart. On reaching, a forsaken orphan, the travelling



caravan at Weymouth, he had found the inventory of the inheritance which awaited him; and in the morning, when the poor little boy awoke, the first thing spelt by his careless and unconscious look was this title and its possessions.

It was a strange circumstance, in addition to all his other surprises, that, during fifteen years, rolling from highway to highway, clown of a travelling theatre, gaining his bread day by day, picking up farthings, and living on crumbs, he had travelled with the inventory of his fortune placarded over his misery.

Barkilphedro touched with his forefinger the casket on the table.

"My lord, this casket contains two thousand guineas that her gracious majesty the queen has sent you for your present wants."

Gwynplaine made a movement.

"That shall be for my Father Ursus," he said.

"So be it, my lord," said Barkilphedro. "Ursus, at the Tadcaster Inn. The Usher, who accompanied us hither, and is about to return immediately, will carry them to him. Perhaps I may go to London myself. In that case, I will take charge of it."

"I shall take them myself," said Gwynplaine.

Barkilphedro's smile disappeared, and he said,—

"Impossible!"

There is an impressive inflection of voice which, as it were, underlines the words. Barkilphedro's tone was thus emphasised; he paused, so as to put a full stop after the word he had just uttered. Then he continued, with that peculiar and respectful tone of a servant who feels that he is master,—

"My lord, you are twenty-three miles from London, at Corleone Lodge, your court residence, contiguous to the Royal Castle of Windsor. You are here unknown to anyone. You have been brought hither in a close carriage, which waited for you at the door of the jail at Southwark. The servants who have introduced you into this palace are ignorant who you are; but they know me, and that is sufficient. You may possibly have been brought to this apartment by means of a private key in my possession. There are people in the house asleep and it is not the proper hour to awaken them. Hence we have time for an explanation, which, nevertheless, will be short. I have been commissioned by her majesty——"

Whilst he spoke, Barkilphedro began to turn over the leaves of some bundles of papers which were lying near the casket.

"My lord, here is your patent of peerage. This is that of your Sicilian marquissate. These are the parchments and title-deeds of your eight baronies, with the seals of eleven kings, from Baldret,

King of Kent, to James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England and Scotland united. Here are your letters of precedence. Here are your rent-rolls, and titles and descriptions of your fiefs, freeholds, dependencies, lands, and domains. That which you see above your head in the emblazonment on the ceiling are your two coronets: the circlet with pearls for the baron, and the circle with strawberry leaves for the marquis.

"Here, in the wardrobe, is your peer's robe of red velvet, bordered with ermine. To-day, only a few hours since, the Lord Chancellor and the Deputy Earl Marshal of England, informed of the result of your confrontation with the Comprachico Hardquanonne, have taken her majesty's commands. Her majesty has signed them, according to her royal will, which is the same as the law. All the formalities are complied with. To-morrow, and no later than to-morrow, you will take your seat in the House of Lords, where they have some days deliberated on a bill, presented by the Crown, having for its object the augmentation by a hundred thousand pounds sterling yearly of the annual allowance to the Duke of Cumberland, husband of the queen. You will be able to take part in the debate."

Barkilphedro paused, breathed slowly, and resumed.

"However, nothing is yet settled. A man cannot be made a peer of England without his own consent. All can be annulled and disappear, unless you acquiesce. An event nipped in the bud ere it ripens often occurs in state policy. My lord, up to this time silence has been preserved on what has occurred. The House of Lords will not be informed of the facts till to-morrow. Secrecy has been preserved on the whole business for reasons of state, which are of importance so considerable, that the influential persons who alone are at this moment cognisant of your existence and of your rights will forget them immediately should reasons of state command their being forgotten. That which is in darkness may remain in darkness. It is easy to wipe you out; the more so as you have a brother, the natural son of your father and of a woman who afterwards, during the exile of your father, became mistress to the king, Charles II., which accounts for your brother's high position at court; for it is to this brother, all bastard as he is, that your peerage would revert. Do you wish this? I cannot think so. Well, all depends on you. The queen must be obeyed. You will not quit the house till to-morrow in a royal carriage, and to go to the House of Lords. My lord, will you be a peer of England, yes or no? The queen has designs for you. She destines you for an alliance almost royal. Fermain Lord Clancharlie, this is the decisive

moment. Destiny never opens one door without shutting another. After a certain step in advance, to step back is impossible. Whoso enters into transfiguration, leaves behind him evanescence. My lord, Gwynplaine is dead. Do you understand?"

Gwynplaine trembled from head to foot.

Then he recovered himself.

"Yes," he said.

Barkilphedro, smiling, bowed, placed the casket under his cloak, and went out.

## CHAPTER V.

WE THINK WE REMEMBER ; WE FORGET.

GWYNPLAINE, left by himself, began to walk with long strides. A bubbling precedes an explosion.

Notwithstanding this agitation, in this impossibility of keeping still, he meditated. His mind liquefied as it boiled. He began to recall things to his memory. It is surprising how we find we have heard so well that to which we have scarcely listened. The declaration of the shipwrecked men, read by the sheriff in the Southwark cell, came back to him clearly and intelligibly. He recalled each word, he saw in idea all his infancy.

Suddenly he stopped, his hands behind his back, looking up to the ceiling—the sky—no matter what—whatever was above him.

"Retribution!" he said.

He felt like one whose head rises out of the water. It seemed to him that he saw all—the past, the future, the present—in the accession of a sudden flash of light.

"Ah!" he cried, for there are cries in the depths of thought. "Ah! thus it was! I was a lord. All is discovered. Ah! They stole, betrayed, destroyed, abandoned, disinherited, murdered me! The corpse of my destiny floated fifteen years on the sea; all at once it touched the earth, and it started up, erect and living. I am re-born. I am born. I felt under my rags that the breast there palpitating was not that of a wretch; and when I looked on crowds of men, I felt that they were the flocks, and that I was not the dog, but the shepherd! Shepherds of the people, leaders of men, guides and masters, such were my fathers; and what they were I am! I am a gentleman, and I have a sword; I am a baron, and I have a casque; I am a marquis, and I have a plume; I am a peer, and I have a coronet. Lo! they deprived me of all this. I dwelt in light, they flung me into darkness. Those who proscribed the father, sold the

son. When my father was dead, they took from beneath his head the stone of exile which he had placed for his pillow, and, tying it to my neck, they flung me into a sewer. Oh! those scoundrels who tortured my infancy! Yes, they rise and move in the depths of my memory. Yes; I see them again. I was that morsel of flesh pecked to pieces on a tomb by a flight of crows. I bled and cried under all those horrible shadows. Lo! it was there that they precipitated me, under the crush of those who come and go, under the trampling feet of men, under the undermost of the human race, lower than the serf, baser than the serving man, lower than the felon, lower than the slave, at the spot when Chaos becomes a sewer, in which I was engulfed. It is from thence that I come; it is from this that I rise; it is from this that I am resuscitated. And, behold me. Retribution!"

He sat down, he arose, clasped his head with his hands, began to pace the room again, and this tempestuous monologue continued within him.

"Where am I?—on the summit? Where is it that I have just alighted?—on the highest peak? This pinnacle, this grandeur, this dome of the world, this great power, is my home. This temple is in air. I am one of the gods. I live in inaccessible heights. This supremacy, which I looked up to from below, and from whence emanated such rays of glory that I shut my eyes; this ineffaceable peerage; this impregnable fortress of the fortunate, I enter. I am in it. I am of it. Ah, what a decisive turn of the wheel! I was below, I am on high—on high for ever! Behold me, a lord! I shall have a scarlet robe. I shall have an earl's coronet on my head. I shall assist at the coronation of kings. They will take the oath from my hands. I shall judge princes and ministers. I shall exist. From the depths into which I was thrown, I have rebounded to the zenith. I have palaces in town and country; houses, gardens, chases, forests, carriages, millions. I will give fêtes. I will make laws. I shall have the choice of joys and pleasures. And the vagabond Gwynplaine, who had not the right to gather a flower in the grass, may pluck the stars from heaven!"

Melancholy overshadowing of a soul's brightness! Thus it was that in Gwynplaine, who had been a hero and had not ceased to be one, moral greatness gave way to material splendour. A lamentable transition! Virtue broken down by a troop of passing demons. A surprise made on the weak side of man's fortress. All the inferior circumstances called by men superior, ambition, the purblind desires of instinct, passions, covetousness, driven far from Gwynplaine by

the wholesome restraints of misfortune, took tumultuous possession of his generous heart. And from what had this arisen? From the discovery of a parchment in a waif drifted by the sea. Conscience may be violated by a chance attack.

Gwynplaine drank in great draughts of pride, and it dulled his soul. Such is the poison of this fatal wine.

Giddiness invaded him. He more than consented to its approach. He welcomed it. This was the effect of previous and long-continued thirst. Are we an accomplice of the cup which deprives us of reason? He had always vaguely desired this. His eyes had always turned towards the great. To watch is to wish. The eaglet is not born in the eyrie for nothing.

In Gwynplaine's brain was the giddy whirlwind of a crowd of new circumstances; all the light and shade of a metamorphosis; inexpressibly strange confrontations; the shock of the past against the future. Two Gwynplaines, himself doubled; in the past an infant in rags, crawling through night—wandering, shivering, hungry, provoking laughter; in the future, a brilliant nobleman—luxurious, proud, dazzling all London.

In idea he threw away one, and amalgamated himself in the other. He cast the slough of the mountebank, and became a peer. Change of skin is sometimes a change of soul. At some moment the past seemed like a dream. It was complex, bad and good. He thought of his father. It was a poignant anguish never to have known his father. He tried to picture him to himself. He thought of his brother, of whom he had just heard. Then he had a family! He, Gwynplaine! He lost himself in fantastic dreams. He saw visions of magnificence; unknown forms of solemn grandeur moved in mist before him. He heard a flourish of trumpets.

“And then,” he said, “I shall be eloquent.”

He pictured to himself a splendid entrance into the House of Lords. He should arrive full to the brim with new facts and ideas. What could he not tell them? What subjects he had accumulated! What an advantage to be in the midst of them, a man who had seen, touched, undergone, and suffered; who could cry aloud to them, “I have been near to all, from which you are so far removed.” He would hurl reality in the face of those patricians, crammed with illusions. They should tremble, for it would be true. They would applaud, for it would be grand. He would arise amongst these powerful men, more powerful than they.

“I shall appear as a torch-bearer, to show them truth; and as a sword-bearer, to show them justice!”

What a triumph !

And, building up these fantasies in his mind, clear and confused at the same time, he had accessions of delirium,—sinking on the first seat he came to; sometimes drowsy, sometimes starting up. He came and went, looked at the ceiling, examined the coronets, studied vaguely the hieroglyphics of the emblazonment, felt the velvet of the walls, moved the chairs, turned over the parchments, read the names, spelt out the titles, Buxton, Homble Grundraith, Hunkerville, Clancharlie; compared the wax, the seal, felt the twist of silk appended to the royal privy seal, approached the window, listened to the splash of the fountain, contemplated the statues, counted, with the patience of a somnambulist, the columns of marble, and said,—

“ It is real.”

Then he touched his satin clothes, and asked himself,—

“ Is it I ? Yes.”

He was torn by an inward tempest.

In this whirlwind, did he feel faintness and fatigue ? Did he drink, eat, sleep ? If he did so, it was without knowing it.

In certain violent situations instinct satisfies itself, according to its requirements, without consciousness. Besides, his thoughts were less thoughts than mists. At the moment that the black flame of an eruption disgorges itself from depths full of boiling lava, has the crater any consciousness of the flocks which crop the peaceful grass at the foot of the mountain ?

The hours passed.

The dawn appeared, and brought the day. A bright ray penetrated the chamber, which at the same instant entered the soul of Gwynplaine.

And the Light said “ Dea ! ”

PART II.—BOOK THE SIXTH.

Ursus under his Different Aspects.

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CHAPTER I.

WHAT THE MISANTHROPE SAID.

AFTER Ursus had seen Gwynplaine thrust within the door of the Southwark Jail he remained, haggard, in the corner from which he was watching. For a long time his ears were haunted by that grinding of bolts and bars, which resembled a howl of joy that one wretch more should be enclosed within them.

He waited. For what? He watched. For what? Such inexorable doors, once shut, do not open again immediately.

He scrutinised by turns those two black walls, sometimes the high one, sometimes the low; sometimes the door near which the ladder to the gibbet stood, then that surmounted by a death's head. It seemed as if he were caught in a vice, composed of a prison and a cemetery.

This shunned and unpopular street was so deserted that Ursus was unobserved.

At length he left the arch under which he had taken shelter, a kind of chance sentry-box, where he had acted the watchman, and departed with slow steps. The day was declining, for his sentinel duty had been long. From time to time he turned his head and looked at the frightful wicket through which Gwynplaine had disappeared. His eyes were glassy and dull. He reached the end of the alley, entered another, then another, retracing almost unconsciously the road which he had taken some hours before. At intervals he turned, as if he could still see the door of the prison, though he was not in the street in which the jail was situated.

Little by little he approached Tarrinzeau Field. The lanes in the neighbourhood of the fair-ground were deserted pathways between enclosed gardens. He walked along, with bent head, by the hedges and ditches. All at once he halted, and drawing himself up, exclaimed, "So much the better!"

At the same time he struck his fist twice on his head and twice on his thigh, thus proving himself to be a sensible fellow, who saw things in their right light; and then he began to growl inwardly, yet now and then raising his voice.

"It is all right! Ah, the scoundrel! the thief! the vagabond! the worthless fellow! the seditious scamp! It is his designs on the government which have sent him there.

"He is a rebel. I was harbouring a rebel. I am free of him, and lucky for me; he was compromising us. Thrust into prison! Oh, so much the better! What excellent laws! Ah, ungrateful boy! I who brought him up! To give oneself all this trouble for this! Why should he want to speak and to reason? He mixed himself up in politics. The ass! In handling the pence he babbled about the taxes, about the poor, about the people, about what was no business of his. He permitted himself to make reflections on the pence. He commented wickedly and maliciously on the copper money of the kingdom. He insulted the farthings of her Majesty. A farthing! Why, 'tis the same as the queen. A sacred effigy! Devil take it! a sacred effigy! Have we a queen, yes or no? Then respect her verdigris! Everything depends on the government: one must know that. I have experience, I have. I know some things.

"And now I am free of him. When the wapentake came I was at first a fool; one always doubts one's own good luck. I believed that I did not see what I did see; that it was impossible, that it was a nightmare, that a day-dream was playing me a trick.

"But no! There was nothing truer. It is all clear. Gwynplaine is really in prison. It is a stroke of Providence. Praise be to it! It is this monster who, with the row he made, has drawn attention to my establishment, and has denounced my poor wolf. Be off, Gwynplaine; and, behold, I am rid of both. Two birds killed with one stone. Because Dea will die, when she can no longer see Gwynplaine. For she sees him, the idiot! She will have no object in life. She will say, 'What can I do in the world?' Goodbye! To the devil with both of them! I always detested the creatures! Die, Dea! Oh, I am quite comfortable!"

## CHAPTER II.

### WHAT HE DID.

HE returned to the Tadcaster Inn.

It struck half-past six. It was a little before twilight.

Master Nicless stood on his door-step.

He had not succeeded, since the morning, in extinguishing the terror which still showed on his scared face.



He perceived Ursus from afar.

"Well!" he cried.

"Well! what?"

"Is Gwynplaine coming back? It is full time. The public will soon be coming. Shall we have the performance of 'The Grinning Man' this evening?"

"I am the grinning man," said Ursus.

And he looked at the tavern-keeper with a loud chuckle.

Then he went up to the first floor, opened the window next to the sign of the inn, leant over towards the placard about Gwynplaine, the grinning man, and the bill of "Chaos Vanquished;" unnailed one, tore off the other, put both under his arm, and descended.

Master Nicless followed him with his eyes.

"Why did you unhook that?"

Ursus burst into a second fit of laughter.

"Why do you laugh?" said the tavern-keeper.

"I re-enter private life."

Master Nicless understood, and gave an order to his lieutenant, the boy Govicum, to announce to every one who came that there would be no representation that evening. He took away from the door the box made out of a cask, where they received the money, and rolled it into a corner of the lower sitting-room.

A moment after, Ursus entered the Green Box.

He put the two signs away in a corner, and entered what he called the woman's wing.

Dea slept.

She was on her bed, dressed as usual, excepting that the body of her gown was loosened, as if she was taking a siesta.

Near to her Vinos and Fibi were sitting—one on a stool, the other on the ground—musing. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, they had not dressed themselves in their gauze of goddesses, which was a sign of deep discouragement. They had remained packed up in their druggert petticoats, and their dress of coarse cloth.

Ursus looked at Dea.

"She is rehearsing for a longer sleep," murmured he.

Then, addressing Fibi and Vinos,—

"You know all, you two. The music is over. You may put your trumpets into the drawer. You did well not to equip yourselves as deities. You look ugly enough as you are, but it was quite right. Keep on your petticoats—no performance to-night, nor to-morrow, nor the day after to-morrow. No Gwynplaine. Gwynplaine is clean gone."

Then he looked again at Dea.

"What a blow to her this will be ! It will be like blowing out a candle."

He inflated his cheeks.

"Puff ! nothing more."

Then, with a little dry laugh,

"Losing Gwynplaine, she loses all. It would be just as if I lost Homo. It will be worse. She will feel more lonely than would anyone else. The blind wade through more sorrow than we do."

He looked out of the window at the end of the room.

"How the days lengthen ! It is not too dark to see at seven o'clock. Nevertheless, we will light up."

He struck the steel and lighted the lamp, which hung from the ceiling of the Green Box.

Then he leaned over Dea.

"She will catch cold ; you have unlaced her jacket too much. There is a proverb,

'Though April skies be bright,  
Keep all your wrappers tight.'

Seeing a pin shining on the floor, he picked it up, and pricked himself in the arm. Then he paced the Green Box, gesticulating.

"I am in full possession of my faculties. I am lucid, quite lucid. I consider this occurrence as quite proper, and I approve of what has happened. When she awakes I will explain everything to her clearly. The catastrophe will not be long in coming. No more Gwynplaine. Good night, Dea. How well it is all arranged ! Gwynplaine in prison, Dea in the cemetery, they will be *vis-à-vis* ! A dance of death ! Two destinies going off the stage at once. Pack up the costumes. Fasten the valise. For valise read coffin. It was just what was best for these creatures. Dea without eyes, Gwynplaine without a face. On high the Almighty will restore sight to Dea and beauty to Gwynplaine.

"Death puts things to rights. All will be well. Fibi, Vinos, hang up your tambourines on the nail. Your talents for noise will go to rust ; my beauties, no more playing, no more trumpeting. 'Chaos Vanquished' is vanquished. 'The Grinning Man' is done for. 'Tarantara' is dead. Dea sleeps on. She does well. In her place I would never awake again. Oh ! she will soon fall asleep again. A skylark like that takes very little killing. This comes of meddling with politics. What a lesson ! Governments are right. Gwynplaine to the sheriff. Dea to the grave-digger. Parallel cases ! Instructive symmetry ! I hope the tavern-keeper has barred the door. We are

going to die this evening quietly at home, between ourselves—not I, nor Homo, but Dea.

“As for me, I shall continue to roll the caravan. I belong to the meanderings of vagabond life. I shall dismiss those two women. I shall not keep even one of them. I have a tendency to become an old scoundrel. A maid-servant in the house of a libertine is like a loaf of bread on the shelf. I decline the temptation. It is not becoming at my age. *Turpe senilis amor*. I will follow my way alone with Homo. How astonished Homo will be! Where is Gwynplaine? Where is Dea? Old comrade, once more we two are together. Plague take it! I'm delighted. Their bucolics were an encumbrance. Ah! that scamp Gwynplaine, who returns no more. He has left us stuck here. I say All right. And now 'tis Dea's turn. That won't be long. I like things to be done with. I would not snap my fingers to stop her dying—her dying! I tell you! Ah, she awakes!”

Dea opened her eyelids; many blind persons shut them when they sleep. Her sweet unwitting face wore all its usual radiance.

“She smiles,” murmured Ursus, “and I laugh. That is as it should be.”

Dea called,—

“Fibi! Vinos! It must be the time for the performance. I think I have been asleep a long time. Come and dress me.”

Neither Fibi nor Vinos moved.

Meanwhile, the ineffable blind look in the eyes of Dea met the eyes of Ursus. He started.

“Well!” he cried; “what are you about? Vinos! Fibi! Do you not hear your mistress? Are you deaf? Quick! the play is going to begin.”

The two women looked at Ursus in stupefaction.

Ursus shouted,—

“What a crowd there is! We shall have a crammed performance.”

In the mean time Vinos played the tambourine. Ursus went on,—

“Dea is dressed. Now we may begin. I am sorry they let in so many spectators. How thickly packed they are! Look, Gwynplaine, what a mad mob it is. I will bet that to-day we shall take more money than we have ever done yet. Come, gipsies, play up, both of you. Come here. Fibi, seize your clarion. Good. Vinos, drum on your tambourine. Fling it up and catch it again. Fibi, put yourself into a favourite attitude. Young ladies, you are too much dressed. Take off those jackets. Replace stuff by gauze. The public like to see the female form exposed. Let the moralists

thunder. A little indecency. Devil take it! What of that? Look voluptuous, and rush into wild melodies. Snort, blow, whistle, flourish, play the tambourine. What a quantity of people, my poor Gwynplaine!"

He interrupted himself.

"Gwynplaine, help me. Let down the platform." He spread out his pocket-handkerchief. "But first let me roar in my rag," and he blew his nose violently, as a ventriloquist ought. His handkerchief replaced in his pocket, he drew the pegs out of the pulleys, which creaked as usual as the platform was let down.

"Gwynplaine, do not draw the curtain until the performance begins. We are not alone. You two come on in front. Music, ladies! tum, tum, tum. A pretty audience we have! the dregs of the people. Good heavens!"

The two gipsies, stupidly obedient, placed themselves in their usual corners of the platform. Then Ursus became wonderful. It was no longer a man, but a crowd. Obligated to make abundance out of emptiness, he called to aid his prodigious powers of ventriloquism. The whole orchestra of human and animal voices which was within him, he called into tumult at once.

He was legion. Any one with his eyes shut would have imagined that he was in a public place on some day of rejoicing, or in some sudden popular riot. A whirlwind of clamour proceeded from Ursus; he sang, he shouted, he talked, he coughed, he spat, he sneezed, took snuff, talked and responded, put questions and gave answers, all at once. The half uttered syllables ran one into another. In the court, untenanted by a single spectator, were heard men, women, and children. It was a clear confusion of tumult. Strange discords wound, vapour-like, through the confusion. The chirping of birds, the swearing of cats, the wailings of sucking children. They could distinguish the indistinct tones of drunken men. The growling of dogs under the feet of people who stamped on them. The cries came from far and near, from top to bottom, from the upper boxes to the pit.

Govicum, delighted in provoking this noise, exerted himself almost as much as Ursus. It amused him, and, moreover, it earned him pence.

Homo was pensive.

In the midst of the tumult Ursus now and then uttered such words as these:—"Just as usual, Gwynplaine. There is a cabal against us. Our rivals undermine our success. Tumult is the seasoning of triumph. Besides, there are too many people. They are uncomfort-

able. The angles of their neighbours' elbows do not dispose them to be good-natured. I hope the benches will not give way. We shall be the victims to an incensed population. Ah! if our friend Tom-Jim-Jack were here! but he never comes now. Look at those heads rising one above another. Those who are forced to stand don't look very well pleased, though the great Galen pronounced it to be strengthening. We will shorten the entertainment, as only 'Chaos Vanquished' was announced in the playbill, we will not play 'Ursus Rursus.' There will be something gained in that. What an uproar! O blind turbulence of the masses. They will do us some damage. However, they can't go on like this. We should not be able to play. No one can catch a word of the piece. I am going to address them. Gwynplaine, draw the curtain a little aside.—Gentlemen." Here Ursus addressed himself with a shrill and feeble voice,—

"Down with that old fool!"

Then he answered in his own voice,—

"It seems that the mob insult me. Cicero is right; *plebs fex urbis*. Never mind, we will admonish the mob, though I shall have much trouble in making myself heard. I will speak, notwithstanding. Man, do your duty. Gwynplaine, look at that bitter scold grinding her teeth down there."

Ursus made a pause, which he filled by gnashing his teeth, Homo, provoked, added a second, and Govicum a third.

Ursus went on:

"My lords and gentlemen, I see that my address has unluckily displeased you. I take leave of your hisses for a moment. I shall put on my head, and the performance is going to begin."

The rings of the curtain were heard being drawn over the rod. The tambourines of the gipsies stopped. Ursus took down his instrument, executed his prelude, and said, in a low tone: "Alas! Gwynplaine, how mysterious this is," then he flung himself down with the wolf.

When he had taken down his instrument, he had also taken from the nail a rough wig which he had, and which he had thrown on the stage in a corner within his reach. The representation of "Chaos Vanquished" took place as usual, minus only the effect of the blue light, and the brilliancy of the fairies. The wolf played his best. At the proper moment Dea made her appearance, and, with that voice so tremulous and heavenly, invoked Gwynplaine. She extended her arms, feeling for that head.

Ursus rushed at the wig, ruffled it, put it on, advanced softly, and holding his breath, his head bristled thus under the hand of Dea.

Then calling all his art to his aid, and copying Gwynplaine's voice, he sang with ineffable love the response of the monster to the call of the spirit. The imitation was so perfect that again the gipsies sought Gwynplaine with their eyes, frightened at hearing without seeing him.

Govicum, filled with astonishment, stamped, applauded, clapped his hands, producing an Olympian tumult, and himself laughed as if he had been a chorus of gods. This boy, it must be confessed, developed a rare talent for acting an audience.

Fibi and Vinos, being automatons, of which Ursus pulled the strings, made their habitual rattle of their instruments, composed of copper and ass's skin, which marked the end of the representation and the departure of the people.

Ursus arose, covered with sweat. He said, in a low voice, to Homo, "You see it was necessary to gain time. I think we have succeeded. I have not acquitted myself badly. I, who have as much reason as any one to go distracted. Gwynplaine may return here to-morrow. It is useless to kill Dea directly. I can explain matters to you."

He took off his wig and wiped his forehead.

"I am a ventriloquist of genius," murmured he. "What talent I displayed! I have equalled Brabant, the engastrimist of Francis I., of France. Dea is convinced that Gwynplaine is here."

"Ursus," said Dea, "where is Gwynplaine?"

Ursus started, and turned. Dea was still standing at the back of the stage, alone under the lamp which hung from the ceiling. She was pale, with the pallor of a ghost.

She added, with an ineffable expression of despair,—

"I know. He has left us. He is gone. I always knew he had wings."

And raising her sightless eyes on high, she added:

"When shall I follow?"

### CHAPTER III.

#### MCENIBUS SURDIS CAMPANA MUTA.

URSUS smoothed the felt of the hat, touched the cloth of the cloak, the serge of the coat, the leather of the esclavine, and not being able longer to doubt whose garments they were, with a gesture at once brief and imperative, and without saying a word, he pointed to the door of the inn.

Master Nicless opened it.

Ursus rushed out of the tavern.

Master Nicless following him with his eyes, saw Ursus run as fast as his old legs would allow, in the direction taken that morning by the wapentake who carried off Gwynplaine.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, Ursus, out of breath, reached the little street in which stood the private gate of the Southwark Jail, which he had already watched so many hours. This alley was lonely enough at all hours, but if dreary during the day, it was portentous in the night. No one ventured through it after a certain hour. It seemed as though people feared that the walls should close in, and that if the prison or the cemetery took a fancy to embrace, they should be crushed in their clasp. These were the effects of darkness. The pollard willows of the ruelle Vauvert, in Paris, were thus ill-famed. It was said that during the night these stumps of trees changed into great hands, and caught hold of the passers-by.

By instinct the Southwark folks shunned, as we have said, this alley between a prison and a churchyard. Formerly it had been barricaded during the night by an iron chain. Very uselessly; because the strongest chain which guarded the street was the terror it inspired.

Ursus entered it resolutely.

What intention possessed him? None.

He came into this alley to seek intelligence.

Was he about to knock at the door of the jail? Certainly not. Such an expedient, at once fearful and vain, had no place in his brain. To attempt to introduce himself to demand an explanation! What folly! Prisons open not to those who wish to enter, any more than to those who desire to get out.

Their hinges turn not except by law. Ursus knew this. Why, then, did he come there? To see. To see what? Nothing. Who can tell?

Even to be opposite the door through which Gwynplaine had disappeared—that was something.

Sometimes the blackest and most rugged of walls whispers, and some light escapes through a cranny. A vague glimmering is perceived occasionally through solid and sombre piles of building. Even to examine the envelope of a fact is to some purpose. The instinct of all is never to leave between the fact which interests us and ourselves more than the thinnest possible cover. It was for this reason that Ursus returned to the alley in which was the lower entrance to the prison.

At the moment he entered it he heard one stroke of the clock, then a second.

"Hold," thought he; "can it be midnight already?"

Mechanically he set himself to count.

"Three, four, five."

He mused.

"At what long intervals this clock strikes!—how slowly! Six, seven!"

Then he remarked,—

"What a melancholy sound! Eight, nine! Ah! nothing can be more natural; it's dull work for the clock living in a prison. Ten! Besides, there is the cemetery. This clock sounds the hour to the living, and eternity to the dead. Eleven! Alas! to strike the hour to him who is not free, is also to chronicle an eternity! Twelve!

"It is not the striking of a clock: it is the bell Muta. No wonder I said, How long it is in striking midnight. This clock does not strike: it tolls. What fearful thing is about to take place?"

Formerly all prisons, as all monasteries, had a bell called Muta, reserved for melancholy occasions. La Muta (the mute) was a bell which struck very low, as if doing its best not to be heard.

Ursus had reached the corner so convenient for his watch whence he had been able during a great part of the day to keep his eye on the prison.

The strokes followed each other at lugubrious intervals.

A knell makes an ugly punctuation in space. It breaks the pre-occupation of the mind into funereal paragraphs. A knell, like a man's death-rattle, notifies an agony. If in the houses about the neighbourhood where a knell is tolled there are reveries straying in doubt, its sound cuts them into rigid fragments. A vague reverie is a sort of refuge. Some indefinable diffuseness in anguish allows now and then a ray of hope to pierce through it. A knell is precise and desolating. It concentrates this diffusion of thought, and into the trouble, where anxiety seeks to remain in suspense, it hurls the mind down headlong. A knell speaks to each one in the sense of his own grief or his own trouble. Tragic bell! your voice sounds warning to all alike.

All at once, in that very spot which appeared like a dark hole, a redness showed. The redness grew larger, and became a light.

There was no uncertainty about it. It soon took a form and angles. The door of the jail had just turned on its hinges. This glow painted the arch and the jambs of the door. It was a yawning rather than an opening. A prison does not open; it yawns—per-



haps from ennui. Through the gate passed a man with a torch in his hand.

The death-bell rang on. Ursus felt his attention fascinated by two objects. He watched,—his ear the knell, his eye the torch. Behind the first man the gate, which had been ajar, enlarged the opening suddenly, and allowed egress to two other men; then to a fourth. This fourth was the wapentake, clearly visible by the light of the torch. In his grasp was his iron staff.

Following the wapentake, filed and opened out below the gateway in order, two by two, with the rigidity of a series of walking posts, some silent men.

This nocturnal procession stepped through the lower door coupled in file, like a procession of penitents, without any solution of continuity, with a funereal care to make no noise, gravely—almost gently; a serpent issuing from its hole uses similar precautions.

The torch threw out their profiles and their attitudes in relief. Fierce looks, sullen attitudes.

Ursus recognised the faces of the police who had that morning carried off Gwynplaine.

There was no doubt about it. They were the same. They were re-appearing.

Evidently Gwynplaine would also re-appear. They had carried him to that place. They would bring him back.

It was all quite clear.

Ursus's eyes were strained to the utmost. Would they set Gwynplaine at liberty?

The files of police flowed through the low arch very slowly, and, as it were, drop by drop. The toll of the bell was uninterrupted, and seemed to mark their steps. On leaving the prison, the procession turned their backs on Ursus, and went to the right, into the bend of the street opposite to that in which he was posted.

A second torch shone under the gateway, announcing the end of the procession.

Ursus would now see what they brought with them. The prisoner. The man.

Ursus would soon, he thought, see Gwynplaine.

That which they carried appeared.

It was a bier.

Four men carried a bier, covered with black cloth.

Behind them came a man, with a shovel on his shoulder.

A third lighted torch, held by a man reading in a book, probably the chaplain, closed the procession.

The bier followed the ranks of the police, who had turned to the right.

Just at that moment the head of the procession stopped.

Ursus heard the grating of a key.

Opposite the prison, in the low wall which ran along the other side of the street, another opening was illuminated by a torch which passed beneath it.

This gate, over which a death's head was visible, was that of the cemetery.

The wapentake passed through it, then the men, then the second torch. The procession decreased therein, like a reptile entering his retreat.

The files of police penetrated into that other darkness which was beyond the gate, then the bier, then the man with the spade, then the chaplain with his torch and his book, and the door was closed.

There was nothing left but a haze of light above the wall.

A muttering was heard. Then some dull sounds. Without doubt it was the chaplain and the grave-digger. The one throwing on the coffin some verses of Scripture, the other some clods of earth.

The muttering ceased ; the heavy sounds ceased. A movement was made. The torches shone. The wapentake re-appeared, holding high his weapon, under the re-opened gate of the cemetery ; the chaplain with his book, the gravedigger with his spade. The *cortège* re-appeared without the coffin.

The files of men crossed over in the same order, with the same taciturnity, and in the opposite direction. The gate of the cemetery closed. That of the prison opened. Its sepulchral architecture stood out against the light. The obscurity of the corridor became vaguely visible. The solid and deep night of the jail was revealed to sight ; then the whole vision disappeared in depths of shadow.

The knell ceased. All was locked by silence. A sinister incarceration of shadows.

Of the vanished vision nothing remained but this.

A passage of spectres, who had disappeared.

The logical arrangement of surmises builds up something which at least resembles evidence. To the arrest of Gwynplaine, to the secret mode of his capture, to the return of his garments by the police officer, to this death bell of the prison to which he had been conducted, was now added, or rather adjusted,—portentous circumstance—a coffin carried to the grave.

"He is dead!" cried Ursus.

He sank down upon a stone.

"Dead! They have killed him! Gwynplaine! My child! My son!"

And he burst into passionate sobs.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### STATE POLICY DEALS RETAIL AS WELL AS WHOLESALE.

URSUS, alas! had boasted that he had never wept. The reservoir of tears was full. Such plenitude as is accumulated drop on drop, sorrow on sorrow, through a long existence, is not to be poured out in a moment. Ursus wept a long time.

The first tear is a letting out of waters. He wept for Gwynplaine, for Dea, for himself, Ursus, for Homo. He wept like a child. He wept like an old man. He wept for all at which he had ever before laughed. He paid off arrears. Man is never nonsuited when he pleads his right to tears.

The corpse they had just buried was Hardquanonne; but Ursus could not know that.

Many hours crept on.

Day began to break. The pale cloth of the morning was spread out, dimly creased with shadow, over the bowling-green. The dawn lighted up the front of the Tadcaster Inn. Master Nicless had not gone to bed, because sometimes the same occurrence produces sleeplessness in many.

Troubles radiate in every direction. Throw a stone in the water, and count the splashes.

Master Nicless felt himself impeached. It is very disagreeable that such things should happen in one's house. Master Nicless, uneasy, and foreseeing misfortunes, meditated. He regretted having received such people into his house. Had he but known they would end by getting him into mischief! But the question was, how to get rid of them? He had given Ursus a lease. What a blessing if he could free himself from it. How should he set to work to drive them out?

Suddenly came at the door of the inn one of those tumultuous knockings which in England announces "Somebody." The gamut of knocking corresponds with the ladder of hierarchy.

This one was not quite the knock of a lord; but it was the knock of a *justice*.

The innkeeper, trembling, half opened his window. There was the magistrate, in truth. Master Nicless perceived at his door a body of police, from the head of which two men detached themselves, one of whom was the justice of the quorum.

Master Nicless had seen the justice of the quorum that morning, and recognised him.

He did not know the other.

It was a fat gentleman, with a waxen-coloured face, a fashionable wig, and a travelling cloak. Nicless was much afraid of the first of these persons, the justice of the quorum. Had he been of the court, he would have feared the second most, because it was Barkilphedro.

One of the subordinates struck the door a second time, violently.

The innkeeper, with great drops of sweat on his brow, from anxiety, opened it.

The justice of the quorum, in the tone of a man who has been employed in police matters, and is well acquainted with various shades of vagrancy, elevated his voice, and demanded, severely,—

“Master Ursus!”

The host, cap in hand, replied—

“Your honour; he lives here.”

“I know it,” said the justice.

“No doubt, your honour.”

“Tell him to come down.”

“Your honour, he is not here.”

“Where is he?”

“I know not.”

“How is that?”

“He has not come in.”

“Then he must have gone out very early?”

“No; but he went out very late.”

“What vagabonds!” replied the justice.

“Your honour,” said Master Nicless, softly, “here he comes.”

Ursus, indeed, had just come in sight, round a turn of the wall. He was returning to the inn. He had passed nearly the whole night between the jail, where at midday he had seen Gwynplaine, and the cemetery, where at midnight he had heard the grave filled up. He was pallid with two pallors—that of sorrow and of twilight.

Dawn, the larva of light, leaves even those forms which it touches in part shadow.

Ursus, wan and preoccupied, walked slowly, like a man in a dream. In that wild distraction produced by agony of mind, he had left the inn with his head bare. He had not even found out that he had no hat on. His spare, grey locks fluttered in the wind. His open eyes seemed to be sightless. Often when awake we are asleep, and as often when asleep we are awake.

Ursus looked like a lunatic.

"Master Ursus," cried the innkeeper, "come; their honours desire to speak to you."

Master Nicless, occupied solely by the effort to soften down the occurrence, let slip, although he would gladly have omitted, this plural, their honours — respectful to the group, but mortifying, perhaps, to the chief, confounded thereby, in some degree, with his subordinates.

Ursus started like one precipitated off a bed, on which he was soundly sleeping.

"What is the matter?" said he.

He perceived the police, and at the head of the police the justice. A fresh and rough shock.

Just now the wapentake, now the justice of the quorum. He seemed to have been cast from one to the other, as ships were by some reefs of which we have read in old stories.

The justice of the quorum made him a sign to enter the tavern. Ursus obeyed.

Govicum, who had just risen, and who was sweeping the room, stopped, got into a corner behind the tables, put down his broom, and held his breath. He plunged his fist into his hair, and scratched his head, a symptom which indicated attention to events.

The justice of the quorum seated himself on a form, before a table. Barkilphedro took a chair. Ursus and Master Nicless remained standing. The police officers, left without, crowded before the closed door.

The justice of the quorum fixed his eye of the law on Ursus. He said,—

"You have a wolf?"

Ursus answered,—

"Not exactly."

"You have a wolf?" continued the justice, emphasising wolf with a decided accent.

Ursus answered,—

"It is that——"

*And he was silent.*

"A misdemeanor!" replied the justice.

Ursus hazarded this excuse,—

"He is my servant."

The justice placed his hand flat on the table, with his fingers spread out, which is a very fine gesture of authority.

"Merry Andrew! to-morrow, at this hour, you and your wolf must have left England. If not, the wolf will be seized, carried to the register-office, and killed."

Ursus thought, "more murder;" but he breathed not a syllable, and contented himself with trembling in every limb.

"You hear?" said the justice.

Ursus nodded.

The justice persisted,—

"Killed."

There was silence.

"Strangled, or drowned."

The justice of the quorum watched Ursus.

"And yourself in prison."

Ursus murmured,—

"Your worship!"

"Be off before to-morrow morning; if not, such is the order."

"Your worship!"

"What?"

"Must we leave England, he and I?"

"Yes."

"To-day?"

"To-day."

"What is to be done?"

Master Nicless was happy. The magistrate, whom he had feared, had come to his aid. The police had acted as auxiliary to him, Nicless. They delivered him from "such people." The means he had sought were brought to him. Ursus, whom he wanted to get rid of, was being driven away by the police, a superior authority. Nothing to object to. He was delighted. He interrupted,—

"Your honour, that man ——"

He pointed to Ursus with his finger.

"That man wants to know how he is to leave England to-day. Nothing can be easier. There are night and day at anchor on the Thames, on this as well as on the other side of London Bridge, vessels that pass over to the continent. They go from England to Denmark, to Holland, to Spain; not to France, on account of the war, but everywhere else. To-night several ships will sail, about one

o'clock in the morning, which is the hour of high tide, and, amongst others, the *Vagraat*, of Rotterdam."

The justice of the quorum made a movement of his shoulder towards Ursus.

"Be it so. Leave by the first ship—by the *Vagraat*."

"Your worship," said Ursus.

"Well?"

"Your worship, if I had, as formerly, only my little box on wheels, that might be done. A boat would contain that, but ——"

"But what?"

"But now I have the Green Box, which is a great caravan drawn by two horses, and however wide the ship might be, we could not get it into her."

"What is that to me?" said the justice. "The wolf will be killed."

Ursus shuddered, as if he were grasped by a hand of ice.

"Monsters!" he thought. "Murdering people is their way of settling matters."

The innkeeper smiled, and addressed Ursus.

"Master Ursus, you can sell the Green Box."

Ursus looked at Nicless.

"Master Ursus, you have the offer."

"From whom?"

"An offer for the caravan, an offer for the two horses, an offer for the two gipsy-women, an offer——"

"From whom?" repeated Ursus.

"From the proprietor of the neighbouring circus."

Ursus remembered it.

"That is true."

Master Nicless turned towards the justice of the quorum.

"Your honour, the bargain can be completed to-day. The proprietor of the circus close by wishes to buy the caravan and the two horses."

"The proprietor of the circus is right," said the justice; "because he will soon require them. A caravan and horses will be useful to him. He also will depart to-day. The reverend gentlemen of the parish of Southwark have complained of the obscene hurly-burly of Tarrinzeau Field. The sheriff has taken his measures. This evening there will not be a single juggler's booth in the place. There will be an end of all these scandals. The honourable gentleman who has deigned to be here present ——"

The justice of the quorum interrupted himself to salute Barkilphedro, who returned the bow.

"The honourable gentleman who has deigned to be present, has arrived to night from Windsor. He brings orders. Her Majesty has said, 'This must be swept away.'"

Ursus, during his long meditation in the night, had not failed to put some questions to himself. After all, he had only seen a bier. Could he be sure that it contained Gwynplaine? Other people might have died besides Gwynplaine. A coffin in passing does not announce the name of the corpse. He had seen a funeral follow the arrest of Gwynplaine. That proved nothing. *Post hoc, non propter hoc, &c.* Ursus had begun to doubt.

Hope burns and glimmers over misery like naphtha over water. Its hovering flame ever floats over human sorrow. Ursus had come to this conclusion, "It is probable that it was Gwynplaine whom they buried, but it is not certain. Who knows?—perhaps Gwynplaine still lives."

Ursus bowed to the justice.

"Honourable judge, I will go away, we will go away, all will go away, by the *Vagraat*, for Rotterdam, to-day. I will sell the Green Box, the horses, the trumpets, the gipsies. But I have a comrade, whom I cannot leave behind—Gwynplaine."

"Gwynplaine is dead," said a voice.

Ursus felt the sensation of cold produced by a reptile crawling over the skin. It was Barkilphedro who had just spoken.

The last gleam was extinguished. No more doubt now. Gwynplaine was dead. A person of authority ought to know. This one looked ill-favoured enough for that.

Ursus bowed to him.

Master Nicless was a good-hearted man enough, but a dreadful coward. Once terrified he became a brute. The greatest ferocity is inspired by fear.

He growled out,—

"This simplifies matters."

And he indulged behind Ursus in rubbing his hands, a peculiarity of egoists, signifying "I am well out of it," and which is suggestive of Pontius Pilate washing his hands over his basin.

Ursus, overwhelmed, bent his head.

The sentence on Gwynplaine had been executed: Death. His sentence was pronounced: Exile. Nothing remained but to obey. He felt as in a dream.

He felt some one touch his neck. It was the other person, who was with the justice of the quorum. Ursus shuddered.

The voice which had said, "Gwynplaine is dead," whispered in *his ear*—



"Here are ten pounds sterling, sent you by one who wishes you well."

And Barkilphedro placed a little purse on a table before Ursus. You remember the casket that Barkilphedro had carried off.

Ten pounds out of two thousand! This was all that Barkilphedro could make up his mind to part with. In all conscience it was enough. If he had given more, he would have lost at the game.

He had taken the trouble of finding out a lord; and having sunk the shaft it was but fair that the first proceeds of the mine should belong to him. Those who see meanness in this are right, but they would be wrong to feel astonished. Barkilphedro loved money, especially that which had been stolen. An envious man is an avaricious man. Barkilphedro was not without his faults. The commission of crimes does not preclude the possession of vice. Tigers have their lice.

Besides, he belonged to the school of Bacon.

Barkilphedro turned towards the justice of the quorum, and said to him—

"Sir, be so good as to conclude this. I am in haste. A carriage, and horses belonging to her Majesty, awaits me. I must go full gallop to Windsor that I may be there within two hours. I have intelligence to give and orders to take."

The justice of the quorum arose.

He went to the door, which was only latched, opened it, and, looking silently towards the police, beckoned to them authoritatively. All entered with that silence which heralds severity of action.

Master Nicless—satisfied with the rapid *dénouement* which cut short his difficulties—charmed to be out of the entangled skein, feared, when he saw the muster of officers, that they were going to apprehend Ursus in his house. Two arrests—one after the other—in his house, first that of Gwynplaine, then that of Ursus, might be injurious to his inn. Customers dislike police raids.

Here then was a time for a respectful appeal, suppliant and generous. Monsieur Nicless turned toward the justice of the quorum a smiling face, in which confidence was tempered by respect.

"Your honour, I venture to observe to your honour, that these honourable gentlemen, the police officers, are not indispensable now that the wolf is about to be carried out of England; and that this man, Ursus, makes no resistance; and since that your honour's orders are being punctually carried out, your honour will consider that the respectable business of the police, so necessary to the good of the kingdom, does great harm to an establishment, and that my house is

innocent. The merryandrews of the Green Box, having been swept away, as her Majesty says, there is no longer any criminal here, as I do not imagine that the blind girl and the two women are delinquents; therefore, I implore your honour to deign to shorten your august visit, and to dismiss these worthy gentlemen who have just entered, because there is nothing for them to do in my house; and, if your honour will permit me to prove the justice of my speech under the form of a humble question, I will prove the inutility of these revered gentlemen's presence by asking your honour, if the man, Ursus, obeys orders, and departs, whom can there be to arrest here?"

"You," said the justice.

A man does not argue with a sword which runs him through and through. Master Nicless subsided—he cared not on what, on a table, on a form, on anything that happened to be there—prostrate.

The justice raised his voice, so that if there were people outside, they might hear.

"Master Nicless Plumtree, keeper of this tavern, this is the last point to be settled. This mountebank and the wolf are vagabonds. They are driven away. But the person most in fault is yourself. It is in your house and with your consent that the law has been violated; and you, a man licensed, invested with a public responsibility, have installed this scandal here. Master Nicless, your license is taken away; you must pay the penalty, and go to prison."

The policemen surrounded the innkeeper.

The justice continued, pointing out Govicum—

"Arrest that boy as an accomplice." The hand of an officer fell upon the collar of Govicum, who looked at him with curiosity. The boy was not much alarmed, scarcely understanding the occurrence; having already observed some things out of the way, he wondered if this were the end of the comedy.

The justice of the quorum forced his hat down on his head, crossed his two hands on his stomach, which is the height of majesty, and added,

"It is decided, Master Nicless, you will be taken to prison, and put into jail, you and the boy; and this house, the Tadcaster Inn, will remain shut up, condemned and closed. For the sake of example. Upon which, you will follow us."

PART II.—BOOK THE SEVENTH.

Succuba.

CHAPTER I.

THE AWAKENING.

AND DEA!

It seemed to Gwynplaine, as he watched the break of day at Corleone Lodge, while the things we have related were occurring at Tadcaster Inn, that this cry came from without—but it came from within him.

Who has not heard the deep clamours of the soul?

Moreover, the morning dawned.

Aurora is a voice.

Of what use is the sun if not to re-awaken that sombre sleeper—conscience?

Light and virtue are akin.

Whether the god is called Christ or Love, there is at times an hour when he is forgotten, even by the best. All of us, even the saints, require a voice to remind us, and the dawn speaks to us as a sublime monitor. Conscience cries before duty, as the cock crows before the dawn of day.

That chaos, the human heart, hears the *Fiat lux!*

Gwynplaine—we will continue thus to call him—Clancharlie is a lord, Gwynplaine is a man, Gwynplaine felt as if resuscitated. It was time that the artery should be bound up.

For awhile his virtue had spread its wings and fled from him.

“And Dea!” he said.

Then he felt through his veins a generous transfusion. Some thing healthy and tumultuous rushed upon him. The violent irruption of good thoughts is like the return home of a man who has not his key, and who forces his own lock honestly. It is an escalade; but an escalade of good. It is a breach; but a breach in evil.

“Dea! Dea! Dea!” repeated he.

He strove to assure himself of his heart's strength. And he put the question with a loud voice—“Where art thou?”

*He almost wondered that no one answered him.*

Then again, gazing on the walls and the ceiling, with wandering thoughts, through which reason returned.

“Where art thou? Where am I?”

And in this chamber, his cage, he recommenced his walk, like a wild beast in captivity.

“Where am I? At Windsor; and you? in Southwark. Ah! Heavens! this is the first time that there has been distance between us. Who has dug this gulf? I here, thou there. Oh! it cannot be; it shall not be! What is this that they have done with me?”

He stopped.

“Who talked to me of the queen? What do I know of such things? *I* changed! Why! Because I am a lord. Do you know what has happened, Dea? You are a lady. What has come to pass is astounding. My business now is to get back into my right road. Who is this who led me astray? There is a man who spoke to me in a mysterious manner. I remember the words in which he addressed me. ‘My lord, when one door opens another is shut. That which you have left behind is no longer for you.’ In other words, you are a coward; that man, a miserable wretch. He said that to me when I was not yet awake. He took advantage of my first moment of astonishment. I was as it were a prey to him. Where is he, that I may insult him! He spoke to me with the evil smile of a demon. But see, I am become myself again. That is well. They deceive themselves if they think that they can make what they like of Lord Clancharlie, a Peer of England. Yes, with a peeress, who is Dea! Conditions! Shall I accept them! The queen. What is the queen to me, I never saw her. I am not a lord to be made a slave. I enter my position unfettered. Did they think they had unchained me for nothing. They have unmuzzled me. That is all. Dea! Ursus, we are together. That which you were I was. That which I am you are. Come. No. I will go to you directly—directly. I have already waited too long. What can they think not seeing me return! That money. When I think I sent them that money! It was me whom they required. I remember the man said that I could not leave this place. We shall see that. Come! a carriage, a carriage! put to the horses. I am going to look for them. Where are the servants? There ought to be servants here since I am a lord. I am master here. This is my house. I will twist off the bolts, I will break the locks, I will kick down the doors, I will run my sword through the body of any one who bars my passage. I should like to see who could stop me. I have a wife, who is Dea. I have a father, who is Ursus. My house is a palace, and I give it

to Ursus. My name is a diadem, and I give it to Dea. Quick, directly, Dea, I come—ah! I shall soon stride across the intervening space—away!”

And raising the first piece of tapestry he came to, he rushed from the chamber impetuously.

He found himself in a corridor.

He went straight forward.

A second corridor opened out before him.

All the doors were open.

He began to walk at random, from chamber to chamber, from passage to passage, seeking an exit.

*(To be continued.)*

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## NOTES & INCIDENTS.

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WHAT is the precious jewel that the toad wears in his head? A chorus of voices will reply, his eye. But the toad has two eyes, and if Shakspeare had alluded to the reptile's beauteous visuals, would he not in his exactness have spoken of more than one jewel, especially as he puts the uses of adversity in the plural? Since, however, the singular only is used, it would appear as if the poet meant something else than the toad's eye. May not the allusion be to the toadstone—not the geologist's trap-rock that bears the name, but that hard lump of osseous or stony matter which naturalists say is to be found in the heads of old toads? Lately, a student of these burly batracians exhumed a statement concerning the virtues of this pebble, or bone, whichever it be. It was to the effect that, "There is to be found in the heads of old and great toads a stone they call borax or stelon. This, worn in a ring, gives a forewarning against venom." One Fenton wrote this in 1569, thirty years before Shakspeare wrote "As You Like It," in which play (Act II. Scene 1) the sweet uses of adversity are insisted upon. The stone, you see, was to be worn like a jewel. Were such rings common in the poet's time, and had he one in his mind's eye when he penned the oft-quoted passage?

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UPON two nights during the past few weeks the learned Academicians of France fell to discussing the periods at which the horse and the ass became domesticated animals. Professor Owen, after a late study of the tablets and inscriptions illustrating Egyptian life and usages some six thousand years ago, had stated that horses and asses are absent from these careful—and no doubt reliable—representations; and his inference had been, that the founders of Egyptian civilisation immigrated at an epoch anterior to the subjugation and impressment of these animals. To this statement a later Egyptologist, M. Lenormant, demurred, in so far as the ass is concerned: for he had accumulated a fund of evidence, from pictorial records, to prove that the meek beast was a bearer of men's burdens as far back as the most antique mural paintings carry us—some six thousand years, at least; an age that ought to make us revere the donkey. Not so the horse: there is no evidence of his service to men before the days of the shepherd kings, or some sixteen centuries before our era. This was M. Lenormant's case; whereupon M. Faye—whose reputation, by-the-way, is astronomical, and not archæological—uprose, and stated that, inasmuch as *mules* are mentioned in Genesis xxxvi. 22,

there must have been horses in Canaan long before M. Lenormant's assigned period. This brought a caution from M. Milne-Edwards against accepting the scriptural translation, inasmuch as the translators were not naturalists, and the mules, by them so called, were a distinct species. The biblical mule must remain a doubtful animal: there is more confusion about its history than it would become us to plunge into. A Hebrew scholar who is also a naturalist might unravel the mystery; but the combination is not probable—

Hebrew roots . . . . .  
Do flourish most in barren ground.

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APPARENT extremes that sometimes meet, are the dreams of the poet and the realisations of the philosopher. The stars, says the former, are diamonds in the sky: diamonds, says one who in 1870 may claim the latter title, are stars upon the earth. Who will deny that they have too many virtues to be of worldly origin? And to no mundane process within our knowledge can their birth be assigned. None can do more than speculate upon their source, and suggest what it might have been. The theorist who claims a celestial origin for them deserves praise for his boldness at all events; and his deserts for the validity of his suggestion are perhaps as great as those of the many who have sought to explain their formation by suppositional terrestrial actions. The sky-birth of the diamond is suggested by a Continental experimentalist, who, upon the strength of some preliminary researches, declares that intense cold dissociates chemical elements in combination. The "pure carbon" of the diamond, he holds to have once been mingled with other matters, in masses of meteoric nature coursing through space; and he argues that the intense cold which reigns in stellar space (something like 200° below zero) has been the means of isolating and crystallizing the carbon, and that diamonds have fallen from the sky, like the aërolites whose celestial source is well known. Laugh who will; disprove who can! We are but chroniclers and offer no opinion; but we can tell this much, that the location of diamonds upon the earth will agree much better with the hypothesis of a sky-source than an earth-source. Those Cape specimens that are now attracting attention are found on the surface of the ground only: it is of no use to dig for them: this looks as though they came down rather than up.

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WHAT a thing it is to be a popular lecturer! Never mind what you say, the whole world listens. I wonder where, upon the civilized areas of the globe, that discourse of Professor Tyndall's upon haze and dust has not been, or will not be read. But, divested of its show, it was a poor affair; never, perhaps, did the Professor tell so little that was new to such an audience as that which assembled on the occasion; and never did the *daily press* so echo and extol him. Yet when Dr. Angus Smith, of

Manchester, a week or so after, told a select gathering in that city, of his all but exhaustive labours on the organic particles of the air, the public prints, except the technical journals, echoed not a word. Dr. Smith has been, for a quarter of a century, an air and breath analyser. He has not merely shown in *gross* the "atoms" which Daniel Culverwell says the sun "makes dance naked in his beams," but he has examined them in *detail*; studied their forms, and determined their characters. He has told us what we take into our lungs qualitatively and quantitatively: how the air is charged with tiny scraps of whatever material is being knocked about in the working places of our neighbourhood—coal in the mining districts, cotton in the spinning districts, hay and straw in the agricultural districts, stone and horse refuse in the busy streets, iron in the railway carriage. In these, he says, "we breathe rolled plates of metallic iron, which are large enough to be seen by the naked eye." And mingled with all are those mysterious dormant germs of plant and animal life, which, after a few days' steeping in water, throw off their torpor and appear as living plants and animalcules! Then he has shown us what we cast out from our lungs—the *sewage of the atmosphere*—and told of the wonderful scene of life which is developed in a drop of condensed breath from the wall of a crowded room. More than all, he has examined the very bearing-points of these pervading atoms upon plagues and pestilences. Twenty-five years of research like this ought not to be put in the background, while a popular lecturer comes to the front and dazzles his listeners with the inevitable "electric lamp" into the belief that it is casting light upon things unknown till it shone.

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MR. BELLEW has started an entertainment which the critics one and all declare to be new. But novelty is the last feature it can lay claim to. The ex-preacher reads a play, and upon a stage behind him occasional scenes are set, and dumb actors twitter their lips, and move in illustration of the reading. When we were boys we read plays, and upon little stages we set cardboard scenes, and put in motion paper actors. Where is the difference? Our principle is but extended to magnificence in St. George's Hall. Our little pastime was full of incongruities, which, as they cannot be diminished by increasing the scale of the scene, must appear in the grander entertainment. For instance, all our characters had the same voice; the females had a man's tongue; the words evidently did not come from the supposed speakers' mouths; the attitudes of our actors did not always tally with the gestures with which we spontaneously accompanied the reading, although the designers of our characters gave them to us in several positions. Sometimes, unless we were vain, we screened ourselves from our audience, to make the illusion as complete as possible. But it was poor play, after all, because it was dishonest—our actors were not actors; they were puppets, pretending to be actors. The *paper mimes* were, theoretically considered, identical with Mr. Bellew's, notwithstanding that these move and breathe. The anomalies of the



boy's performances are all present in his. Comparison apart, however, and supposing that Mr. Bellew's object is to give a high-class artistic rendering of Shakspeare's works, the plan adopted is founded on a misconception. If Shakspeare is unsatisfactorily interpreted on the stage, it is not because actors cannot be found to *speak* his words, but because they cannot suit action to them.

"Speech! is that all? And shall an actor found  
An universal fame on partial ground?  
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,  
And in six months my dog shall howl by note."

If Mr. Bellew has found a company capable of *acting* Hamlet, it is a thousand pities he keeps the players dumb. If they can act the parts, they can speak them; if they can't act, they must injure rather than help his reading. In its present form the performance, being wrong in principle, can hardly be successful; but it is a tentative, and we may expect that an early modification will stop the actors' movements, and reduce the scenes to a series of tableaux.

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MUSIC and painting are sister arts; but it is doubtful whether their relation has ever been established so thoroughly as it has been lately by Mr. Barrett, of the London International College. We know that artists are often musicians; we are constantly finding them exchanging terminologies; their vocabularies contain very many words in common. Then some people instinctively associate certain sounds with certain colours, like the blind man who was reminded of scarlet by the blast of a trumpet. But Mr. Barrett has shown us a physical analogy between tints and tones. You know the seven colours of the rainbow, or the solar spectrum? These have often been compared to the seven notes of the musical scale. Newton started the idea, and Mr. Barrett has brought it home to us. In this way:—Light and sound are wave motions. Light-waves are extremely small; sound-waves are larger. The colours of light depend upon the length of the luminous waves; the notes of music depend upon the length of the sonorous waves. For the rays of the solar spectrum, the wave-lengths have recently been accurately determined; similarly, though not recently, for the notes of the musical scale. In the latter, the undulations decrease in length as we ascend the gamut; and there is a like decrement as we ascend the chromatic scale, from red upwards to violet; and beyond, where there are some lavender rays not ordinarily perceptible. Now the curious fact is this—that the *relations* between one wave-length and another for the seven primary colours of the chromatic scale are identical with the *relations* between the wave-lengths for the seven notes of the musical scale. For instance, if we represent the wave-length for the note C by the number 100; then D is 89; E, 80; F, 75; G, 67; A, 60; B, 53; and the octave C, 50. (These numbers, bear in mind, are ratios, not absolute quantities. We do not want the absolute

to represent the *relative*.) Turning to the colour scale : if we call red 100, then the ratios for wave-lengths of orange will be 89 ; yellow, 81 ; green, 75 ; blue, 67 ; violet, 60 ; and lavender, 53. Compare the steps of the two scales, and you will see the all but exact agreement. It follows, from the comparison, that for each combination of sounds pleasing to the ear there is a related combination of colours pleasing to the eye ; and it requires no unreasonable stretch of the imagination to conceive an artist determining the colouring of his picture by harmonising his tones upon the pianoforte.

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THE prognostications of the weather from the character of Candlemas-day have been common for centuries ; and Sir Thomas Browne refers to it in the "Vulgar Errors." Against all predictions of weather from certain festivals, Sir Thomas argues on the ground that nations differ respecting the precise day ; and, doubtless, he is so far correct. Still, we cannot say that such popular weather-wisdom is absolutely without foundation. Indeed, it may be regarded as sound in the main, but not correct when fixed to a particular day. Two years ago, Mr. R. H. Allnatt wrote in the *Times* that the prognostication from Candlemas-day the previous year had signally failed ; but, in the same letter, some quotations were given which seem to confirm the theory, that there is some truth in predictions of weather from a particular season. For example, an old French almanack, published in 1794, has the following :—"The coldest winters are those which begin about Epiphany, the 6th of January." It is more generally admitted that early winters are not usually severe, in spite of the Scotch proverb,—

"An ear (early) winter's a sair winter."

The old almanack farther says, that "on the chair of great St. Peter (January 18) the winter quits us or grows harder." Forster, who lived in the middle of last century, and was an acute observer, quotes a version of the popular belief in Candlemas-day as follows :—

"If Candlemas-day be fair and bright,  
Winter will have another flight ;  
If Candlemas-day bring clouds and rain,  
Winter is gone and will not come again."

Remarking on those lines, Forster says, "I have noticed this to be a critical time of the year, and that when mild and wet we may calculate on no more frost." The Candlemas-day referred to in all instances prior to the middle of last century is, of course, the 15th of February, or Candlemas-day, old style. The Scotch have the following rhyme :—

"If Candlemas-day be clear and fair,  
The half o' winter's to come and mair ;  
If Candlemas-day be dull and foul,  
The half o' winter's passed at Yule."

The following are still used in various parts of England :—

“ When the wind's in the east on Candlemas-day,  
There it will stick till the second of May.”

“ When Candlemas-day is fine and clear,  
A shepherd would rather see his wife on the bier.”

“ On Candlemas-day, if the thorns hang a drop,  
Then you are sure of a good pea-crop.”

In Germany the same idea is prevalent, that a cold and stormy Candlemas portends a good season. The following proverbial sentences are extant :—

(1) “ The shepherd would rather see the wolf enter his stable on Candlemas-day than the sun ” ; and (2) “ The badger peeps out of his hole on Candlemas-day, and when he finds snow, walks abroad ; but if he sees the sun shining, he draws back into his hole.” On all hands it is admitted that the weather is “ seasonable ” when the short month maintains its character.

“ February fill the dyke,  
Either with black or white.”

And the propriety of resignation under such afflictive phenomena is inculcated by the additional line,—

“ If it be white, it's the better to like.”

Not that heavy snow-storms are desirable in themselves ; but experience has shown that a season of plenty is more likely to follow a cold and stormy February, than an unseasonably mild one. It is not present liking, but the hope of future good, that suggests the proverb,—

“ A Welshman would rather see his dam on her bier,  
Than see a fair Februeer.”

And it is the dread of some evil from an inversion of the seasons, which has given rise to the Scotch proverb,—

“ A' the months o' the year,  
Curse a fair Februeer.”

# CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

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## BÉZIQUE.

DEAR MR. URBAN.—Will you allow me to say a few words on one or two points mentioned by “Cavendish” in his article on *Bézique* in the January number of your *Mazagine*? While this charming game is still in its infancy, we may as well endeavour to train it up in the best way it should go, and “Cavendish,” I think, will pardon me if, with all due deference to so great an authority, I state my reasons for differing with him. Who knows, perhaps he is one of those rare beings who really are open to conviction! He says, in a note to the “*Bézique* score,” “When spades or diamonds are trumps, the *Bézique* cards are the queen of clubs and the knave of hearts.” But this rule is *not* general, and I doubt the expediency of its becoming so—the alteration of the *Bézique* seems to me to answer no purpose whatever, and confuses the memory—but by having it fixed, irrespective of trumps, that is avoided, and also the monotony of *always* missing the trumps; to have the *Bezique* suits trumps occasionally adds another variation to the game.

Again he says:—“The last trick is the same as at *briscan*, viz, the last trick before the stock is exhausted. When two cards of the stock (the trump and another card) remain on the table, the player winning the trick scores ten.” It seems to me to be better to defer scoring until the very *last* trick, because there is inducement enough to take the last “open” trick, in the opportunity it gives for declaring or preventing your opponent doing so, while there is really no inducement to persevere with the game through the last eight tricks, unless you have aces or tens to win or lose, without the chance of scoring ten for the *last* trick.

But, dear Mr. Urban, can you or “Cavendish,” or anyone else, tell me why they persist in calling the *Bézique* score 1000, when really it is only 100; why count by tens and hundreds when units and tens are much simpler and easier to reckon? The absurdity of the thing is felt at once when you are playing without the *Bézique* markers. Fortunately for me I learnt the game before they came into fashion. Four or five years ago it was brought from the neighbourhood of York by some friends who had been visiting there, and I have generally used the four fives, taken out of an ordinary pack of cards, for markers, keeping the two red cards for tens, and the black ones for units; and, indeed, I prefer them to the other markers, both sides can see both scores so much better.—I am, yours obediently,

DAMON.

## THE COMPRACHICOS.

MR. URBAN.—As a student of the rise of freemasonry, or speculative masonry,\* in England about the beginning of last century, my attention has been particularly taken up with the following remarks by our talented brother, Victor Hugo, which have appeared in your columns lately, in “By Order of the King,” viz.—

“Like the gipsies, they (the Comprachicos) had come to be a people winding through the peoples; but their common tie was association, not race. The gipsies were a tribe; the Comprachicos a freemasonry—a masonry having not a noble aim, but a hideous handicraft. The gipsies were Pagans, the Comprachicos Christians; and more, they were Catholics,” &c. “In England, so long as the Stuarts reigned, the confederation of the Comprachicos was (for motives of which we have already given you a glimpse) to a certain extent, protected. They excelled in disappearances. Disappearances occasionally were necessary for the good of the state. An inconvenient heir, of tender age, whom they took and handled, lost his shape,” &c. “The fact of the vessels aiding the escape of a band did not necessarily imply that the crew were accomplices. It was sufficient that the captain of the vessel was a Vascongado, and that the chief of the band was another. Among that race mutual assistance is a duty which admits of no exception. A Basque, as we have said, is neither Spanish nor French; he is a Basque, and always and everywhere he must succour a Basque. Such is Pyrenean fraternity.”

I am, yours respectfully,

W. P. BUCHAN.

Glasgow, June 7, 1869.

FARADAY A BOOKBINDER (*sic*).

MR. URBAN.—Any remark tending to throw a light upon the early life of that remarkable genius and exemplary man, Michael Faraday, will, I feel sure, be welcome in *The Gentleman*, and prove useful to future biographers of our great philosopher.

Dr. Jones, who possesses very slight bibliographic knowledge, calls Faraday, in his biography of the Chemist, a “bookbinder,” as did Faraday himself. Though the proficiency rests upon slender claims, an adept he certainly was not, or one that would have been hailed by skilled workmen of his period. That he ever mastered the craft seems unlikely, the modest establishment in Blandford Street, Marylebone, where he was apprenticed, being a stationer’s shop where they cobbled rather than made, tinkered rather than wrought, sold rather than produced.

The biographer says nothing of the “forwarding” or “finishing” of Faraday, Dr. Jones being ignorant of the malady known as bibliomania, and “The Bibliographical Decameron” to him a sealed book. We can imagine the Rev. Dr. Dibdin, its author, who was then a fashionable

\* There were free-masons in the 15th century, but these were simply *operative* masons who were free of their guild; they built churches, houses, &c., of stone and lime, and knew nothing of the degrees, ceremonies, and “secrets” of our *speculative* freemasonry. Allusion is made to this in *The Gentleman’s Magazine* for May last.

preacher at St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, often passing along Blandford Street, but feel sure the learned librarian of Althorpe never dreamed of entrusting even a small paper copy of an insignificant book to the mercy of Riebau, an honest man doubtless, but as ignorant of Grolier, Kalthoeber, Lewis, and extra-binding, as Dr. Jones is innocent of Russian and Morocco, gold or "blind" tooling.

Faraday was particularly adroit with paste and paper, knowing well in his experiments how to handle gold-leaf; but it is doubtful if he ever arrived at the art of gilding leather efficiently.

Amongst the philosopher's papers at the Royal Institution are a few volumes, said to have been bound by Faraday; they are very humble specimens of bibliopegestic art, and could not have been the work of a skilled handicraftsman. Faraday never knew what a well bound book meant, in the sense of a connoisseur *au fait* at all points, though there exists in the possession of a friend a "Manuel de Relieur," Roret, 1827, bearing his book plate and signature, M. F. In early life Faraday was apprenticed to a stationer, who bound books, after a fashion, an inferior workman; he afterwards became subsidised by the Royal Institution, with what glorious results the world knows.

Dr. Jones' contribution to the "Life of Faraday," though no portrait memoir, has much of the dry material hereafter, with caution, to be utilized.—Your Obedient Servant,

BIBLIOTHECARUS.

Feb. 1, 1870.

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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1870.

THE CHRISTIAN VAGABOND.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WALL WHEREON THE FRUIT GREW.



WHILE the Christian Vagabond unbuckled the wallet from which he was never separated, the old man shuffled, and hobbled, and limped to a circle about him; and peered, and wondered while he searched amidst the layers of paper and parchment with which it was filled.

He dived almost to the bottom of the wallet where the papers were yellowest; and with a direct hand that told the method that lay in the seeming confusion. Pocket editions of Bossuet, St. Vincent de Paul, Saint François de Sales, Bienfaiteur des Pauvres, martyrologies, and his beloved and bethumbed classics, were jealously folded in the papers. A perfume of herbs, gathered in many fields, stole from the treasures; and had a sweeter savour than that which the trading monks of Fécamp have distilled for centuries from the scented growths of their Norman downs. At length the Vagabond picked a grey coarse paper from a bundle; closed the wallet, laid his staff across his knees, and said:—

My brothers, it was in God's house, in a little Flemish town, that an old, worn-out, unfortunate scholar who had become an inmate, gave me this. It was, he thought—and I thought with him—a bit of wisdom drifted to a corner where he found it, upon a peasant's lips. His varied experience of men and things had led him to the conclusion—which is here picturesquely put—recommending it to

the uninformed or half-informed mind. "The horn-book is the cornerstone of society," he would say while he polished his spectacles, and ground bits of chocolate between his gums—a habit which he had contracted while professor at a French provincial lyceum. Turn we, brothers, to the paper which he prized, and which, I see, is called,

"THE WALL WHEREON THE FRUIT GREW."

The way is tangled through a forest. The path is full of holes. The briars trail across, gins to catch the feet of the traveller. The heavy, moaning trees, upon the crowns of which the wind is playing far over head, cast a dull shadow. The timber, black and gnarled, crosses, in the leaden distance, in harsh lines. If a bright streak glitters by the sandy edges of the path, it is the outline of an adder. Slow and slimy movements of hideous creatures, enliven the bark of the trees. The weeds are vigorous and rank. The hemlock flourishes exceedingly. The air is charged with the noxious vapours of vegetable death. The toad is at home. It is here all venomous things charge their fangs with poison.

As the centre of the forest is neared, the trees are of darker hue, the shadows become funeral curtains, the steamy underwood is a net of thorns; the animal life affrights the most robust heart. An open place ends the bare indication of a path. Over its broad expanse—say a cannon-shot in length and breadth—riots a world of weeds and vermin. Pestilence exudes from the pores of reptile and plant. The jungle is higher than the head of man: highest towards the line which traverses the open space, parting it in two equal divisions. Towards this line the rank growths tend, like the waves of the sea to a stubborn, upright shore—resolved to bear over it and efface it. Through the briars, the dock leaves, and slothful stir of reptiles, an umbre wall is just perceptible. It is well-nigh choked. The crawling plants and creatures have bored it in every direction. Fungus is lifting it from its base.

A man of wild aspect appears upon the dismal scene: his arms folded, and with a sickle in his right hand. He takes his chin between his thumb and fore-finger, and ponders over the waste rankness, the wall glistening with slime, the poisoned air, the swamp underfoot. In his bright eye, his ruddy skin, his broad and open chest, and square hands, health and strength are seen. Tenderness and kindness are in his smile. He is a benign giant, bent on the noble use of his force. Scanning the breadth of matted tares and asses, at his feet, emotion stirs in the corners of his mouth, and his d grips the sickle. Then slowly, and pensively he bares his



throat, and chest, and arms ; plants his feet firmly in the earth, stoops, and, with a mighty swing, settles to his work. The sickle whistles and hisses through the tares and briars : and about the worker's head, the steam of the bruised and bleeding vegetation rises on the sunlight. It is whispered that the white vapours which rise about the plough, and over the reaper, are only the gossamer wings of millions of good little fairies who are blessing and encouraging the labourer. If he who toils in the fruity vineyard should be blessed, how much greater should his reward be, who clears the wilderness ; and, where the hemlock grew, plants the vine ?

While the sickle gleams and flashes, the vermin retreat and scatter. Beads break upon the brow of the lusty reaper, as, pausing to contemplate the space he has cleared, he shades his eyes from the sun. The weeds before him lie thicker than those he has laid low. A scorpion crosses his foot, and he casts it far behind him with the point of his hatchet. And then his cautious fingers run along the edge of the new weapon he has lifted.

"This is work for the axe, not for the sickle," he says. "And, by the wall, there will be matter for the pick and the shovel. The weapon suited to the work, is one of Labour's profoundest secrets."

While the mild giant stood, taking breath, and still running his fingers along the edge of his tool, there stole to his side the spare shadow of a man,—too light to make a foot-print upon the ground.

"Lay by the axe : shoulder your weapon and begone," said the lean one.

Quietly the Giant answered, as though he had expected the intruder and his question,—

"The wilderness shall ring with the blows of this steel : and all shall be sweet and fruitful where now the air is poisoned, and the sun is outraged with corruption—in answer to his warmth."

"Begone," said the Shadow of a Man. "I am of the place. Turn up the rotten earth and it will stifle you. The adder will sting your hand : the damp vapours will rack your limbs with pain ; the scorpion will hide, in wait, in your working-shoes while you rest at the end of the day. Leave the waste as it has lain from the immemorial time. Break not the crust of the earth which is the foul grave of things that have crawled through ages. To stir it is death to you and to me. We know where the grape grows ; where the peach may be plucked, soft to the touch as a damsel's cheek : where the corn is red and heavy. There are to be fruitful places, and there are to be pest-holes. Begone."

"Stand back, and take thy faint heart, to where the bank is

mossed, and flower-freaked ready to thy slumber. Go, pluck the fruit that has ripened to the music of thy snoring. Lap the wine of which not a grape has been plucked by thy hands. Stand away! or it may be, my back-stroke will graze thy shins."

"I go—for you are clearing your own graveyard—and mine."

The air vibrated with the blows of the Giant's axe: the deadly berries fell tremulously from their stalks, and the petals of the weedy plants were spilt over the wreck which fell about the footsteps of the woodman. The veins rose upon his temples; the blood glowed in his hands—while he pushed forward—making through the ever-thickening tangle, to wall. The sun was upon the shoulder of the hills, and the shadows of the trees were fantastically long, when for the first time the axe smote the brick, and was shivered in the hewer's hands.

The resounding blow brought the Shadow of a Man back, gliding through the shady labyrinth of the trees. He stood at the outer edge of the expanse the Giant had cleared. This one turned, with the splinters of his tool in his hand, and, smiling, waited for the timid Shadow to speak.

"Back, while you are sound: back, in the name of God!" cried the Shadow.

But the Giant only folded his arms, and stood at rest. Then, after a pause—"It is in the cause of God, wan and wretched creature that thou art, I have bared my arms this day; and, it being His will, shall bare them next sunrise."

"I tell you there is corn more than we shall ever bake: grapes more than we shall ever press: wool more than we shall ever spin. Nature must have her way—and Nature meant this for the toad, the adder, the scorpion, the hemlock, the carrion fly, the fungus, and all the lowest growths of the morass. I say again—come back—while you are whole. A newt is shifting across your arm, while I speak. Back, man—back."

The Giant lifted a pick, and laying it daintily in a barrow, threw his garment over his shoulders, slowly advanced from the splintered wall, to the Shadow of a Man—speaking as he came:—

"It is a wilderness, and I shall make it the garden of my Prince.\*

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\* "Dites-moy, les Jardiniers des grands Princes ne sont-ils pas plus curieux et diligens à cultiver et embellir les jardins qu'ils ont en charge, que s'ils leur appartenoient en propriété? Mais pourquoi cela? Parce sans doute qu'ils considerent ces jardins-là comme jardins des Princes et des Rois, auxquels ils desirent de se rendre agréables par ces services-là. Ma Philothée, les possessions que nous avons ne sont pas nôtres, Dieu nous les a données à cultiver, et veut que nous les rendions

Hear me, thou broken outline of a man. I shall lie this night by my work—camp upon my battle-field. And I shall pray that thou wilt not disturb me with thy moanings. Go, eat thy lazy fill—thy untended fruits: I have got my corn to grind, my slabs to heat for my cakes. God grant thee a more valiant spirit—away."

The vapid creature glided back, as the Giant advanced—still muttering: "Come, come: there is danger in every foot-fall. Come."

Day by day the Giant wrought along the wall. He tore the roots out of the foundations; picked the vermin from the holes; mended the crevices; rooted out the fungus. The Shadow of a Man came now and again—more shame-faced and timid and silent as the labours advanced. The wall rose clear and smooth, and of even line against the sky, wooing the sun from the south. Deep trenches of upturned earth stretched from its foundations. The very rottenness of the wilderness, became the foundation-glory of the garden. The wall stretched even, in shapely lines, between orderly rows of good growths. Under Spring showers and kissing winds, and coaxing baths of sunny air, the brick that had been the home of vermin, was clothed with flowers. The expanse around, under the Giant's brawny hands, spread ever. The Shadow of a Man disappeared, at length, covered with shame. The wall that had laughed with flowers, glowed with fruit. As the years passed, a kingdom of happy faces gathered to the north and south of the wall. And they made the Giant their king; and blessed him for the perpetual lesson wrought by his hand upon the wall that sheltered them and gave them food.

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The Christian Vagabond, folding the grey paper, and finding its place in his wallet, said—"The poor Flemish scholar used to say that the blank, poisonous wall, the weeds and all the corruption, were meant to represent the hundred hideous growths of Ignorance. The mild and beaming Giant was the Schoolmaster. For there is wisdom of this complexion stored in odd places. I picked up a proverb once, among the Indians. They said, "The wise man knows and inquires: but the ignorant man knows not, and cannot tell how to know."

A bell of liquid sound rang in the corridor. The Vagabond rose, and saying, "Brothers all, let us rest in God"—went forth to the musical summons.

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*fructueuses et utiles, et partant nous luy faisons service agréable d'en avoir soin.*—  
*Introduction à la Vie Devote de Saint François de Sales, Evêque et Prince de Genève.*  
*Lyon. 1668.*

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE VAGABOND'S STORY.

"My father smote a white-headed beggar, who craved help at his gate, one cold morning; and I saw the blow, as I stood in the lodge with the son of his gate-keeper, to whose society I escaped whenever the opportunity offered, or I could make one."

Thus the Christian Vagabond began, speaking in the refectory to the Lady of Charity and the Sisters. He passed his hands wearily over his eyes, and hesitated.

"It is so long ago, my sisters. It plagues me to hold a thread which stretches so far. Yea, but I remember Felix; for, in my early wanderings he was my companion, and my comforter through dark days. On that morning when my father harmed the beggar, Felix hid his face within his hands, and crept to a dark corner of the Lodge. He had a heart of gold. My eyes flashed fire: my limbs shook. I was but fourteen. I said to my father, 'Nay, sir, with all filial respect—the man's hair is white, and his knees shake under him. See, his staff has fallen from his unnerved hand.'—'Peace, boy, and go within the castle,' was my answer, as the author of my mortal being rode forth: and the beggar smiling upon me through his grief, so that he drew a flood of tears from my eyes, turned away. I picked his staff from the earth for him: it was my duty; and I begged him to enter the Lodge. Felix came forth and entreated him, but he was proud and held on away from us: and as he went up the road, Felix laid his hand on my arm, and said, 'See, master, the blood!' A red stream was trickling from under his tattered hat over the silver locks.

"That sight made me a wanderer."

The Vagabond ceased: and again passed his hands slowly over his eyes.

"Not to-day—not to-day."

The Lady of Charity softly interposed,—

"Our Brother is weary."

"It is coming: it comes," the Vagabond replied, his face brightening with the beams of the returning light in his brain. "Felix was a good, brave boy: child of a pious mother. It is upon the mother's knee the destinies of empires are shaped. I shared the counsel that was Felix's most precious portion, learning with him upon his mother's lap. They were my father's servants, and born to be mine: and they were my highest teachers. Under the thatch of the Lodge

at my father's gates, I found homely, holy lessons, and saw all the glorious power of gentleness. The story that knit my heart with the heart of the gate-keeper's son Felix was that of Clotilda, which we read together under a hedge, while Felix was playing the part of gosherd to a flock his father kept. And is it not a sweet story of the white hand subduing the mailed arm? It sank deep into us when the mother of Felix, in her rude peasant speech, applied it to the folk of her own condition; and ruled her rough husband by it."

"The early vision of Clotilda that filled every nook and corner of my heart and mind is the grandest I have known. We lay poring over the book—no bigger than a thumb-nail—in which it was folded, and carried our eyes along the lines of the pages which we had to spell, with blades of grass we plucked at our elbows. What a gentle figure, brave with the most heavenly spirit of faith and endurance! The patient mother, with her head bowed under the stroke of God over her dead child, and not murmuring. Brute force, uncouth men, pagan ferocity, all around; a glowering idolater for lord and master, brought to her under his long hair, upon a warrior's shield! Clovis was a noble beast of pagan instincts, smitten by the gentle beauty of Princess Clotilda.<sup>b</sup> With quickly beating hearts we followed Aurelianus, the messenger of Clovis to the Court of Burgundy, whither he was despatched, to seek the hand of the princess for his rude master. In the guise of a beggar, Aurelianus stood in the porch of the church, where Clotilda distributed alms, on coming away from prayers. The man in rags spake to her. She dealt no blow to his seeming misery, my sisters; but gentle and quiet at heart, because strong in faith, she passed aside from the crowd with her supplicant. He put his rags apart, discovered the ambassador, and discharged the message Clovis had given him,—tendering the prince's ring. The gentle Christian girl was not troubled, nor astonished, the chronicler related. She took the ring of Clovis, and gave her own in exchange to Aurelianus. We drew pictures of her departing in her chariot drawn by oxen and laden with treasures, to the north of Gaul. Pursued, she left the slow oxen for the fleetest horse, and was at the feet of Clovis, even before his ambassador Aurelianus had returned—bringing with her to the kingdom of the barbaric Franks, the vivifying faith of the Christian, and the irresistible example of her all conquering gentleness.

"She treated the beggar in the porch as the possible angel robed in poverty. We praised her the live-long day: and the mother of

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<sup>b</sup> Bossuet.

Felix could not tire of her name. And out of that humble home of my father's servants, did I see him draw blood through the white hairs of a wanderer who sought no greater sacrifice than a crust!

"I tell you, sisters, that blow made a wanderer of me.

"The life of Clotilda, battling against the Pagan court, with her sweetness, her resignation in affliction, her patience when her lusty husband, smeared with the strife of the field, scoffed at her God; penetrated our young souls—and often Felix's flock strayed out of all bounds, while we pored over the greasy pages of the book. Reproached with the death of her child, in this, that she had carried it to Christian baptism; she bowed her head, and prayed. And when Clodomir was born to her—amid the furious pagans who surged about her brave weakness, her invincible timidity, her dominant mildness—she carried the second of her flesh to the font, and the infant was on the point of death; her sublime faith bore her again through all the fiery wrath of her husband. It is a glorious thought of old that it is in the abyss of abysses, the saints can, with the greatest comfort, spread their wings.

"Clotilda wept and prayed, and prayed and wept: and she was comforted with the return of her child to health. Within those precious tears was arched the rainbow-promise of brighter days. The German hordes swept to the banks of the Rhine: fire-breathing Pagan Clovis flew to meet them and fight the battle of Tolbiac. The day was against Clovis; his hosts were bending back before the furious German strength—when the heart of the king's gentle wife stirred against his breast, and the memory of her faith broke, as a light, upon him.

"'God of Clotilda!' he cried, 'Give me victory, and I am thine!'"

The Christian Vagabond's voice had cleared and become dulcet, as he travelled over this passage of his boyhood.

"'Remember the God of Clotilda,' the mother of Felix would say when there was a trouble in her household. The God of Clotilda was familiar to my lips: and day by day we fought over again the battle of Tolbiac; talked of the beggar-ambassador of Clovis; and, I hope, were gentle in our daily duties, remembering these things, carried forward to us by the grace of God, through some thirteen generations. When Felix was impatient, or unruly: his mother would raise her finger (her arm, my sisters, never) and bring him back to willing duty, with the simple words, 'Felix, Remember the God of Clotilda!'"

"The warrior Clovis returned to Clotilda, and was true to the vow

of the battle-field ; and henceforth—is not this exquisite?—we hear no more of the Christian Princess, whose gentle arms were the cradle of Christian France. Her softness, and resignation under suffering ; her weakness that was mightier than all the brute force of Clovis and his blood-thirsty legions—produced in the hearts of Felix and myself a happy light which guided us every day. ‘God of Clotilda!’ we exclaimed, whenever a bit of temper showed itself in either of us.

“Imagine, then, dear sisters, how woful was the day on which my father smote the beggar at our gates—smote Aurelianus, the messenger of Clovis ! The blow closed my heart on my home—for already my mother had been carried away from it, and a lamp burned ever in the village church where she lay, and where my steps were heard every morning. I was heir to my father’s vast estate, and inheritor of my mother’s fortune. I heard that my coffers were of prodigious build, and that there were kings not richer than your humble servant. I was not stirred by the news, nor elated by the homage which avaricious, expectant men paid my baby foot-prints. My father scoffed at me for a girl—because my words were soft, he said, and I had no taste for the arts of war. Yet I was, in muscle, a lion. He told men that my strength was wasted. My arm was shaped to bear the standard into the thickest of the fray ; and I used it to lift and toss peasant urchins in the village. He despised my mildness. I should have been at broad-sword or in the saddle when I was at the church by my mother’s grave, or thumbing the little library of the gate-house.

“My father went forth, with clanging retinue, to a great war. As he passed out through the gates, and I stood bare-headed to take dutiful leave of him, he looked disdainfully and pitifully down upon me, and placed his hand upon my skull and blessed me with only half his heart. When, however, he reached the first bend of the road, he turned in his saddle, and looked upon me, it was consolation to me afterwards to remember, with something of a father’s face.

“Felix and I were more than ever together, when I was left master of the domain. For they who were appointed over me, humoured me in all things, as the heir-expectant is generally humoured—especially when his father is gone forth to war. I was melted to tears very often, as we passed through the village (every stone and mud-wall of which was to be mine) and I looked upon the misery of the women and children—and saw the skeleton shapes of the aged, who could no longer creep to work in the fields.

“‘How many centuries ago is it, my Felix?’ I would say to my peasant companion, ‘since the pagan Clovis was baptised at Rheims?’

A Christian land so ancient, and yet defaced with this wrong put by one man upon a hundred brethren ! 'The God of Clotilda is the God of these folks, of their rich oppressors, of the gorgeous court, where a page's trinket is worth the labour of a cow-herd's life.'

"Felix bowed his head, but would not, or could not, answer—save—'You see, they are patient—and patience in suffering was the stoutest chain in the mail of the Princess of Burgundy.'

"They bore my father home upon a splintered gun carriage, rigid in death, and with a black stroke across the brow. It was a handsome, knightly countenance ; and the stern men who carried him to the state chamber, whispered that a hero had fallen. After the country round about had flocked reverently to gaze their last upon the face of the dead lord of the soil, he was laid by the side of my mother—and I came forth from under the porch, to stand alone in the world.

"'God of Clotilda !' was my prayer that night, when I was left for the first time, to rest in the great chamber of the castle, as its absolute master—'God of Clotilda ! make me, in truth, a Christian. Guard me while I wander in search of that beggar whom my father smote : and forgive him that struck the blow.'

"I slept the dead sleep which is the mercy given to the grief-laden. I had inherited enormous treasures, leagues of land, whole villages. In my unworthy hands was laid the human destiny of men, by the score. I bent under the load : I groaned before the treasure : I spurned the land with my heel. I wept till I slept.

"And a few days afterwards, I arose on a Spring morning—to the songs of the birds rejoicing in the Southern wind. I went forth, and took Felix with me into a wood behind the castle. The earth was purple and yellow with the early flowers of the year : and the leaves were breaking through the buds. I took the stoutest, straightest bough I could find—after painstaking examination of many trees. Felix smiled as he watched me with my knife.

"'You have lost no strength, sir,' he said.

"'All I have I shall need, my Felix. Let us rest while I trim my staff—for I have much to say to you this day.' We sat upon the stumps of trees my woodman had left ; and, while I worked with my knife, I recounted to Felix the plan on which my heart was set. I would not have him interrupt, nor advise me : for my resolution was shaken, and I called upon the God of Clotilda to give us both the courage needful to our respective duties—gazing up through the lattice of the leafless trees, into the smiling blue, whither the larks had bent their wings out of the young crops.



"You have sorrow and a load before you," poor Felix said, but not by way of dissuasion.

"It is my hope for strength : for calamity fortifies the sinews of the soul, as the snow keeps the corn warm."

"While I barked my staff—and the task was not one of a few minutes, I gave my directions to Felix, to whose honour and prudence I commended the keeping of my estate—young though he was, and loudly though the greedy underlings and rapacious stewards of my father's day protested. I was called, without my hearing, a froward boy, unfitted to be the lord of such a domain. My first bailiff strode past, with the dogs, while I was talking to my gate-keeper's son ; and when he was at a distance, I saw him turn, and shake his hands in the air. That it had come to this [pass ! The peasant boy, Felix ; and the lord of the soil was sitting on equal terms with the groundling !

"When the staff was smoothed and trimmed, and measured to my height, I shook the hand of Felix, my good companion, asked his gentle mother's blessing ; and as I passed through my castle gates, I heard the sweet low voice that had warmed and brightened my childhood say devoutly—'God of Clotilda guard and bless him !'

"Felix was at his mother's side : and both were upon their knees. Some water—good Sisters—some water."

(To be continued.)

## SUMMER'S SOLITARY.

**H**ARK, to that musical hermit there  
Singing his old familiar air!  
Strange, that a simple and homely bird  
Should put so much melody into a word ;

For the song that he sings to us every day  
Is but a little two-syllabled lay,—  
Sung 'neath the brightest of April skies  
First in the garden of Paradise,  
And then bequeathed, by the ages old,  
From sire to son, with the buttercup's gold.

What bliss to sit in the Summer's smile !  
Dreaming away on a meadow stile,  
Wooing the muse to his bell-notes sweet  
With the cowslips dotting the grass at my feet.  
List ! to the silvery ring of his tongue,  
Sounding so merrily through the day long,  
Oh, what a life must that happy bird's be !  
All sunshine and joy in the crown of a tree ;  
Save when he flits making a song of his name,  
For ever, and ever, and ever the same.

“ I've seen the eye sparkle, and pallid cheek flush,  
At the sight of a swallow, and sound of a thrush,  
But the rapture that kindles the breast of the weak  
At thy first salutation, no language can speak ;  
Then hail to thee, bonny bird, bonny bird hail !  
And redden with crimson the cheeks of the pale.

O bard of bright April, O laugher of May,  
And echo of June on each sunshiny day,  
How my spirit leapt up, when I heard thee begin,  
As I lay on the flowery ledge of a lyn,  
Eyeing the cloudlets that mottled the blue,  
Or watching the ruby flame out in the dew !

· Whilst hearing thee singing, I think of the past,  
When I ran as a stag to some boy-hunter's blast,  
Of the hedges I clomb, and the leaps that I took,  
O'er the deep sunken dyke, and the clear running brook;  
And the old hollow tree, in the heart of the wood,  
Where I hid from the huntsmen to cool my hot blood;  
Till hearing at last the loud halloo hard by,  
I sped like a dart to the old cuckoo-cry:  
So joy to thee, minstrel, for when thou art near  
The present is blest, and the bygone is dear."

EDWARD CAPERN.

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## A WONDERFUL BUILDING.

**N**OT long ago I had the honour of seeing the modern  
“wonder of the world.”

No one will be surprised to learn that I felt greatly excited by the spectacle ; but I am happy to say that I am now doing as well as can be expected.

May I take the liberty of assuming that none of my readers, however conversant with facts in general, will be able to state off-hand what is the modern wonder of the world ? I will take that liberty. In so doing it is not my wish to impugn the acquirements of the public ; but I venture to say that if I gave the kingdom a hundred guesses I should have a hundred different answers, and all of them would be decidedly wrong. I hasten to allay the curiosity which this mystical statement will doubtless have awakened.

Not until a few weeks ago did I learn that the great marvel of the age (as per advertisement) was in England, was in the good old city of D—— ; was in a structure temporarily erected in the Market Place for its reception ; and that it was open to all visitors who could command copper coinage to the extent of threepence sterling. Being possessed of funds to the requisite amount, and being too honourable to indulge in an unpaid peep through certain fissures, as, I regret to say, was the case with some unprincipled individuals, I lost no time in solving the mystery, and ascertained that it consisted of a cathedral constructed entirely of bottle-corks ! Of temples built of marble, built of clay, built of wood, I had frequently heard ; but never of one composed of cork. I had read of edifices upon which whole armies of labourers had been employed, and of others, like the minster at Cologne, which generation after generation had failed to finish, but never of a huge structure in which the entire work had been executed by a single pair of hands, unless they belonged to some giant of romance, or to the devil of tradition.

Presenting myself, however, at the door, I inquired of a female, whom I took to be a priestess or some other official belonging to the establishment, when the performance would commence ? I cannot tell what prompted me to put such a question, but the quick tone in which the lady replied, and the reproving glance of her eye, con-

vinced me that I had been guilty of a grievous indiscretion. "Sir," said she, "you will want time to examine IT first. I assure you IT will bear inspection!" I perceived that I had insulted the cork cathedral. I had insulted the female Presence. I had insulted all who were in any way connected with the modern wonder of the world. I ought to have appeared as if a month might be profitably employed in studying it, and in preparing myself, by an apprenticeship of that length, to receive the builder's explanations in an appreciative frame of mind. Abashed I entered.

Before me rose up like a fairy fabric—say, rather, like a dream in Cork—a copy of the beautiful fane for which Lincoln is renowned. It stood upon an elevated plateau, and consequently the eye ranged over its magnificent proportions without obstruction, for by some extraordinary perverseness of human nature, we seem to make it a point to smother our finest edifices by surrounding them with commonplace buildings, or by attaching to them some architectural excrescences. It is not too much to say that no mortal eye has yet seen St. Paul's in its glory: for all we know of it is derived from an almost perpendicular glance, obtained as from the bottom of a well, with the head thrown back at a right angle; and who will assert that such a posture is favourable to the study of the picturesque? But here you could rake the minster from end to end, and from the basement to the summit, without the slightest danger to your vertebrae, the view most warmly recommended being from the north-eastern corner, where visitors were advised to take their stand and make a photograph of the building in their memory.

Wisely, also, the edifice was so planted that the eye first caught sight of the wonderful west front, with its rich forest of pillars, and its recessed windows and porches, and its ornamented gable, and the two graceful towers by which the façade is so worthily crowned. Over the central doorway were niches containing the eleven figures which are supposed by the learned to represent the kings of England from the Conquest to the reign of Edward III., but which the less erudite regard as the statues of the apostles, Judas being omitted. It was the first time I had seen either a saint or a sovereign in cork, and I valued the vision accordingly, particularly as the artist had left it open to me to adopt either theory, upon the principle of the accommodating showman who, when asked which of his figures was Wellington and which Napoleon, replied, "As you please; you pays your money and takes your choice!"

Whilst studying that marvellous façade my attention was attracted by a small metallic plate over one of the doors, containing a vertical

slit which bore a suspicious resemblance to the aperture of a missionary box. Above this I discovered the following legend in plain and homely—particularly plain and homely—English :—

“ At the International Exhibition, 1862,  
Thousands came there this model for to view ;  
And thousands yet do come to hear  
This peal of bells above you there.  
The peal of bells, you all must know ;  
Put a penny in, and off they go !”

It was evident from the polish on the plate that this was a very popular aperture, and though an injunction not to touch the cathedral was posted at various quarters, it was clear the interdict did not extend to one particular portion of the fabric. Complying with the suggestion so artlessly conveyed, I had the pleasure of ordering a peal of triple bobmajors, or some other mystery in bell-ringing, myself. I don't know precisely what triple bobs are, my education in campanology having been much neglected ; but, at all events, I had no sooner dropped my penny into the fissure than the genii of St. Hughes' tower struck up a jocund peal, as if I had just been married, and was enjoying my position amazingly. I could hear my coin rattling down a pipe in the interior of the building, and from the plunge it made at last, and the grateful chink it emitted, I should judge that it fell into a richly-stocked receptacle, sacred to the unseen bell-ringers aloft. And here I regret to record that a nefarious attempt was made by a king's scholar, of the name of G——, to cheat the poor souls of their dues ! This miscreant resolved to “diddle” them, if possible, by putting in only one half of the established fee. Off went the bells, to his great delight, he chuckling at the idea of compelling them to work at half price. There are always people in the world who, if you offered them a pound's worth of goods for a shilling would bid you sixpence, and then ask for discount on the transaction. I considered it my duty, before leaving, to apprise the authorities of this proceeding, concealing the name of the delinquent, as I did not wish to be the instrument of bringing him to justice, upon which I was informed that the machinery was somewhat out of order, otherwise the bells would peremptorily refuse to ring for less than a penny. “There's many a one tries that dodge, sir,” intimated my informant, with a rich twinkle in his eye ; “they puts in a halfpenny, thinking to get it done cheap ; but when they finds nothing comes of it, if the springs is all right, they pops in their penny, and so we gets both !”

Scarcely had my indignation subsided when I heard a voice at the door announce that the "Ingenious Man" would shortly go round to deliver his explanations. I find it is by this title that the builder of the cathedral in cork prefers to be designated. I learn from his circular that he is sometimes styled the "Patient Man," and sometimes the "Patient Son of Genius;" but his assistant, the owner of the voice aforesaid, when acting as deputy-cicerone, alludes to him generally as the Ingenious Man, and this in tones so touching and affectionate that it is clear to see he is powerfully impressed with a sense of the wonderful merits of his chief. In a few moments an individual, small in stature, plain in aspect, provincial in his dialect, deficient in his 'aitches, and dressed in a white jacket or smock (of which more anon), made his appearance; and I soon discovered that I was in the presence of the inventor, designer, architect, builder, joiner, glazier, plumber, painter, carver, moulder, and proprietor in fee simple of the majestic pile before me. Under his auspices we began our journey round the minster; or, to quote the words of an abandoned wretch, whom I threatened with summary proceedings in ejectment if he indulged in any more of his villainous puns, we commenced our grand tour (pronounced in plain English) of the little towers, after having carefully inspected the Cove of Cork. I blush to repeat such brutalities.

Tapping a particular spot at the north-western extremity of the cathedral, the Ingenious Man apprised us that it was the corner-stone of the whole building. I looked with reverence upon that foundation-cork. It had been laid in silence and solitude. No pomp or ceremony marked the event. There were no monks and mitred forms, as in olden times; no silver trowels, no coin or cannon, no banquets with speeches slightly disguised in liquor, as in modern days. Verily, thought I, it required a hero or an ass to dream of constructing such an edifice with such a miserable material. To lay one cork, or half-a-dozen corks, might be easy (I believe I could do as much myself); but to shape and fix, and carve and mould more than a million demanded stupendous—ought I not to say super-human?—resolution. But is it not the same with most foundation-corks—all, I mean, that are sound, and genuine, and intended to last? Whether they constitute the basis of a system, a science, a faith, a policy, or an empire, are they not generally deposited silently, secretly, unostentatiously? From that corner stone, in short, I learnt a great moral lesson, which I now teach in turn to my friends, the public, and hope they will transmit it unimpaired to their posterity, in order that it may reach the latest heirs of Time.

Our journey round the cathedral was in a great measure biographical. The Ingenious Man rightly considered that he was as great a "curocity" as the building itself, and accordingly favoured the company with many details respecting his life and labours. It appeared that he had been a mere servant in husbandry, but his soul somehow or other soared above the plough and the spade, whilst his ambition demanded much higher aliment than beans and bacon. How he came to conceive the idea of constructing a minster in cork I could not learn. He himself could not explain. In fact, he said it was a perfect mystery—so much so that when a lady once offered him twenty pounds to solve the difficulty, he felt himself compelled to decline. Indeed, he spoke quite solemnly on the point, and I concluded from his manner that he regarded the conception as a kind of visitation from some supernatural source, and looked upon himself as a man with a mission, compelled to execute some inscrutable decree of fate. A wilder project in truth could scarcely have been broached. The conditions under which he proposed to commence operations were such as might have daunted the bravest. First, the order issued by destiny was that he should build his cathedral of separate corks. Had he been at liberty to use slabs of the material, and to tack together blocks of considerable magnitude, the undertaking would have been comparatively light. But his injunctions were to employ nothing but old corks from old bottles, and each of these must be cut and filed, externally at least, into the similitude of hewn stone. Imagine the toil which this would involve, and the prodigious patience it would demand! The mere mention of such a task makes one's hair feel uneasy on one's scalp.

Secondly, it was necessary for the Ingenious Man to build his cathedral single-handed. Fate sternly insisted that he should not have a solitary journeyman to smooth his corks, or hodman to make or carry his glue. He alone was to shape all the pillars, carve all the figures, fashion all the pinnacles, and hoist up into the atmosphere every ounce of matter in the pile. The bare thought of such a feat is enough to throw one into a state of profound mental prostration. Cheops might as well have commanded me, had I been unfortunate enough to live in his age, to erect the Great Pyramid myself, with the threat of a thrashing every day until it was finished!

Thirdly, this stupendous undertaking must be accomplished during his hours of leisure alone! All day long he must toil at his ordinary tasks, and then when evening came, must slave at his cathedral, instead of dozing at his own fireside, or lounging at the alehouse with his pipe in his mouth and his tankard at his elbow. For my



own part, I can form no adequate conception of such heroism. I am utterly astounded when I think of a farm labourer discharging all his agricultural duties by day, and then voluntarily building a whole abbey by night. I almost faint whilst I record the fact. There has never been anything like it in history before.

Next, to add to the apparent impossibilities of the achievement, it should be remarked that the son of genius lived more than three miles from Lincoln. He could see the minster, it is true, but could no more copy its details at that distance than a painter could take a correct likeness of the man in the moon, with all the freckles and pimples, of which he has doubtless plenty, on his face. It was requisite therefore that he should make hundreds of journeys to the spot to study the various parts of the fabric in succession; one particular bit—a mere atom in the huge mass—having cost him no less than eighteen miles' travel. Here I feel compelled to swoon; my poor feeble nerves cannot bear up under the weight of such an overwhelming fact.

Fifthly, on recovering my faculties I hasten to intimate that the difficulties of the enterprise were immeasurably increased by the circumstance that the Ingenious Man was "no scolar." When asked if he had no books, prints, or pictures, from which to work, he replied with sublime simplicity that he was "no scolar." But surely he must have made some plan or drawing for himself, however rough and uncouth? No, he was "no scolar," and had never learnt to sketch a milestone, much less a minster. Then how did he contrive to copy all the minute ornamentation about the cathedral? Why he had to carry it all away in his head; for being "no scolar," he could never acquire anything by rule, and if sent to school would run in any other direction rather than walk in the way he should go. And so, in order to execute the task which Destiny had prescribed, this child of hers had to ply between Lincoln and his own home, bringing back on each occasion a cargo of small details which were promptly embodied in cork.

Spite of all these herculean obstacles, however, the Ingenious Man ventured to lay the foundation-stone of his cathedral. The first process was of course to collect corks. Upwards of one million were required for the edifice. To have given an order for this number, and had them delivered at his door, would have been comparatively easy, had he been in a position to pay for them. But to obtain them without expending a single penny was another of those stupendous problems which fate required the son of genius to solve. At a subsequent period, a professional cork-cutter informed him that

he (professional cork-cutter) could not have fabricated that quantity for less than 62*l.* sterling! Marvellous to say, the Ingenious Man achieved the perplexing task of procuring something at the low charge of nothing. He picked up all the corks he could find in the streets of Lincoln, or glean from the river Witham; the older they were the better for his purpose, as they would impart a mellowed air of antiquity to his cathedral; other people, as he humorously observed, might have the liquor if they liked, but give him the corks, and thus he should have the best of the bargain—a sentiment which I fancied was but faintly endorsed by the audience, if indeed it was not received with a sceptical laugh.

At first he kept his undertaking a profound secret, for when the project was hinted to an acquaintance, the latter strongly advised him to apply for a berth at a neighbouring asylum. Nor do I wonder at this counsel, for in this world we pay the children of genius the compliment of considering them mad until success has been achieved, and then we tell them they are extremely fine fellows, and that they shall have a statue or a tomb of honour when dead, besides having their memories served up in moral treatises and biographical dictionaries, as the ornaments of the human race. When, however, he had completed the west front of the minster, and the fame thereof crept abroad, corks began to flow in upon him so profusely that he had no further occasion either to scour the streets or drag the river in search of building materials. I should consider this circumstance highly creditable to our species if I could shut my eyes to the fact that old corks are by no means an uncommon commodity, for mankind drinks so largely that if all were preserved there would be enough to build the whole of the cathedrals in Europe, in the same fashion and upon a still larger scale.

Month after month the Ingenious Man continued his toils, and day after day the fabric continued to rise. Troy took ten years to capture, and Lincoln minster (in cork) ten years and a half to erect. I don't see much connection between the two events, but an historical illustration always looks imposing, and is certain to please an intelligent reader, to which class by courtesy every one is supposed to belong. Well might the architect describe himself, in his circulars—perhaps it might be the secretary to the edifice—as the “Patient Man.”

“Why, sir,” said an admiring bumpkin in the company—not myself I beg to observe—“you takes the shine out of Job!”

“Job, indeed!” replied the P. M., in a tone which seemed to intimate that the patriarch was a mere milkop in the matter of

endurance. "Job never made a cathedral in cork, I suspect!" In fact he alluded to the man of Uz in terms so slighting that my biblical feelings were somewhat shocked. He seemed to consider that the "old gent" could no longer be regarded as the champion of patience, but ought to resign the belt to the builder of Lincoln Minster. I am persuaded that the bumpkin aforesaid quite concurred in the sentiment, and it is my conviction that the little lout he held by the hand, when he takes part in the next Sunday-school examination, and the question is put, "Who was the most patient man?" will respond, with a shout, "Why, sir, it was the man as made the big church in cork."

I regret to state that the patient architect was not blessed with an equally patient wife. The good lady, finding corks on the table, corks on the floor, corks in the kitchen, corks in the chamber, corks in every quarter, frequently lost her temper, and "banged" them at the head of her husband. "Had they been lead," observed he, probably with the pleasing horror a soldier feels when he tells you how he escaped from a shower of bullets, "I should have been dead a hundred times over." This piece of private intelligence was very much relished by the audience, myself included, as I always love to hear how married folks treat each other, and by what arts they make wedlock endurable or intolerable. I suspect some of the company laughed out of the abundance of their experience, and thought how much lighter a blow an old cork would give than the missiles to which they had been, and still might be, commonly exposed. It was the general impression, however, that the lady had shown more of the Tartar than was becoming in the wife of such a hero; but as she herself was within earshot, and it is utterly inconceivable to me how any man could expect to indulge in such reflections upon a wife with impunity, I came to the conclusion that it was a pre-arranged bit of humour, or that he had taken out a licence from her to raise a laugh at her expense, punishable if unduly exercised by a severe curtain lecture.

It would appear also that the Ingenious Man had other domestic difficulties to encounter during the erection of Lincoln Cathedral. As a matter of household economy his wife objected to the consumption of coal and candles occasioned by his late hours of labour, and, as a matter of conjugal tenderness, she demurred to the injury he was doing to his health. To overcome these scruples, our modern Job announced that he had been compelled to tell her thousands of lies! Upon hearing this declaration (*my moral principles being strong, I am happy to say*), I felt so horrified that I

considered whether it was not my duty either to retire in dignified dudgeon, or to administer a severe rebuke to the delinquent. But, like most outraged moralists, I took neither course, for he proceeded to explain that when the partner of his bosom dropped asleep in her chair, he stealthily stopped the clock, and went on with his work until she awoke; when, starting up, and looking at the time-piece, she innocently exclaimed that it was midnight, to which he as innocently assented, whereas it might possibly be two or three, or any amount of clock in the morning. "Gentlemen," said the Ingenious Man, apparently addressing myself in particular, as if he thought I needed a lesson in this line of art, "if you want to deceive a woman, do it when she is asleep; it is of very little use trying when she is wide awake." In consideration of this gallant sentiment—as chivalrous as ever came from the lips either of cavalier or cork-cutter—I granted him instant absolution for his thousands of lies! It gives me unfeigned pleasure to add, upon his own high authority, that the wife who once threw corks at his skull was now proud of his performances, and smiled lovingly when he took a noble revenge by casting coin into her lap. Conduct worthy of Job himself!

At length the model was completed, and if the foundation cork was laid in fear and with much quaking of heart, I can imagine that the topstone would be fixed in its place with abundant rejoicing. I should like to know what his feelings were when he crowned the edifice with the last cork; but these I was not privileged to learn. I should not at all wonder if he danced, and got nearly drunk, and ordered his wife half-a-dozen new bonnets and dresses, or committed some other extravagance equally appropriate to the occasion. I suspect what I should have done, but no man is bound to criminate himself in this country.

The cathedral being now a matter of public curiosity, it seems that some influential person or persons conceived the idea of sending it up (maker included) to the Great Exhibition of 1862. Like the Church of Loretto it was somehow or other transported from its native locality (though I suppose by a more mundane process, carriage paid), and set down in the metropolis. The Ingenious Man had a rich uncle in town. Almost everybody has; but generally speaking they are unfeeling brutes, who put their hands into the pockets of their pantaloons, and keep them there. At all events, rich uncles in town don't much like to see their nephews and nieces from the fens of Lincolnshire, or the Wolds of Yorkshire. This is London human nature; and it is not particularly surprising that it should be so, if their relatives go up to the capital without their h's, and make their

appearance in antediluvian coats and corduroy trowsers. I don't mean the nieces of course, as I have no idea what *they* wear. It would seem, however, from a confidential communication with which the Ingenious Man favoured us, that his opulent relative "axed" about his health, and his family, and his prospects in life and London. The gentleman also "axed" about his model, declaring with the freedom which wealth confers, that his nephew must be a "rum fellow" to dream of making a cathedral in cork. Far more important still, as it then appeared, he "axed" his visitor about his clothes; and on learning the low state of his wardrobe, this remarkable and very exceptional relative, instead of abandoning the poor artisan on the spot, took him to a tailor's, and had him promptly arrayed in habiliments which would bear the scrutiny of the metropolitan eye. But good fortune in semblance is not always good fortune in reality; on the contrary, I am fast coming to the conclusion that the best things which can befall a man, are frequently his misfortunes, provided always that they are not self-produced. In fact, that suit of clothes nearly lost him a little competency. Taking his stand by the model at the Exhibition to give whatever explanations might be required, and to receive whatever contributions might be tendered, his whole receipts for many days did not exceed one shilling! How account for this mournful fact? Possibly, thought he, he did not look stupid enough for the post, for, said he with terrific sarcasm, "he soon discovered that the softer a man appeared in London, the more likely he was to get on." I do not pretend to comprehend the full philosophy of this dictum, it is too deep for me; but I can see a glimmer of meaning in the remark, and if therefore I should ever be compelled to take a street-crossing, or to enter into practice as a mendicant, I shall study stupidity, hoping in consequence to have coppers numerously thrust into my palm, and to merit the patronage of the public upon a scale of unprecedented liberality. An acquaintance happening to enquire into his receipts, solved the mystery. "Why, James," said he, "you have got far too fine a coat on your back! How can you expect people to give to a gentleman in broad cloth? Try your own old smock!" Next day the Patient Man took his stand by the cork chapter-house in his labouring attire; and what does the reader think was the result? Why, in the course of a few hours, he pocketed 44*l.* in good solid cash! From that time money poured in; and when the Exhibition closed, the Lincolnshire husbandman had realised the magnificent sum of 800*l.*, without selling a single cork in his cathedral.

*I am not great in the philosophy of clothes. Mr. Carlyle is. A*

should like therefore to have his opinion on this subject. If he would favour me with his comments upon a transaction which must have a deep significance for him, I should feel exceedingly obliged. For myself I draw two satisfactory conclusions: first, that the public was far too polite to offer its sixpences to a gentleman in fine broad cloth and of a well-to-do exterior; and secondly, that it was too charitable to overlook an artisan in humble attire to whom those sixpences might be presumed to be acceptable. I am proud of the public when I put this construction upon its proceedings. It has my cordial approval, and indeed I may say, my unqualified admiration.

Upon the builder of the minster himself the incident made a profound impression. His gratitude to the garment which had effected such a change in his fortunes was so great, that he resolved to wear a white smock to the day of his death. No more fashionable coats for him, though paid for by opulent uncles, or supplied on unlimited "tick!" Indeed I am strongly disposed to believe, that if her Majesty were to command his presence at court to receive the honour of knighthood, he would make his appearance in the famous white smock which had turned his cork into gold. When the garment has discharged all its duties, I think it should be secured for Madame Tussaud's, or better still for that national depository which he called the "Britch Museum."

But it is impossible to describe the rapture of the audience, my own in particular, when the Ingenious Man informed us that, with the proceeds of the Exhibition, he returned to the country, built himself four houses, and over the door of the one in his own occupation, ordered the following victorious couplet to be inscribed:—

" Perseverance, cork and glue,  
Eighteen hundred and sixty-two."

I have laughed immoderately over this distich. I have made others laugh immoderately as well, and I shall treasure it up as a bit of portable and highly-concentrated fun which might even excite a man's merriment, though captured by a bailiff, asked for the loan of a large sum by a particularly insolvent friend, or brought to bay in an action for breach of promise with the assurance that his only alternative was "his money or his marriage."

The son of genius also appeared to be profoundly grateful to the Exhibition of 1862. So much so, that when a young lady said she recollected having observed him there, he seemed to hail the reminiscence as a bond of union between himself and her, just as if she

had apprised him that she was the daughter of the father of his first cousin's wife's sister-in-law, or some other equally perspicuous degree of relationship. He immediately took her under his patronage, and pointed her out to the company in the character of the young lady "as remembered seeing him at the Exhibition," calling upon her whenever occasion required, as an attesting witness to any fact which might need verification. My private impression is, that her recollection of the Patient Man was a fib; but it is impossible to criticise statements very narrowly when they come from pleasing female lips; and it is my practice (when I like the individual) to accept all assertions proceeding from such sources as if made upon affidavit.

Need I say that when I heard how much the Ingenious Man had cleared in London, I began to look with increased respect upon the cork cathedral? I made another tour of the edifice, discovered new graces in the workmanship, and found that it was considerably finer than before. I leaned over the railing on the southern side (in fancy, I mean), and ascertained with inexpressible delight that it was constructed entirely of lucifer matches! I studied minutely the famous southern porch, regarded by the son of genius as his master-piece, and dwelt upon the thirty-seven figures it contained; the scene representing, as he said, 'eaven and 'ell, with cork angels ascending to glory, and cork reprobates descending to perdition. I examined the windows, painted by the Patient Man himself after a fashion of his own, and learnt with wonder that there were no less than 500 in the fabric; being further informed that when the bishop of the diocese was apprised of the precise number (a census of the lights never having been previously taken), he was so overjoyed at the intelligence that he insisted upon giving the architect a good dinner, and constrained him—pleasing compulsion!—to accept a 5*l.* note. I dived into the interior of the edifice (visually, of course), the eye ranging through columns of cork, and found the nave illuminated by a few candle ends, which shed a very dim but not particularly religious light. I emerged at an opening in the east, and proceeded to inspect the striking old chapter-house, with its detached buttresses, which professed to support the building by flying arches, but at such a respectful distance and in such an independent attitude, that the spectator might reasonably entertain great doubts as to their sincerity. To one of these buttresses there was attached a legend to this effect,—that once upon a time a lady happening to catch the top with her parasol, carried the same bodily away, whereupon she offered the Ingenious Man the sum of three sovereigns provided he would leave *it unrepaired in perpetual memory of the event.* To this he agreed,

and as the truncated buttress constantly excites attention, the sensational female in question has earned the renown she desired, whilst to the owner of the model I should imagine that, as an anecdote illustrative of the profound veneration in which his productions are held, the disaster has proved a profitable investment.

It was with more serious concern I heard of another accident which once befel the building. One evening a fire broke out in the northern transept of the cathedral, and the flames had been raging some time before they were discovered. Indeed, had it not been for a passing drover who gave the alarm, the world would probably have been deprived of its greatest modern wonder. Fortunately, the fire was got under without much difficulty, the engines—a few squirts, I presume—being promptly brought to bear upon the scene of the disaster. A considerable part of one of the transepts, including the legendary “boys’ window,” was destroyed—“off by there,” said the son of genius mournfully, as he traced out the limits of the catastrophe, “there’s where the mischief ended.” It took him six months to rebuild this portion. Had the labours of ten years and a half been annihilated in an hour, I suspect the Patient Man would have had to measure virtues with his historical rival in a fashion which would have been exquisitely trying. To guard, however, against the recurrence of such an event (the insurance offices looking upon his cathedral as peculiarly hazardous property, and insisting upon the exclusion of all lights from the interior), the owner now regularly sleeps under the fabric, and thus becomes his own insurer, without paying a penny by way of premium.

By this time my imagination had become so powerfully impressed—I might almost say subjugated—that I began to regard the son of genius as a kind of enchanter. It is true I had never seen a magician in a white smock before. I don’t think they are common in that garb; but I know no reason why they should not please themselves in the matter of dress, if they only pay their tailors. My state of feeling may be gathered from an incident which occurred at the conclusion of his expository journey round the cathedral. In order to show us the internal arrangement of the corks, he lifted off the upper half of one of the western towers, and held it balanced in his hands as if it were a pasteboard toy. I positively affirm that on seeing this I felt a thrill of horror, just as I might have done if somebody had suddenly snapped off the upper half of the clock tower at the Houses of Parliament. Involuntarily I gazed at the man, and measured him with my eye. Was he a giant who could pull up an oak for a walking-stick, or use a lamp-post for a tooth-pick? On the



contrary, he was a person of humble stature and unpretending physique. Then I glanced uneasily at his feet; but no, his boots appeared to be perfectly orthodox, and I saw nothing to justify me in assuming that he was disreputably connected. It was some time before I could recover from the shock, and when he invited me to take the tower in my hand, I instinctively recoiled as if Atlas had requested me to bear his burden for a quarter of an hour.

But wonderful as was the workmanship of the minster, the task had by no means exhausted the energies of the Ingenious Man. Two more churches in cork he had erected with his own hands. One was a copy of St. Botolph's, at Lincoln, where the son of genius was christened and married; the roof, out of compliment to the latter occasion, or perhaps by way of satire, being constructed of female bonnet boxes: the other was a *fac-simile* of St. Stephen's at 'Ull, composed of 30,199 waste corks, with an elegant spire, in which I noticed two dissentient dials, the one pointing to 8.5 p.m., and the other insisting that five minutes to ten was the correct time of day. The latter of these edifices, reared in little more than four months, almost cost him his eyesight, and compelled him, for a while at least, to retire from business as an architect in cork. Both structures stood at some distance from the great cathedral, like a couple of humble curates having the honour to breathe the same air as their portly diocesan, and to exist for a short period in his immediate presence. In the belfry of St. Botolph's I noticed another of those missionary apertures, with the following inscription:—

“ This is the church where he was wed :  
A peal of bells rung o'er his head.  
The peal of bells you all shall hear,  
By putting in a penny here.

When you have placed your money in, look through the door below,  
The little figures will be pulling the ropes as fast as they can go.”

Glancing into the interior, I saw a procession of cork men and women, supposed to represent the son of genius and his bride, who had just undergone the fatiguing ceremony of marriage. I learnt that there were two views current of this affair: one, the husband's, that “there his wife had led him to ruin: you see her smiling,” said he, alluding to her effigy, “as if she had just done for me:”—the other, the wife's, “that there she had made a man of him.” Which was the authorised version of the event I shall scarcely take upon me to decide; but I am inclined to think that the paragon of patience *secretly coincided with his partner's conclusion, though in expressing*

this opinion I am mainly influenced by the difficulty of believing that any human being, however intrepid, would dare to tell the public, in the hearing of his spouse, that he seriously ascribed his misfortunes to her. A man would be mad to venture upon such an assertion, unless his line of retreat were well secured, and some impregnable refuge provided.

Before leaving, I made another tour of the model. This time it was in a very moralising mood. I felt like a philosopher; I believe I looked like one, and I would fain hope that I soliloquized in true keeping with the character. The question I put to myself was this—What is the use of a cork cathedral in creation? Pecuniarily considered, the answer was prompt and conclusive. In the present instance the use of a cork cathedral in creation was to make the fortune of a poor farm-labourer. It produced him 800*l.* at the Exhibition; it brought him in a handsome yearly income, for the minster was on its travels, and had visited a few counties only: in one small town alone he said he had taken more than 50*l.* during a few days' sojourn, and altogether he calculated that he had reaped upwards of 3000*l.* from the structure. For a small portion like the southern porch, with its cork angels and cork devils going to 'eaven and 'ell respectively, he had been offered 15*l.*, and for a single pinnacle, charred in the great conflagration, 2*l.* Not less than 500*l.* had been promised him if he would transport the fabric to the Paris Exposition for the inspection of all Europe.

Dr. Johnson was pleased to assert that we should not value the finest head in the world if it were carved out of a carrot or a turnip. I venture to differ from Dr. Johnson. It is a liberty I frequently take with the great lexicographer, probably because I feel that I can do so with perfect impunity, and it looks imposing. No one would of course pay the same price for a cameo cut out of a carrot, or a bust chiselled out of a turnip, as for the same articles in ivory or marble. But if my illustrious friend—I hope his shade will excuse this further freedom—had been permitted to behold the model of Lincoln Minster, and to learn what a noble revenue might be derived from a cathedral in cork, I think he would have rescinded his decision, and informed the company in his magnificent way (poor Bozzy listening with wrapt attention to the thundering words) "that the individual who had achieved this stupendous labour, and surpassed Hercules in energy and Job in patience; who had proved himself to be a miracle of genius and a prodigy of perseverance; who had first taught the world how to realise the potentiality of growing rich beyond the ordinary dreams of avarice, by manipulating in such an

insignificant material as cork, ought to be rewarded during life by ample donations of gold, and after his decease by a stately monument in marble."

But, morally considered, the case was vastly more valuable. I should never think of binding a boy apprentice to a corkcutter, and of urging him to depend for his living upon the erection of churches in cork. One practitioner of the kind may be sufficient for the wants of a century. But if I could indenture a lad to a man who would teach him the virtues of enterprise and persistency as exemplified in the architect of that model, I should consider a handsome premium worthily bestowed, and a servitude of ten years not unprofitably undergone. For of all good properties in this world, one of the grandest is the power of saying to difficulties—"Out of my way! don't dream of daunting me; if it is possible to vanquish you by industry and resolve, it shall be done, cost what it may!" I feel tolerably certain, for example, that if the Ingenious Man had been asked whether he would have undertaken to build Noah's ark single-handed, in case he had lived before the deluge, he would have cheerily responded, "Bless you, sir; yes! It was only a matter of time and timber. Perseverance, cork, and glue (or nails) would have been as good then as in eighteen sixty-two." And away he would have gone, I verily believe, to lay the foundation plank of the vessel, as bravely as he did the foundation cork of Lincoln Minster. I did not venture to put any question to him on this point, because, from the cavalier way in which he referred to the Man of Uz, I apprehended that his remarks would not be particularly complimentary to the patriarch of the flood; and it would have pained me to hear him publicly decry Noah because the latter had "not made his hark with his own 'ands, but had been 'elped by Shem, 'Am and Japhet, and lots of carpenters besides." Of his moral intrepidity, however, I could entertain no doubt. For here was a man who had sacrificed all the leisure of more than ten years, besides consuming a large portion of each night in the prosecution of his enterprise, though the corks might be flying about his ears, and though his labours were so emaciating that when he went into the Great Exhibition he weighed only 7 stones 6 pounds, whereas, when he came out he had attained the satisfactory figure of 13 stones!

Perhaps, however, the fact which impressed me most of all about the Son of Genius was the sense of victory achieved. "I am the man as did it all," exclaimed he, with an air of triumph which, considering his white smock and agricultural appearance, was by no means unbecoming. He had struggled—had fought—had van-

quished. He had accomplished what no other person had done, and what probably no one but himself would have dared to attempt. Not only so, but he had the proud satisfaction of believing that he had beaten Job in his own particular line of excellence. The world was now at his feet, for whilst yet in the prime of life he had retired from its drudgery, and quartered himself and family upon his cathedral, which brought him in an annual income of fame, and at the same time of sterling cash. It is always pleasant to see a man victorious over difficulties—his trials past, his laurels won ; and when I thought of the deep draughts of rapture which the Son of Genius had enjoyed on the completion of his toils, I could not but admit that it was a grand thing to be a conqueror, even if it be only in cork. The Patient Man was now the Triumphant Man.

Thus meditating, I gave one final glance at an edifice which had cost ten years' labour, compelled a thousand lies, and consumed a million corks, and left the spot with the conviction stamped upon my mind, that in this world nothing need be denied to well-directed "perseverance, cork, and glue, 1862."

J. G. HARGREAVES.

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## JAMES BOSWELL.

**T**HE sketch by Sir Thomas Lawrence of Boswell, prefixed to Mr. Murray's edition of Johnson's Life, illustrates with striking accuracy the saying of Hazlitt, that "A man's life may be a lie to himself and others; and yet a picture painted of him by a great artist would probably stamp his character." The busy vanity, the garrulous complacency of the man when out of sight of Dr. Johnson, as he may be supposed to have been when the portrait was etched, are brought out with all the humour and point of a caricature, without its exaggeration. The thin nose, that seems to sniff the air for information, has the sharp shrewdness of a Scotch accent. The small eyes, too much relieved by the high-arched eyebrows, twinkle with the exultation of victories not won—an expression contracted from a vigilant watching of Dr. Johnson, who when he spoke, spoke always for victory; the bleak lips, making by their protrusion an angle almost the size of the nose, proclaim Boswell's love of "drawing people out," a thirst for information at once droll and impertinent, but which finally embodied itself in a form that has been pronounced by Lord Macaulay the most interesting biography in the world; the ample chins, fold upon fold, tell of a strong affection, gross, and almost sottish, for port wine and tainted meats; whilst the folded arms, the slightly inclined posture, the strong and arrogant setting of the head, exhibit the self-importance, the shrewd understanding, not to be obscured by vanity, the imperturbable but artless egotism, the clever inquisitiveness which have made him the best-despised and best-read writer in English literature.

The portraits handed down to us of Boswell by his contemporaries are mostly graphic; some of them are malignant, some bitter, some temperate; and those that are temperate are probably just. "Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?" asked a friend, of Goldsmith. "He is not a cur," replied Goldsmith; "you are too severe; he is only a burr. Tom Davies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking." Miss Burney thus caricatures the appearance of Boswell in Johnson's presence, when intent upon his note-taking: "*The moment that voice burst forth, the attention*

which it excited on Mr. Boswell amounted almost to pain. His eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the shoulder of the doctor, and his mouth dropped down to catch every syllable that was uttered; nay, he seemed not only to dread losing a word, but to be anxious not to miss a breathing, as if hoping from it latently or mystically some information." But Hannah More calls Boswell "a very agreeable, good-natured man;" whilst Johnson, in writing to him, said, "I love you as a kind man, I respect you as a good-natured man, and hope in time to reverence you as a man of exemplary character;" and a little further on, "My regard for you is so radicated and fixed that it is become part of my mind, and cannot be effaced but by some cause uncommonly violent." This is flattering testimony; perhaps, if we dilute Johnson's opinion of Boswell with something of the contempt that was professed for him by those whom he lived amongst, we may get a fair idea of his true character.

It is in biography that Boswell, the prince of biographers, is treated with the most malevolence. Macaulay, whose nationality as a Scotchman, so pertinaciously claimed for him by Mr. Adam Black, might have silenced his contempt, if it could not enforce his esteem, calls Boswell a coxcomb and a bore, weak, vain, pushing, curious, and garrulous. Carlyle, in his criticism on Johnson's Life, is equally severe. Neither Forster nor Prior has spared him. But none of these has gone so far as Washington Irving. Every incident which Boswell himself relates of his own defeats and humiliations is collected and embodied by Irving into an overwhelming accusation of toadyism. He quotes Peter Pindar against Boswell with huge delight:—

O Boswell, Bozzy, Bruce, whate'er thy name,  
 Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame;  
 Thou jackal . . .  
 Bless'd be thy labours, most adventurous Bozzy,  
 Bold rival of Sir John and Dame Piozzi;  
 Heavens! with what laurels shall thy head be crown'd!  
 A grove, a forest shall thy ears surround!  
 Yes! whilst the Rambler shall a comet blaze  
 And gild a world of darkness with his rays,  
 Thee too that world with wonderment shall hail,  
 A lively bouncing cracker at his tail!

But should not the ingenuousness of Boswell's confessions have saved him from so much severity of criticism? The man who freely avows his humiliations may excite surprise and laughter;

but he hardly deserves contempt. But the truth is, Irving, who attacks Boswell as a man, in reality dislikes him as a biographer. He is at a loss to divine the reason of Boswell's incessant and enthusiastic admiration of Dr. Johnson, and is indignant at the contempt which he manifested towards Goldsmith. Irving thinks Goldsmith a greater man than Johnson; Boswell held the contrary belief. The live critic has this advantage over the dead, that he is able to attack without fear of recrimination. There is, perhaps, truth in Irving's opinion of Boswell; but why so much severity?

Surveyed from the distance of sixty or seventy years Goldsmith is surely a very different man from the "Goldy" of the Literary Club. Irving knows him and loves him only as the author—as the absolute purist in style, the harmonious and exquisite depicter of English life and English manners, the sympathetic and deeply philosophic poet, the mild and assuasive satirist, the witty and brilliant dramatist; in the language of his epitaph,

Affectuum potens at lenis dominator :  
 Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis,  
 Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus.

Something of all this excellence is recognised by Boswell; but intimacy brought out the character: and the awkward, ugly man was for ever breaking through the idealism in which isolation or silence might have wrapped him. To Boswell, and not only to Boswell, but to Reynolds, Beauclerck, Langton, Nugent, and even Johnson, Goldsmith is not so much a poet and a thinker as a conceited little Irishman, chattering heedlessly as a magpie that his presence might not be overlooked, who struts about in a suit of ratteen lined with satin, and a pair of bloom-coloured breeches, and who gives to a Grub-street pauper the money that he owes to his tailor; who, when he writes on zoology or history merely translates into a purer idiom the mistakes of wiser men; who is indebted to Johnson for the best lines in his best poems, and whose vanity was such that, according to Mrs. Gwyn, one of the Miss Hornecks, he "soon grew tired of Paris, the celebrity of his name not ensuring him that attention from its literary circles which the applause he received at home induced him to expect."

However impatiently Goldsmith's admirers may resent such a conclusion as this, a reference to the opinions of his contemporaries will only render it indisputable. Horace Walpole called him "an inspired idiot." Garrick's distich is too well known to repeat. *Johnson, who really loved him, and who of all the clique had the*

highest appreciation of his genius, often spoke of him in the most contemptuous terms. Anecdotes of the estimation in which he was held are numerous. Boswell tells, by way of illustrating Goldsmith's vanity, how he went home with Mr. Burke to supper, after witnessing with impatience the dexterity of some puppets, and how he broke his shins by attempting to exhibit to the company how much better he could jump over a stick than the dolls. On one occasion Miss Reynolds, at a supper-party, toasted Dr. Goldsmith as the ugliest man she knew; whereupon a Mrs. Cholmondeley rose up, and offering Miss Reynolds her hand desired her better acquaintance; "thus," exclaimed Dr. Johnson, who was present, "the ancients at the commencement of their friendships used to sacrifice a beast between them." Burke's opinion of Goldsmith is conveyed in the following anecdote: "As Colonel O'Moore and Mr. Burke were walking to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on his way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the hotels in Leicester Square. 'Observe Goldsmith,' said Mr. Burke to O'Moore, 'and mark what passes between him and me by-and-by at Sir Joshua's.' They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr. Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr. Burke to tell him how he had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but after a good deal of pressing, said, 'That he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the Square.' Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. 'Why,' said Burke, 'did you not exclaim as you were looking up at those women, "what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted Jzebels," while a man of your talent passed by unnoticed?' Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, 'Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?' 'Nay!' replied Burke; 'had you not said so, how should I have known it?' 'That's true,' answered Goldsmith, with great humility; 'I am very sorry—it was very foolish. *I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind.*'"

This anecdote is given on the authority of Mr. Croker, who had the story from Colonel O'Moore. Such authority might be questioned were the story not corroborated by many anecdotes of similar instances of Goldsmith's vanity. The multiplication of such



anecdotes, however, could not render more strong than it is the testimony conveyed by Boswell to the undoubted contempt in which Goldsmith was held by his contemporaries. This contempt Boswell shared with the rest. But the severity with which he has been visited for it, seems hardly deserved when it is considered that the whole of his passages about Goldsmith put together, do not contain half as much acid as the verse of Garrick, or half as much cynical contempt as the sentence of Walpole. Boswell may well be excused for not having lived many years after his time; for many years it took to render Goldsmith appreciated as he is now appreciated, in spite of the admiration professed by Johnson in his epitaph, and which was endorsed by the signatures of the Round Robin.

The charge of abject toadyism has been preferred repeatedly and ably against Boswell. But it is almost invariably preferred through his connection with Johnson. His love of the friendship of those who had achieved fame or notoriety has been pointed out, but without much contempt; his heterogeneous assemblage of acquaintances, of Paoli and Lloyd, of Churchill and Wilkes, of Bickerstaff and Murphy, of Robert Levett and the keeper of Newgate, has been laughed at, but without much scorn for the passion which led him into such diversified society. It is as the biographer of Dr. Johnson that he is ridiculed as a toady; and yet it is certain that this charge has been advanced without fair consideration of the nature of the duties he had imposed upon himself. Than these duties nothing could be more difficult, nothing more delicate. Johnson turned friendless into London with nothing to live upon but an undigested mass of desultory reading, had been forced to battle through every form of complicated indigence ere he reached even the phantom of independence. He who could find no friend when friendship would have been serviceable, turned a suspicious eye on friendship when it was offered after it was no longer needed. Capricious, irritable, contemptuous, his friends were forced to accept him as he himself had said every man should accept life—on the conditions under which he offered himself. Objectionable as those conditions might be, those who surrounded him felt them a light and easy restraint, when taken with the advantages which his friendship conferred. He had powers adequate to the highest occasions. He had a mind so copiously stored that even his bigotry is made profitable by the marrowy juices with which it is full fraught. He had abilities which set him at the head of an assembly comprising the most eminent professors the poetry, art, wit, and humour of the age had produced. It was but natural, that the admiration he excited and the submission he enforced

should have been enthusiastically participated in by one whose mind was peculiarly adapted to appreciate his, and whose admiration was being constantly renewed and as constantly heightened by his unwearied attention to all that was said and all that was done by him whose life he had early resolved to write.

To collect materials for such a life was an occupation Boswell could not have pursued clandestinely. Memory might prove treacherous; it might be impossible to carry from the dinner-table all the good things, in their natural sequence of conversation, that had been said around it. To ensure veracity it was plain that notes of the conversation must be taken on the spot; and this mode of reporting could not escape the attention of the man whose words were being vigilantly set down. Johnson's capriciousness, his independence, and certainly his suspicion, would have made him savagely prohibit a less ingenious diplomatist than Boswell from violating what he himself would call the social statutes of domestic life, by committing to paper, for ultimate publicity, the conversations which were designed for hours dedicated to the relaxation of friendly gatherings. But with all Boswell's tact he came in for rebuffs which would have demolished a man of less pliability. "I will not be put to the question!" shouted the surly philosopher once, in reply to a number of Boswell's nimble but puerile questions asked in rapid succession. "Don't you consider, sir, that these are not the manners of a gentleman? I will not be baited with *what* and *why*. What is this? What is that? Why is a cow's tail long? Why is a fox's tail bushy?" "Why, sir," said Boswell, "you are so good that I venture to trouble you." "Sir," said Johnson, "my being so *good* is no reason for your being so *ill*."

Boswell's submission to such rebuffs, undoubtedly reads with but little credit to his character. But (1), rebuffs of a much coarser kind than these were being constantly administered by Johnson to men with whom he still remained very good friends. Take such illustrations as these:—Murphy and Johnson were conversing near the side of the scenes during the performance of "King Lear." Garrick coming off the stage, exclaimed, "You talk so loud, you destroy all my feelings."—"Prithee," said Johnson, "do not talk of feelings; Punch has no feelings."—Johnson was dining one day at Sir Joshua Reynolds' with a large and distinguished company, amongst whom was Mr. Israel Wilkes, brother of the "patriot." During the conversation Wilkes was about to make some remark, when Johnson's hatred of Wilkes' belongings breaking forth, he stopped him, exclaiming, "I hope, sir, what you are about to say may be better worth hearing than what you have said."—A Mr. Elliott, a barrister and a

man of fashion, happening to speak in Dr. Johnson's presence with approbation of the laws and government of Venice, "Yes, sir," said Johnson, "all republican rascals think as you do."—Dr. Barnard, a worthy divine holding a high position in the Church of England, ventured before a large company to state his opinion to Dr. Johnson that men never improved after the age of forty-five. "That's not true, sir," said Johnson; "You, who are, perhaps, forty-eight, may still improve if you will try. I wish you would set about it; and I am afraid there is great room for it."—Such instances may be multiplied. Boswell's book is full of them, and they form the chief portion of the innumerable *ana* going under Johnson's name. And yet it was Johnson who laid it down as a maxim, "never to speak of a man in his own presence. It is always indelicate and may be offensive." If Boswell was not knocked down by Johnson's fist or cudgel, he was certainly more lucky than others who annoyed the doctor. And (2), it is to be remembered that Boswell was already far advanced in his book, when he was met by the petulance and insolence of his hero. It had already cost him much labour, and certainly much ridicule, to accomplish what he had already done; and it was not to be supposed that he was going to allow the most popular characteristic of Dr. Johnson—his temper—to render so much past work abortive, or to demolish a scheme to the accomplishment of which he had pledged every hope of his heart. Once, and once only, Boswell took serious offence at the doctor's affronts, and absented himself for a week from his society. But a coarse piece of flattery soothed him and won him back. "I said to-day," said the injured man, "to Sir Joshua, when he observed that you *tossed* me sometimes, I don't care how often or how high he tosses me, when only friends are present, for then I fall upon soft ground; but I do not like falling on stones, which is the case when enemies are present. I think this is a pretty good image, sir."—"Sir," said Johnson, "it is one of the happiest I ever heard."

Whatever prejudice we may entertain towards Boswell, it is impossible to refuse him the merit of being one of the very greatest tacticians on record—a greater than Pope. His admiration of Johnson, his attention, his devotion, his obsequiousness, no doubt induced much of the contempt that has envy for its basis: Robertson protested, and Goldsmith grew angry; but he made no enemies; he lived on good terms with those whose memories he has immortalised, with Langton and Beauclerk, with Nugent and Davies, with a host of people who would never have been heard of but for him. And it is certain that whatever secret feelings may have animated them towards each other, between Boswell and Goldsmith there is no evi-

dence to show that any avowed hostility or even dislike whatever subsisted.

It is no doubt his complete, and perhaps unparalleled, ingenuousness, that has procured him so much contempt. A perfect tactician in his conduct, he was as simple, and sometimes as silly in his writings as Goldsmith, whom he laughed at, was in his conversation. Many of his comments on Johnson's sayings really justify Lord Macaulay's criticism that he had "no wit, no humour," and exhibit him in as ridiculous a light as Mr. Croker is exhibited by many of the notes to his edition of the *Life*. In telling, for instance, the story of Johnson's remarking, in reply to a question, how he felt at the failure of "Irene," "Like the Monument," he says—"Johnson meant by this that he continued firm and unmoved as that column;" an explanation so ridiculously supererogatory as to imply an insult to the understanding of his readers. His "frame thrills" over the most ponderous, involved, and depressing bits of declamation in the *Rambler*. Speaking of the preface to the *Dictionary*, "one of its excellencies," says he, "has always struck me with peculiar admiration; I mean the perspicuity with which he has expressed abstract scientific principles. As an instance of this, I will quote the following sentence: 'When the radical idea branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series be formed, of senses in their own nature collateral?'" Irony could not have done more, had it selected as a specimen of the doctor's perspicuity, his definition of "Network:"—"anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." He talks of Johnson's books, his manuscripts, his wig, his loose breeches, with the solemn emphasis of a Roman Catholic describing the condition of some canonised bones. In Johnson's lodgings he is Gulliver at Laputa; and his insensibility to the ridiculous is manifested in the artless manner in which he misses the obvious and ludicrous implications of his minute confessions.

His ingenuousness, indeed, is nowhere better illustrated than by his account of his introduction to Johnson at Davies' shop in Covent Garden. It may be confidently asserted that there is nothing in English literature more exquisitely absurd than the particulars of this interview. He had read the *Rambler*, and he had read *Rasselas*, and from both these works he had imbibed the most extraordinary notions of the awful being of Johnson. He was possessed, he says, "of a kind of mysterious veneration, by figuring to himself a state of solemn elevated abstraction, in which he supposed him to live in the immense metropolis of London." He was in Davies' back-parlour

when Johnson unexpectedly entered the shop, and Mr. Davies announced his awful approach to him "somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, 'Look, my lord, it comes!'" He was much agitated, and begged Davies not to introduce him as a Scotchman. "But," said Davies, roguishly, "he comes from Scotland." "Mr. Johnson," piteously exclaimed Boswell, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." Johnson, turning quickly upon him, exclaimed sternly, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great number of your countrymen cannot help." Such candour admits us into a much closer intimacy with him, than his most laboured accounts of himself, his hopes, or his antecedents, procure for us. "One day," he says, "I owed to him that I was occasionally troubled with a fit of narrowness; 'why, sir,' said he, 'so am I, but I do not tell it.' He has now and then borrowed a shilling from me; and when I asked him for it again, seemed to be rather out of humour. A droll little circumstance once occurred, as if he meant to reprimand my minute exactness as a creditor; he thus addressed me: 'Boswell, lend me sixpence—not to be repaid.'"

It would be begging the question to concede that Boswell was a toady, but that his toadyism was a merit, inasmuch as it was the instrument of giving to the world one of the most entertaining and instructive books ever written. But this much may fairly be said: that if Boswell was a toady, his toadyism should not be converted into a reproach, since it has been capped by an issue of indefinite profit to English readers. But was Boswell a toady? was his conduct the insinuating, spaniel-like subserviency it has been declared to be? Reduced to simple terms, Boswell's iniquity seems to have been a love for notoriety or reputation: a thirst for communion with men distinguished either by genius or activity: by the genius of a Johnson, or the activity of a Wilkes. The obverse of the medal struck off by nature, representing the old laird of Auchinleck disgusted with his son for cultivating the acquaintance of a man who kept a school and called it an academy, is doubtless droll enough, but it is certainly more flattering to Boswell than to Boswell's father. It seems to us a pardonable ambition in a young man to solicit with eagerness—though that eagerness was at the onset pusillanimous—and to retain through unaffected admiration and veneration the friendship of a philosopher who occupies the most conspicuous position in English letters during the eighteenth century, and whose acquaintance was not less ardently desired by men whom posterity has not yet learnt to accredit with either obsequiousness or meanness.

The mild, contemplative Langton was, certainly, at the onset, as enthusiastic an admirer of Johnson, as Boswell. He too, had read the *Rambler* and *Rasselas*, and such was his delight that he had travelled to London chiefly for the purpose of obtaining an introduction to the author. Langton's admiration contented itself with listening and applauding: Boswell's, with listening and recording. The distinction is enormous. It preserves Langton's character, and mutilates Boswell's. But Boswell's loss is posterity's gain. Langton remains embalmed in the narrative of Boswell, the perfect gentleman, the unaffected saint, the soft and courtly scholar. And yet, this much is certain: that without Boswell, Bennett Langton would not be more hopelessly forgotten than the man who sold him snuff, or the tailor who fitted his breeches.

Boswell's character is not likely to call forth the slightest admiration, but his claims upon our regard are eminent enough to deserve the championship that has been hitherto denied him. His candour may, perhaps, merit all the severe literalness of construction that has been put upon it; but this candour merits an exemption from the harsh judgment with which justice should instruct us to deal only with those whose sneaking sins have been detected through no fault of their own. That he was a better man than he represents himself is certain, or it is most improbable that he would have retained for twenty years so strong a hold upon the affection of a man whose hatred of cant was only to be equalled by his suspicion of officious friendship. That Johnson had a sincere regard for him there is abundant evidence to show. The doctor's acute and forcible mind was hardly likely to be imposed upon for any length of time by a man whose friendship was wholly bottomed on selfishness, and who clung only to the coat-tails of his betters that he might be lifted out of the dust of obscurity. There was assuredly an unfeigned affection, a devoted admiration in Boswell's respect for Johnson. This has been allowed by Boswell's worst detractors; but it seems never to have occurred to his critics that such qualities as a pure admiration, an affectionate esteem, a loyal and a respectful veneration, are incompatible with the existence of such base mental deformities as those so persistently attributed to Boswell.

Macaulay pronounces Boswell to have been a young Scotch lawyer without wit, humour, or eloquence. The criticism is altogether too crushing. Many of his conversations with Johnson prove him to have had a very good stock of wit. Contrasted with Johnson's, it is, to be sure, poor; but isolated, it is considerable enough to rescue his pretensions from the historian's sneer. Humour he also had of

a dry, Scotch kind ; many of his descriptions, especially in his Tour, are made piquant and striking by frequent felicities, and by the slly quaintness of thought they vehicle. Eloquence he may perhaps want ; but the harshest critic will not refuse to his style the merit of perspicuity, ease, and consistency.

The portrait given of Boswell by himself coincides, but without fulness, with the character exhibited by his work. He was disordered by frequent fits of hypochondriasis, a malady of which he might have been impatient, had not the similar complaint of Dr. Johnson made him cherish his melancholy as fitting him to a nearer equality with his hero. He was proud of his antecedents, and with reason ; for the founder of his family belonged to an ancient line in Fife, and was rewarded by the barony of Auchinleck *pro bono et fideli servitio nobis præstito*. His great grandmother was the Countess of Kincardine, a member of a noble Dutch house, and his father was a judge of Scotland, a man who has been praised by Walter Scott as "an able lawyer, a good scholar, a strict presbyterian, and a whig of the old Scottish cast." He was a zealous but a sensible Scotchman. Without being able to account for Johnson's prejudice against the Scotch, he had sense enough to comprehend that it was not a whit more malignant or intelligent than his Toryism. Sacheverell made Johnson hate the Whigs, and James II. made him hate the Scotch. His dogmatism forced him into consistency ; and his consistency supported what to him were the two qualifications of a right-minded man. Whenever he could, he spoke of the Whigs as scoundrels, and the Scotch as animals. But in reality one form of government was as good to him as another form ; and one kind of people as good as another kind. He may have professed to prefer the Irish to the Scotch ; but the distinction he drew between them, when he compared the Irishman to a fly, and the Scotchman to a leech, exhibited rather a love of antithetical wit, than any decided repugnance to either. Boswell humoured his prejudices, and laughed at them. Many Scotchmen turned fiercely upon the doctor, and told him that one of his ancestors had been hung in Scotland, and had found that a Scottish tree was capable of supporting the weight of an Englishman. But Boswell acted with more wisdom ; he exacerbated the doctor's antipathies that he might make capital of his remarks, and swell his book with epigrams and anecdotes which, but for his nimble pertinacity, would never have been provoked.

Had Boswell never met Johnson, his picture in the dress of a provincial lawyer at Auchinleck might have perpetuated his memory amongst his family, as a more honest man than they believed him to

be. He himself confesses that his mind was "strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian æther;" but though his mind was fitted to admire, it was certainly not adapted to imitate, Johnson. His wit was sharp, and we can believe him when he says, talking of a colloquial combat with a friend, that flash followed flash, like throwing pinches of gunpowder into the fire—"it was all puff! puff!" But if he had Johnson's powder, he had not Johnson's bullets; his piece could explode, but it could take no effect. The truth is, Boswell and Johnson mixed make but a sorry draught. When Boswell is himself, he is pleasant and excellent enough; but when he talks or acts, as he too often does talk or act, Boswell upon Johnson, he becomes a conceited puppy, well meriting the contempt in which he was secretly, and sometimes confessedly, held by his friends. Whatever he undertook, he undertook with eagerness and enthusiasm. Johnson comprehended his idiosyncrasy when he bade him clear his head of Corsica, a piece of advice that was lost, for he attended a jubilee in a hat surmounted with the letters "CORSIKA BOSWELL," and got caricatured for his folly in the *London Magazine*. He was passionately fond of seeing men hanged, and called the keeper of Newgate his esteemed friend. He was an admirable diplomatist, the Machiavelli of domestic life, an instance of which is shown in the method in which he procured a meeting at Dilly's, the bookseller, between Johnson and Wilkes. He was slow at taking offence, and was easily pacified. He appears to have been a faithful husband, a good father, and a loyal subject. He describes himself as "a gentleman who had thought more than any one had supposed, and had a pretty good stock of general learning and knowledge. He had all Dr. Johnson's principles, with some degree of relaxation. He had rather too little than too much prudence, and his imagination being lively, he often said things of which the effect was very different from the intention." Amongst his countrymen, he was esteemed as a good-natured, jolly fellow; and Johnson, in writing to him, says, "If general approbation will add anything to your enjoyment, I can tell you that I have heard you mentioned as a man whom everybody likes. I think life has little more to give."



# BY ORDER OF THE KING.

(*L'Homme qui Rit.*)

A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY: BY VICTOR HUGO.

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## PART II.—BOOK THE SEVENTH.

(*Continued.*)

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### CHAPTER II.

THE RESEMBLANCE OF A PALACE TO A WOOD.

 WYNPLAINE was in the "little rooms" of Corleone Lodge. He was burning to be off, to get outside, to see Dea again. This maze of passages and alcoves, with secret and bewildering doors, checked and retarded his progress. He strove to race, he was obliged to wander. He thought he had but one door to thrust open, he had a skein of doors to unravel. To one room succeeded another. Then a cross-way, with rooms on all four sides.

Not a living creature was to be seen. He listened. Not a sound.

Sometimes he thought that he must be returning towards his starting-point. Then, that he saw someone approaching. It was no one. It was only his own reflection in a mirror, dressed as a nobleman. *That* himself?—Impossible! Then he recognised himself, but not at once.

He went on through every passage he saw before him.

He explored the quaint domestic arrangements of the rambling building, and their yet quaint fittings. Here, a cabinet, painted and carved in a sentimental, but vicious style; there, an equivocal-looking chapel, studded with enamels and mother-of-pearl, with miniatures on ivory brought out in relief, like those on old-fashioned snuff-boxes; there, one of those pretty Florentine retreats, adapted for the hypochondriasis of women, and even than called *boudoirs*. Every where—on the ceilings, on the walls, and even on the very floors.

—there were representations, in velvet or in metal, of birds, of trees; of luxuriant vegetation, picked out in reliefs of lace-work; tables covered with jet carvings, representing warriors, and queens, and tritons, armed with the scaly terminations of a hydra. Cut crystals combined prismatic effects with those of reflection. Mirrors repeated the light of precious stones, and sparkles glittered in the darkest corners. It was impossible to guess whether these many-sided, shining surfaces, where emerald green mingled with the golden hues of the rising sun, where floated a glimmer of ever-varying colours, like those on a pigeon's neck, were miniature mirrors, or enormous beryls. Everywhere was magnificence, at once refined and stupendous; if it was not the most diminutive of palaces, it was certainly the most gigantic of jewel-cases. A house for Mab, or a jewel for Geo.

Gwynplaine sought an exit. He could not find one. Impossible to make out his way. There is nothing so confusing as is wealth seen for the first time. Moreover, this was a labyrinth. At each step he was stopped by some magnificent object, which appeared to retard his exit, and to be unwilling to let him pass. He was encompassed by a net of wonders. He felt himself bound and detained.

What a horrible palace! he thought. Restless, he wandered through the maze, asking himself what it all meant—whether he was in prison? chafing, thirsting for the fresh air. He repeated *Dea! Dea!* as if that word was the thread of the labyrinth, and must be held unbroken, to guide him out of it. Now and then he shouted, "Ho! Any one there?" No one answered. The rooms never came to an end. All was deserted, silent, splendid, sinister. It realised the fables of enchanted castles. Hidden pipes of hot air maintained a summer temperature in the building. It was as if some magician had caught up the month of June, and imprisoned it in this labyrinth. There were pleasant odours now and then, and he crossed currents of perfume, as though passing by invisible flowers. It was warm. Carpets everywhere. One might have walked about there, unclothed.

Gwynplaine looked out of the windows. The view from each was different. From one he beheld gardens, sparkling with the freshness of a spring morning; from another, a plot decked with statues; from a third, a patio in the Spanish style, a little square, flagged, mouldy, and cold. Sometimes he saw a river—it was the Thames; sometimes a great tower—it was Windsor.

It was still so early that there were no signs of life without.

He stood still. He listened.

"Oh! I will get out of this place," said he. "I will rejoin *Dea!*

They shall not keep me here by force. Woe to him who bars my exit. What is that great tower yonder? If there was a giant, a hell-hound, a minotaur, to keep the gates of this enchanted palace, I would annihilate him. If an army, I would exterminate it. Dea! Dea!"

Suddenly he heard a gentle noise, very faint. It was like dropping water. He was in a dark, narrow passage, closed some few paces further on by a curtain. He advanced to this curtain, pushed it aside, entered. He leaped before he looked.

## CHAPTER III.

## EVE.

AN octagon room, with a vaulted ceiling, without windows, but lighted by a skylight; walls, ceiling, and floors faced with peach-coloured marble; a black marble canopy, resembling a pall, with twisted columns in the solid but pleasing Elizabethan style, overshadowing a vase-like bath of the same black marble—this was what he saw before him. In the centre of the bath arose a slender jet of tepid and perfumed water, which, softly and slowly, was filling the tank. The bath was black to augment fairness into brilliancy.

It was the water that he had heard. A waste-pipe, placed at a certain height in the bath, prevented it from overflowing. Vapour was rising from the water; but not sufficient to cause it to hang in drops on the marble. The slender jet of water was like a supple wand of steel, bending at the slightest current of air. There was no furniture, except a chair-bed with pillows, sufficiently long for a woman to lie at full length, and yet have room for a dog at her feet. The French, indeed, borrow their word *canapé* from *can-al-pie*. This sofa was of Spanish manufacture. In it silver took the place of wood-work. The cushions and coverings were of rich white silk.

On the far side of the bath was arranged by the wall a lofty dressing-table of solid silver, well garnished with every requisite for the toilet, having in its centre, and in imitation of a window, eight small Venetian mirrors, set in a silver frame. In a panel on the wall was a square opening, resembling a small window, which was closed by a cover of solid silver. This cover was fitted with hinges, like a shutter. On the shutter glistened a chased and gilded royal crown. Over this, and affixed to the wall, was a bell, silver-gilt, if not of pure gold.

Opposite to the entrance of this chamber, in which Gwynplaine

stood as if transfixed, there was an opening in the marble wall, extending to the ceiling, and closed by a high and broad curtain of silver tissue. This curtain, of fairy-like tenuity, was transparent, and did not interrupt the view. Through the centre of this web, where one might expect a spider, Gwynplaine saw a more formidable object—an undraped woman. Yet not actually undraped; for she was clothed—clothed from head to foot. Her dress was a long chemise; so long, that it floated over her feet, like the dresses of angels in holy pictures; but so fine that it seemed liquid.

The silver tissue, transparent as glass and fastened only at the ceiling, could be lifted aside. It separated the marble chamber, which was a bath-room, from the adjoining apartment, which was a bed-chamber. This tiny dormitory was as a grotto of mirrors. Venetian glasses, close together, mounted with gold mouldings, and reflected on every side the bed in the centre of the room. On this bed, which, like the toilette-table, was of silver, lay the woman: she was asleep.

She was sleeping with her head thrown back, one foot peeping from its covering, like the Succuba, above whose head dreams flap their wings.

A dressing-gown, of curious silk, was thrown over the foot of the couch. It was apparently Chinese; for a great golden lizard was partly visible in between the folds.

Beyond the couch, and probably masking a door, was a large mirror, on which peacocks and swans were depicted.

Shadow seemed to lose its nature in this apartment, and glistened. The spaces between the mirrors and the gold work were lined with that sparkling material called at Venice thread of glass—*i.e.* spun glass.

At the head of the couch stood a reading desk, on a moveable pivot, with candles, and a book lying open, bearing this title, in large red letters, "Alcoranus Mahumedis."

Gwynplaine saw not one of these details. The woman, he had eyes for her only. He was at once stupified and filled with tumultuous emotions, states apparently incompatible, yet sometimes co-existent. He recognised her. Her eyes were closed, but her face was turned towards him. It was the duchess. She, the mysterious being in whom all the splendours of the unknown were united; she who had occasioned him so many unavowable dreams; she who had written him so strange a letter! The only woman in the world of whom he could say, "She has seen me, and she loves me!"

## CHAPTER IV.

## SATAN.

SUDDENLY the sleeper awoke. She sat up with a sudden and gracious dignity of movement, her fair silken tresses falling in soft disorder on her hips; her loosened night-dress disclosed her shoulder; she touched her pink toes with her little hand, and gazed for some moments on the naked foot, worthy to be worshipped by Pericles, and copied by Phidias. Then stretching herself, she yawned like a tigress in the rising sun.

Probably Gwynplaine breathed heavily, as we do when we endeavour to restrain our respiration.

"Is any one there?" said she.

Going to the silver lace curtain, she raised it with her foot, and thrusting it aside with her shoulder, entered the marble room. An agonised numbness fell on Gwynplaine. No possibility of concealment. It was too late to fly. Moreover, he was no longer equal to the exertion. He wished that the earth might open and swallow him. Anything to hide him.

She saw him. She stared, immensely astonished, but without the slightest nervousness. Then, in a tone of mingled pleasure and contempt, she said, "Why, it is you, Gwynplaine!" Suddenly, with a rapid spring, for this cat was a panther, she flung herself on his neck.

"Oh," she cried, "how clever you are! You are come. You found out that I was obliged to leave London. You followed me. That was right. Your being here proves you to be a wonder."

The simultaneous return of self-possession acts like a flash of lightning. Gwynplaine, indistinctly warned by a vague, rude, but honest misgiving, drew back, but the pink nails clinging to his shoulders restrained him. Some inexorable power proclaimed its sway over him. He himself, a wild beast, was caged in a wild beast's den. She continued, "Anne, the fool, you know whom I mean—the Queen—ordered me to Windsor without giving any reason. When I arrived she was closeted with her idiot of a Chancellor. But how did you contrive to obtain access to me? That's what I call being a man—obstacles, indeed—there are no such things! You come at a call. You found things out. My name, the Duchess Josiana, you knew, I fancy. Who was it brought you in? No doubt it was the page. Oh, he is clever! I will give him a hundred guineas. Which way did you get in? Tell

me? No! don't tell me. I don't want to know. Explanations diminish interest. I prefer the marvellous, and you are hideous enough to be wonderful. You have fallen from the highest heavens, or you have risen from the depths of hell through the devil's trap-door. Nothing can be more natural. The ceiling opened, or the floor yawned. A descent by way of the clouds, or an ascent in a mass of fire and brimstone, that is how you have travelled. You deserve a seat among the gods. Agreed; you are my lover."

Scared, Gwynplaine listened; his mind growing more irresolute every moment. Now all was certain. Impossible to have any further doubt. That letter! this woman confirmed its meaning. Gwynplaine the lover and the beloved of a duchess! Mighty pride, with its thousand baleful heads, stirred his wretched heart. Vanity, that powerful agent within us, works us measureless evil.

The duchess went on, "Since you are here, it is so decreed. I ask nothing more. There is some one on high, or in hell, who brings us together. The betrothal of Styx and Aurora! Unbridled ceremonies beyond all laws! The very day I first saw you, I said, it is he, it is he! I recognise him. He is the monster of my dreams. He shall be mine. We should give destiny a helping hand. Therefore I wrote to you. One question, Gwynplaine, do you believe in predestination? For my part, I have believed in it since I read, in Cicero, Scipio's dream. Ah! I did not observe it! Dressed like a gentleman! You in fine clothes! Why not! You are a mountebank. All the more reason. A juggler is as good as a lord. Moreover, what are lords? Clowns. You have a noble figure, you are magnificently made. It is wonderful that you should be here. When did you arrive? How long have you been here? I am beautiful, am I not? I was going to take my bath. Oh! how I love you! You read my letter! Did you read it yourself? Did any one read it to you? Can you read? Probably you are ignorant. I ask questions, but don't answer them. I don't like the sound of your voice. It is soft. An oddity like you should snarl, and not speak. You sing, that is harmonious. I hate it. It is the only thing about you I do not like. All the rest is terrible,—is superb. In India you would be a god. Were you born with that frightful grin on your face? No! No doubt it is a penal brand. I do hope you have committed some crime. Come to my arms."

She sank on the couch, and made him sit beside her. They found themselves close together unconsciously. What she said passed over Gwynplaine like a mighty storm. He hardly understood

the sense of her whirlwind of words. She spoke tumultuously, frantically, with a voice broken and tender. Her words were music ; but their music was to Gwynplaine as a hurricane. Again she fixed her gaze on him and continued,

"I feel degraded in your presence, and oh! what happiness. How insipid is it to be a grandee! I am noble, and what can be more tiresome? Disgrace is a comfort. I am so satiated with respect that I desire contempt. We are all a little erratic, from Venus, Cleopatra, Mesdames de Chevreuse and de Longueville, down to myself. I will make a display of you, I declare. Here's a love affair which will be a blow to my family, the Stuarts. Ah! I breathe again. I have discovered a secret. I am clear of royalty. To be free from its trammels is indeed a deliverance. To break down, defy, make and destroy at will, that is enjoyment. Listen, I love you."

She paused; then smiling sardonically, went on, "I love you, not only because you are deformed; but because you are low. I love monsters, and I love mountebanks. A lover despised, mocked, grotesque, hideous, exposed to laughter on that pillory called a theatre, has for me an extraordinary attraction. It is tasting forbidden fruit. An infamous lover, how exquisite! To taste the apple, not of Paradise, but of hell; such is my temptation. It is for that I hunger and thirst. I am that Eve, the Eve of the depths. Probably you are, unknown to yourself, a devil. I am in love with a nightmare. You are a moving puppet, of which the strings are pulled by a spectre. You are the incarnation of infernal mirth. You are the master I require. I wanted a lover such as those of Medea and Canidia. I felt sure that some night would bring me such a one.

Her words flowed like a volcanic eruption. Pierce Mount Etna, and you may gain an idea of that jet of fiery eloquence.

Gwynplaine stammered, "Madam——"

She placed her hand on his mouth. "Silence," she said. "I am studying you. I am unbridled desire, immaculate. I am a vestal bacchante. I might be the virgin pythoness at Delphos, and have under my naked foot the bronze tripod, where the priests lean their elbows on the skin of the python, whispering questions to the invisible god. My heart is of stone, but it is like those mysterious pebbles which the sea washes to the foot of the rock called Huntly Nabb, at the mouth of the Tees, and which if broken are found to contain a serpent. That serpent is my love. A love which is all-powerful, for it has brought you to me. An impossible distance was between us.

I was in Sirius, and you were in Allioth. You have crossed the immeasurable space, and here you are. 'Tis well ; be silent. Take me for your own."

She ceased ; he trembled. Then she went on, smiling, " You see, Gwynplaine, to dream is to create ; to desire is to summon. To build up the chimera is to provoke the reality. The all-powerful and terrible mystery will not be defied. It produces result. You are here. Do I dare to lose caste ? Yes. Do I dare to be your mistress ? Your slave ? Your chattel ? With joy. Gwynplaine, I am woman. A woman is clay which desires to be mire. I want to despise myself. That lends a zest to pride. What is grandeur made of ? Baseness. Despise me, you who are despised. Nothing can be better. Degradation on degradation. What pleasure ! The double blossom of ignominy. I pluck it. Trample me under foot. You will only love me the more. I know it myself. Do you understand why I idolize you ? Because I despise you. You are so immeasurably below me that I place you on an altar. Bring the highest and lowest depths together, and you have Chaos, and I delight in Chaos. Chaos, the beginning and end of everything. What is Chaos ? A huge blot. Out of that blot God made light, and out of that sink the world. You don't know how perverse I can be. Knead a star in mud, and you will have my likeness. A wolf to all beside ; a faithful dog to you. How astonished they will all be ! To astonish fools is amusing. I understand myself. Am I a goddess ? Amphitrite gave herself to the Cyclops. Am I a fairy ? Urgele gave herself to Bugryx, a winged man, with eight webbed hands. Am I a princess ? Marie Stuart had Rizzio. Three beauties, three monsters. I am greater than they, for you are lower than they. Gwynplaine, we were made for one another. You are outwardly, I am inwardly, a monster. Thence my love for you. A caprice ? Just so. What is a hurricane but a caprice ? Our stars have a certain affinity. Together we are things of night—you in your face, I in my mind. As your countenance is defaced, so is my mind. You, in your turn, create me. You come, and my real mind shows itself. I did not recognise it. It is astonishing. Your coming has evoked the hydra in me, who am a goddess. You show me my real nature. See how I resemble you. Look at me as if I were a mirror. Your face is my mind. I did not know I was so terrible. I am also, then, a monster. Oh ! Gwynplaine, you do amuse me ! "

She laughed, a strange and childlike laugh ; and, putting her mouth close to his ear, whispered,—



"Should you like to see a mad woman? look at me."

Whilst she spoke, though he felt her words like burning coals, his blood froze within his veins. He had not strength to utter a word.

She stopped and looked at him.

"O, monster!" she cried.

Suddenly and violently she seized his hands.

"Gwynplaine, I am the throne; you are the trestle. Let us join on the same level. Oh, how happy I am in my fall! I wish all the world could know how abject I am become. It would bow down all the lower. The more man abhors, the more does he cringe. It is human nature. Hostile, but reptile; dragon, but worm. Oh, I am as depraved as are the gods!"

Did Gwynplaine love this woman? Has man, like the globe, two poles? Are we, on our inflexible axis, a moving sphere, a star, when seen from afar, earth when near at hand, in which night alternates with day? Has the heart two aspects—one, where its love is poured forth in light; the other, in darkness? Here a woman of light, there a woman of the sewer. Angels are necessary. Is it possible that demons are also essential? Has the soul the wings of the bat? Does twilight fall fatally for all? Is sin an integral and inevitable part of our destiny? Must we accept evil as part and portion of our whole? Do we inherit sin as a debt? What awful subjects for thought!

All the same, a voice tells us that weakness is a crime. Gwynplaine's feelings are not to be described. The flesh, life, terror, lust, an overwhelming intoxication of spirit, and all the shame possible to pride. Was he about to succumb?

She repeated, "I love you!" and flung her frenzied arms around him.

Suddenly close at hand rang, clear and distinct, a little bell. It was the little bell within the wall. The duchess, turning her head, said,—

"What does she want of me?"

Quickly, with the noise of a spring door, the silver panel, with the golden crown chased on it, opened. A compartment of a tower, lined with royal blue velvet, appeared; and, on a golden salver, a letter. The letter, broad and weighty, was placed so as to exhibit the seal, which was a large impression in red wax. The bell continued to tinkle. The open panel almost touched the couch where the duchess and Gwynplaine were sitting.

*Leaning over, but still keeping her arm round his neck, she took*

the letter from off the plate, and touched the panel. The compartment closed in, and the bell ceased ringing.

The duchess broke the seal, and, opening the envelope, drew out two documents contained therein, and flung it on the floor at Gwynplaine's feet. The impression of the broken seal was still decipherable, and Gwynplaine could distinguish a royal crown over the initial A. on it. The torn envelope lay open before him, so that he could read, "To Her Grace the Duchess Josiana." The envelope had contained both vellum and parchment. The former was small, the latter a large document. On the parchment was a large Chancery seal in green wax, called Lords' sealing-wax.

The face of the duchess, whose bosom was palpitating, and whose eyes were swimming with passion, was overspread with a slight expression of dissatisfaction.

"Ah!" she said. "What does she send me? A lot of papers! What a spoil-sport that woman is!"

Pushing aside the parchment, she opened the vellum.

"It is her handwriting. It is my sister's hand. It is quite provoking. Gwynplaine, I asked you if you could read. Can you?"

Gwynplaine nodded assent.

She stretched herself at full length on the couch, carefully drew her feet and arms under her robe, with a whimsical affectation of modesty, and, giving Gwynplaine the vellum, watched him with an impassioned look.

"Well! you are mine now. Begin your duties, my beloved. Read me what the queen writes."

Gwynplaine took the vellum, unfolded it, and, in a voice tremulous with many emotions, began to read:—

"MADAM,—We are graciously pleased to send to you herewith, sealed and signed by our trusty and well-beloved William Cowper, Lord High Chancellor of England, a copy of a report, showing forth the very important fact that the legitimate son of Linnæus Lord Clancharlie has just been discovered and recognised, bearing the name of Gwynplaine, in the lowest rank of a wandering and vagabond life, among strollers and mountebanks. His false position dates from his earliest days. In accordance with the laws of the country, and in virtue of his hereditary rights, Lord Fermain Clancharlie, son of Lord Linnæus, will be this day admitted and installed in his position in the House of Lords. Therefore, having regard to your welfare, and wishing to preserve for your use the

property and estates of Lord Clancharlie of Hunkerville, we substitute him in the place of Lord David Dirry-Moir, and recommend him to your good graces. We have caused Lord Fermain to be conducted to Corleone Lodge. We will and command, as sister and as Queen, that the said Fermain Lord Clancharlie, hitherto called Gwynplaine, shall be your husband, and that you shall marry him. Such is our royal pleasure."

While Gwynplaine, in tremulous tones which varied at almost every word, read the document, the duchess, half risen from the couch, listened with fixed attention. When Gwynplaine finished, she snatched the letter from his hands.

"Anne R.," she murmured in a tone of abstraction. Then picking up from the floor the parchment she had thrown down, she ran her eye over it. It was the confession of the shipwrecked crew of the *Matutina*, embodied in a report signed by the sheriff of Southwark and by the lord chancellor.

Having perused the report, she read the queen's letter over again. Then she said, "Be it so." And calmly pointing with her finger to the door of the gallery through which he had entered, she added, "Begone."

Gwynplaine was petrified, and remained immoveable. She repeated, in icy tones, "Since you are my husband, begone." Gwynplaine, speechless, and with eyes down-cast like a criminal, remained motionless. She added, "You have no right to be here; it is my lover's place." Gwynplaine was like a man transfixed. "Very well," said she, "it is I who shall go. So you are my husband. Nothing can be better. I hate you." She rose, and with an indescribably haughty gesture of adieu, left the room. The curtain in the doorway of the gallery fell behind her.

## CHAPTER V.

### THEY RECOGNISE, BUT DO NOT KNOW, EACH OTHER.

GWYNPLAINE was alone. Alone, and in presence of the bath and deserted couch. The confusion in his mind had reached its culminating point. His thoughts no longer resembled thoughts. They overflowed and ran riot; it was the anguish of a creature wrestling with perplexity. He felt as if he were awaking from a horrid nightmare. The entrance into unknown spheres is no simple matter.

From the time he had received the duchess's letter, brought by the page, a series of surprising adventures had befallen Gwynplaine, each one less intelligible than the other. Up to this time, though in a dream, he had seen clearly. Now he could only grope his way. He no longer thought, nor even dreamed. He collapsed. He sank down on the couch which the duchess had vacated.

Suddenly, he heard a sound of footsteps, and those of a man. The noise came from the opposite side of the gallery to that by which the duchess had departed. The man approached, and his footsteps, though deadened by the carpet, were clear and distinct. Gwynplaine, in spite of his abstraction, listened.

Suddenly, beyond the silver web of curtain which the duchess had left partly open, a door, evidently concealed by the painted glass, opened wide, and there came floating into the room the refrain of an old French song, carolled at the top of a manly and joyous voice,

"Trois petits goretts sur leur fumier  
Juraient comme de porteurs de chaise,"

and a man entered. He wore a sword by his side, a magnificent naval uniform, covered with gold lace, and held in his hand a plumed hat with loops and cockade. Gwynplaine sprang up erect as if moved by springs. He recognised this man, and was, in turn, recognised by him. From their astonished lips came, simultaneously, this double exclamation :—

"Gwynplaine !"

"Tom-Jim-Jack !"

The man with the plumed hat advanced towards Gwynplaine, who stood with folded arms.

"What are you doing here, Gwynplaine ?"

"And you, Tom-Jim-Jack, what are you doing here ?"

"Oh ! I understand. Josiana ! a caprice. A mountebank and a monster ! The double attraction is too powerful to be resisted. You disguised yourself in order to get here, Gwynplaine ?"

"And you, too, Tom-Jim-Jack ?"

"Gwynplaine, what does this gentleman's dress mean ?"

"Tom-Jim-Jack, what does that officer's uniform mean ?"

"Gwynplaine, I answer no questions."

"Neither do I, Tom-Jim-Jack."

"Gwynplaine, my name is not Tom-Jim-Jack."

"Tom-Jim-Jack, my name is not Gwynplaine."

"Gwynplaine, I stand here in my own house."

"I stand here in my own house, Tom-Jim-Jack."

"I will not have you echo my words. You are ironical; but I've got a cane. An end to your jokes, you wretched fool."

Gwynplaine became ashy pale. "You are a fool yourself, and you shall give me satisfaction for this insult."

"In your booth as much as you like, with fisticuffs."

"Here, and with swords!"

"My friend, Gwynplaine, the sword is a weapon for gentlemen. With it I can only fight my equals. At fisticuffs we are equal; but not so with swords. At the Tadcaster Inn, Tom-Jim-Jack could box with Gwynplaine. At Windsor, the case is altered. Understand this; I am a rear-admiral."

"And I am a peer of England."

The man whom Gwynplaine recognised as Tom-Jim-Jack, burst out laughing. "Why not a king? Indeed, you are right. An actor plays every part. You'll tell me next that you are Theseus, Duke of Athens."

"I am a peer of England, and we are going to fight."

"Gwynplaine, this becomes tiresome. Don't play with one who can order you to be flogged. I am Lord David Dirry-Moir."

"And I am Lord Clancharlie."

Again Lord David burst out laughing.

"Well said! Gwynplaine is Lord Clancharlie. That is indeed the name the man must bear who is to win Josiana. Listen, I forgive you, and do you know the reason? It's because we are both lovers of the same woman."

The curtain in the door was lifted, and a voice exclaimed, "You are the two husbands, my lords."

They turned.

"Barkilphedro!" cried Lord David.

It was indeed he; he bowed low to the two lords, with a smile on his face. Some few paces behind him was a gentleman with a stern and dignified countenance, who carried in his hand a black wand. This gentleman advanced, and bowing three times to Gwynplaine, said, "I am the Usher of the Black Rod. I come to fetch your lordship, in obedience to Her Majesty's commands."

## PART II.—BOOK THE EIGHTH.

*The Capital and its Habitors.*

## CHAPTER I.

## ANALYSIS OF MAJESTIC MATTERS.

IRRESISTIBLE Fate ever carrying him forward, which had now for so many hours showered its surprises on Gwynplaine, and which had transported him to Windsor, transferred him again to London. Supernatural realities succeeded each other without a moment's intermission. He could not escape from their influence. Freed from one he met another. He had scarcely time to breathe. Anyone who has seen a juggler throwing and catching balls can judge the nature of fate. Those rising and falling projectiles are like men tossed in the hands of Destiny—projectiles and playthings.

On the evening of the same day, Gwynplaine was an actor in an extraordinary scene. He was seated on a bench covered with fleurs-de-lys; over his silken clothes he wore a robe of scarlet velvet, lined with white silk, with a cape of ermine, and on his shoulders two bands of ermine embroidered with gold. Around him were men of all ages, young and old, seated like him on benches covered with fleurs-de-lys, and dressed like him in ermine and purple. In front of him were other men kneeling, clothed in black silk gowns. Some of these men were writing; opposite, and a short distance from him, he observed steps, a raised platform, a dais, a large escutcheon glittering between a lion and a unicorn, and at the top of the steps on the platform under the dais, resting against the escutcheon, was a gilded chair with a crown over it. It was a throne. The throne of Great Britain.

Gwynplaine, himself a peer of England, was in the House of Lords. How Gwynplaine's introduction to the House of Lords came about, we will now explain. Throughout the day, from morning to night, from Windsor to London, from Corleone Lodge to Westminster Hall, he had step by step mounted higher in the social grade. At each step he grew giddier. He had been conveyed from Windsor in a royal carriage with a peer's escort. There is not much difference between a guard of honour, and a prisoner's

On that day, travellers on the London and Windsor road saw a galloping cavalcade of gentlemen pensioners of Her Majesty's household, escorting two carriages drawn at a rapid pace. In the first carriage sat the Usher of the Black Rod, his wand in his hand. In the second, was to be seen a large hat with white plumes, throwing into shadow and hiding the face underneath it. Who was it being thus hurried on—a prince? a prisoner? It was Gwynplaine.

It looked as if they were conducting some one to the Tower, unless, indeed, they were escorting him to the House of Lords. The queen had done things well. As it was for her future brother-in-law, she had provided an escort from her own household. The officer of the Usher of the Black Rod rode on horseback at the head of the cavalcade. The Usher of the Black Rod carried, on a cushion placed on a seat in his carriage, a black portfolio, stamped with the royal crown. At Brentford, the last relay before London, the carriages and escort halted. A four-horse carriage of tortoise-shell, with two postilions, a coachman in a wig, and four footmen, was in waiting. The wheels, steps, springs, pole, and all the fittings of this carriage were gilt. The horses' harness was of silver. This state coach was of an ancient and extraordinary shape, and would have been distinguished by its grandeur among the fifty-one celebrated carriages of which Roubo has left us likenesses.

The Usher of the Black Rod and his officer alighted. The latter, having lifted the cushion, on which rested the royal portfolio, from the seat in the postchaise, carried it with both hands, and stood behind the Usher. He first opened the door of the empty carriage, then the door of that occupied by Gwynplaine, and, with downcast eyes, respectfully invited him to change his place. Gwynplaine left the chaise, and took his seat in the carriage. The Usher carrying the rod, and the officer supporting the cushion, followed, and took their places on the low front seat made for pages in old state coaches. The inside of the carriage was lined with white satin trimmed with Binche silk, and tufts and tassels of silver. The roof was painted with armorial bearings. The postilions of the chaises they were leaving were dressed in the royal livery. The attendants of the carriage they now entered wore a different but very magnificent livery.

Gwynplaine, in spite of his bewildered state in which he felt quite overcome, remarked the gorgeously-attired footmen, and asked the *Usher of the Black Rod*,—

"Whose livery is that?"

He answered,—

"Yours, my lord."

The House of Lords was to sit that evening. *Curia erat serena*, run the old records. In England parliamentary work is by preference undertaken at night. It once happened that Sheridan began a speech at midnight and finished it at sunrise.

The two post-chaises returned to Windsor. Gwynplaine's carriage set out for London. This ornamented four-horse carriage proceeded at a walk from Brentford to London, as befitted the dignity of the coachman. Gwynplaine's servitude to ceremonies began in the shape of the solemn-looking coachman. The delay was, moreover, apparently pre-arranged; and we shall see presently its probable motive.

Night was falling, though it was not quite dark, when the carriage stopped at the King's Gate, a large sunken door between two turrets, connecting Whitehall with Westminster. The escort of gentlemen pensioners formed a circle around the carriage. A footman jumped down from behind it and opened the door. The Usher of the Black Rod, followed by the officer carrying the cushion, got out of the carriage, and addressed Gwynplaine.

"My lord, be pleased to alight. I beg your lordship to keep your hat on."

Gwynplaine wore under his travelling cloak the suit of black silk, which he had not changed since the previous evening. He had no sword. He left his cloak in the carriage. Under the arched way of the King's Gate there was a small side door, raised some few steps above the road. In ceremonial processions the greatest person never precedes.

The Usher of the Black Rod, followed by his officer, walked first; Gwynplaine followed. They ascended the steps, and entered by the side door. Presently they were in a wide, circular room, with a pillar in the centre, the lower part of a turret. The room, being on the ground floor, was lighted by narrow windows in the pointed arches, which served but to make darkness visible. Twilight often lends solemnity to a scene. Obscurity is in itself majestic.

In this room, thirteen men, disposed in ranks, were standing; three in the front row, six in the second row, and four behind. In the front row one wore a crimson velvet gown; the other two, gowns of the same colour, but of satin. All three had the arms of England embroidered on their shoulders. The second rank wore tunics of



white silk, each one having a different coat-of-arms emblazoned in front. The last row were clad in black silk, and were thus distinguished. The first wore a blue cape. The second had a scarlet St. George embroidered in front. The third, two embroidered crimson crosses, in front and behind. The fourth had a collar of black sable fur. All were uncovered, wore wigs, and carried swords. Their faces were scarcely visible in the dim light, neither could they see Gwynplaine's face.

The Usher of the Black Rod, raising his wand, said,—

“My Lord Fermain Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, I, the Usher of the Black Rod, first officer of the presence chamber, hand your lordship over to Garter King-at-Arms.”

The person clothed in velvet, quitting his place in the ranks, bowed to the ground before Gwynplaine, and said,—

“My Lord Fermain Clancharlie, I am Garter, Principal King-at-Arms of England. I am the officer appointed and installed by his grace the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary Earl Marshal. I have sworn obedience to the king, peers, and knights of the garter. The day of my installation, when the Earl Marshal of England anointed me by pouring a goblet of wine on my head, I solemnly promised to be attentive to the nobility; to avoid bad company; to excuse, rather than accuse, gentlefolks; and to assist widows and virgins. It is I who have the charge of arranging the funeral ceremonies of peers, and the supervision of their armorial bearings. I place myself at the orders of your lordship.”

The first of those wearing satin tunics, having bowed deeply, said,—

“My lord, I am Clarenceaux, Second King-at-Arms of England. I am the officer who arranges the obsequies of nobles below the rank of peers. I am at your lordship's disposal.”

The other wearer of the satin tunic, bowed, and spoke thus,—

“My lord, I am Norroy, Third King-at-Arms of England. Command me.”

The second row, erect and without bowing, advanced a pace. The right hand man said,—

“My lord, we are the six Dukes-at-Arms of England. I am York.”

Then each of the heralds, or Dukes-at-Arms, speaking in turn, proclaimed his title.

“I am Lancaster.”

“I am Richmond.”

" I am Chester."

" I am Somerset."

" I am Windsor."

The coats-of-arms embroidered on their breasts were those of the counties and towns from which they took their names.

The third rank, dressed in black, remained silent. Garter King-at-Arms, pointing them out to Gwynplaine, said,—

" My lord, these are the four Pursuivants-at-Arms. Blue Mantle."

The man with the blue cape bowed.

" Rouge Dragon."

He with the St. George inclined his head.

" Rouge Croix."

He with the scarlet crosses saluted.

" Portcullis."

He with the sable fur collar made his obeisance.

On a sign from the King-at-Arms, the first of the pursuivants, Blue Mantle, stepped forward and received from the officer of the Usher the cushion of silver cloth, and crown-emblazoned portfolio. And the King-at-Arms said to the Usher of the Black Rod,—

" Proceed; I leave in your hands the introduction of his lordship!"

The observance of these customs, and also of others which will now be described, were the old ceremonies in use prior to the time of Henry VIII., and which Anne for some time attempted to revive. There is nothing like it in existence now. Nevertheless, the House of Lords thinks that it is unchangeable; and, if Conservatism exists anywhere, it is there.

It changes, nevertheless. *E pur si muove.* For instance, what has become of the may-pole—which the citizens of London erected on the 1st of May, when the peers went down to the House? The last one was erected in 1713. Since then the may-pole has disappeared. Disuse.

Outwardly, unchangeable; inwardly, mutable. Take, for example, the title of Albemarle. It sounds eternal. Yet it has been through six different families—Odo, Mandeville, Bethune, Plantagenet, Beauchamp, Monck. Under the title of Leicester five different names have been merged—Beaumont, Breose, Dudley, Sydney, Coke. Under Lincoln, six; under Pembroke, seven. The families change, under unchanging titles. A superficial historian believes in immutability. In reality it does not exist. Man can never be more than a wave; humanity is the ocean.

Aristocracy is proud of what women consider a reproach—age!

Yet both cherish the same illusion, that they do not change. It is probable the House of Lords will not recognise itself in the foregoing description, nor yet in that which follows, thus resembling the once pretty woman, who objects to having any wrinkles. The mirror is ever a scapegoat, yet its truths cannot be contested. To portray exactly, constitutes the duty of an historian. The King-at-Arms, turning to Gwynplaine, said,—

“Be pleased to follow me, my lord.” And added, “You will be saluted. Your lordship, in returning the salute, will be pleased merely to raise the brim of your hat.”

They moved off, in procession, towards a door at the far side of the room. The Usher of the Black Rod walked in front; then Blue Mantle, carrying the cushion; then the King-at-Arms; and after him came Gwynplaine, wearing his hat. The rest, kings-at-arms, heralds, and pursuivants, remained in the circular room. Gwynplaine, preceded by the Usher of the Black Rod, and escorted by the King-at-Arms, passed from room to room, in a direction which it would now be impossible to trace, the old houses of parliament having been pulled down. Amongst others, he crossed that Gothic state-chamber in which took place the last meeting of James II. and Monmouth, and whose walls witnessed the useless debasement of the cowardly nephew at the feet of his vindictive uncle. On the walls of this chamber hung, in chronological order, nine full-length portraits of former peers, with their dates—Lord Nansladron, 1305; Lord Baliol, 1306; Lord Benestede, 1314; Lord Cantilupe, 1356; Lord Montbegon, 1357; Lord Tibotot, 1373; Lord Zouche of Codnor, 1615; Lord Bella-Aqua, with no date; Lord Harren and Surrey, Count of Blois, also without date.

It being now dark, lamps were burning at intervals in the galleries. Brass chandeliers, with wax candles, illuminated the rooms, lighting them like the side aisles of a church. None but officials were present. In one room, which the procession crossed, stood, with heads respectfully lowered, the four clerks of the signet, and the Clerk of the Council. In another room stood the distinguished Knight Banneret, Philip Sydenham, of Brympton, in Somersetshire. The Knight Banneret is a title conferred in time of war, under the unfurled royal standard. In another room was the senior baronet of England, Sir Edmund Bacon, of Suffolk, heir of Sir Nicholas Bacon, styled, *Primus baronorum Anglicæ*. Behind Sir Edmund was an armour-bearer with an arquebus, and an esquire carrying the arms of Ulster, the baronets being the hereditary defenders of the province of *Ulster in Ireland*. In another room was the Chancellor of the

Exchequer, with his four accountants, and the two deputies of the Lord Chamberlain, *appointed to clear the tallies.* \*

At the entrance of a corridor covered with matting, which was the communication between the Lower and the Upper House, Gwynplaine was saluted by Sir Thomas Mansell, of Margam, Comptroller of the Queen's Household and Member for Glamorgan; and at the exit from the corridor by a deputation of one for every two of the Barons of the Cinque Ports, four on the right and four on the left, the Cinque Ports being eight in number. William Hastings did obeisance for Hastings; Matthew Aylmor, for Dover; Josias Burchett, for Sandwich; Sir Philip Boteler, for Hythe; John Brewer, for New Rumney; Edward Southwell for the town of Rye; James Hayes, for Winchelsea; George Nailor, for Seaford. As Gwynplaine was about to return the salute, the King-at-Arms reminded him in a low voice of the etiquette, "Only the brim of your hat, my lord." Gwynplaine did as directed. He now entered the so-called Painted Chamber, in which there was no painting, except a few of saints, and amongst them St. Edward, in the high arches of the long and deep-pointed windows, which were divided by what formed the ceiling of Westminster Hall and the floor of the Painted Chamber. On the far side of the wooden barrier which divided the room from end to end, stood the three Secretaries of State, men of mark. The functions of the first of these officials comprised the supervision of all affairs relating to the south of England, Ireland, the Colonies, France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Turkey. The second had charge of the north of England, and watched affairs in the Low Countries, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, and Russia. The third, a Scot, had charge of Scotland. The two first-mentioned were English: one of them being the Honourable Robert Harley, Member for the borough of New Radnor. A Scotch member, Mungo Graham, Esquire, a relation of the Duke of Montrose, was present. All bowed, without speaking, to Gwynplaine, who returned the salute by touching his hat. The barrier-keeper lifted the wooden arm which, pivoting on a hinge, formed the entrance to the far side of the Painted Chamber, where stood the long table, covered with green cloth, reserved for peers. A branch of lighted candles stood on the table. Gwynplaine,

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\* The author is apparently mistaken. The Chamberlains of the Exchequer divided the wooden lathes into tallies, which were given out when disbursing coin, and checked or tallied when accounting for it. It was in burning the old tallies in an oven, that the Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire.—TRANSLATOR.

preceded by the Usher of the Black Rod, Garter King-at-Arms, and Blue Mantle, penetrated into this privileged compartment. The barrier-keeper closed the opening immediately Gwynplaine had passed. The King-at-Arms, having entered the precincts of the privileged compartment, halted. The Painted Chamber was a spacious apartment. At the further end, upright, beneath the royal escutcheon which was placed between the two windows, stood two old men, in red velvet robes, with two rows of ermine trimmed with gold lace on their shoulders, and wearing wigs, and hats with white plumes. Through the openings of their robes might be detected silk garments, and sword hilts. Motionless behind them stood a man dressed in black silk, holding on high a great mace of gold surmounted by a crowned lion. It was the Mace-bearer of the Peers of England. The lion is their crest. *Et les Lions ce sont les Barons et li Per*, runs the manuscript chronicle of Bertrand Dagneschei.

The King-at-Arms pointed out the two persons in velvet, and whispered to Gwynplaine,—

“My lord, those are your equals. Be pleased to return their salute exactly as they make it. These two peers are barons, and have been named by the Lord Chancellor as your sponsors. They are very old, and almost blind. They will, themselves, introduce you in the House of Lords. The first is Charles Mildmay, Lord Fitzwalter, sixth on the roll of barons; the second is Augustus Arundel, Lord Arundel of Trevice, thirty-eighth on the roll of barons.” The King-at-Arms having advanced a step towards the two old men, proclaimed, “Fermain Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie, Baron Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone, in Sicily, greets your lordships!” The two peers raised their hats to the full extent of the arm, and then replaced them. Gwynplaine did the same. The Usher of the Black Rod stepped forward, followed by Blue Mantle and Garter King-at-Arms. The Mace-bearer took up his post in front of Gwynplaine, the two peers at his side, Lord Fitzwalter on the right, and Lord Arundel of Trevice on the left. Lord Arundel, the elder of the two, was very feeble. He died the following year, bequeathing to his grandson John, a minor, the title which became extinct in 1768. The procession, leaving the Painted Chamber, entered a gallery in which were rows of pilasters, and between the spaces were sentinels, alternately pike-men of England, and halberdiers of Scotland. The Scotch halberdiers were magnificent kilted soldiers, worthy to encounter later on at Fontenoy the French cavalry, and the royal *cuirassiers*, whom their colonel thus addressed: “Messieurs les

*maitres, assurez vos chapeaux. Nous allons avoir l'honneur de charger.*" The captains of these soldiers saluted Gwynplaine, and the peers, his sponsors, with their swords. The men saluted with their pikes and halberds.

At the end of the gallery shone a large door, so magnificent that its two folds seemed to be masses of gold. On each side of the door there stood, upright and motionless, men who were called door-keepers. Just before you came to this door, the gallery widened out into a circular space. In this space was an arm-chair with an immense back, and on it, judging by his wig and from the amplitude of his robes, was a distinguished person. It was William Cowper, Lord Chancellor of England. To be able to cap a royal infirmity with a similar one has its advantages. William Cowper was short-sighted. Anne had also defective eyesight, but in a lesser degree. The near-sightedness of William Cowper found favour in the eyes of the short-sighted queen, and induced her to appoint him Lord Chancellor, and Keeper of the Royal Conscience. William Cowper's upper lip was thin, and his lower one thick—a sign of semi-good-nature.

This circular space was lighted by a lamp hung from the ceiling. The Lord Chancellor was sitting gravely in his large arm-chair; at his right was the Clerk of the Crown, and at his left the Clerk of the Parliaments.

Each of the clerks had before him an open register and an ink-horn.

Behind the Lord Chancellor was his mace-bearer, holding the mace with the crown on the top, besides the train-bearer and purse-bearer, in large wigs.

All these offices are still in existence. On a little stand, near the woolsack, was a sword, with a gold hilt and sheath, and belt of crimson velvet.

Behind the Clerk of the Crown was an officer holding in his hands the coronation robe.

Behind the Clerk of the Parliaments another officer held a second robe, which was that of a peer.

These robes, both of scarlet velvet, lined with white silk, and having bands of ermine trimmed with gold lace over the shoulders, were similar, except that the ermine band was wider on the coronation robe.

The third officer, who was the librarian, carried, on a square of Flanders leather, the red book, a little volume bound in red morocco, containing a list of the peers and commons, besides a few blank

leaves and a pencil, which it was the custom to present to each new member on his entering the House.

Gwynplaine, between the two peers, his sponsors, brought up the procession, which stopped before the woolsack.

The two peers, who introduced him, uncovered their heads, and Gwynplaine did likewise.

The King-at-Arms received from the hands of Blue Mantle the cushion of silver cloth, knelt down, and presented the black portfolio on the cushion to the Lord Chancellor.

The Lord Chancellor took the portfolio, and handed it to the Clerk of the Parliament.

The Clerk received it ceremoniously, and then sat down.

The Clerk of the Parliament opened the portfolio, and arose.

The portfolio contained the two usual messages—the royal patent addressed to the House of Lords; and the writ of summons, addressed to the new peer.

The Clerk read aloud these two messages, with respectful deliberation, standing.

The writ of summons, addressed to Fermain Lord Clancharlie, concluded with the accustomed formalities:—

“We strictly enjoin you, on the faith and allegiance that you owe, to come and take your place in person among the prelates and peers sitting in our Parliament at Westminster, for the purpose of giving your advice, in all honour and conscience, on the business of the kingdom and of the Church.”

The reading of the messages being concluded, the Lord Chancellor raised his voice,—

“The message of the Crown has been read. Lord Clancharlie, does your lordship renounce transubstantiation, adoration of saints, and the mass?”

Gwynplaine bowed.

“The test has been administered,” said the Lord Chancellor.

And the Clerk of the Parliament resumed,—

“His lordship has taken the test.”

The Lord Chancellor added,—

“My Lord Clancharlie, you can take your seat.”

“So be it,” said the two sponsors.

The King-at-Arms rose, took the sword from the stand, and buckled it round Gwynplaine’s waist.

“*Ce fait,*” says the old Norman charter, “*le pair prend son espée, et monte aux hauts sièges, et assiste a l’audience.*”

Gwynplaine heard a voice behind him, which said,—

"I array your lordship in a peer's robe."

At the same time, the officer who spoke to him, who was holding the robe, placed it on him, and tied the black strings of the ermine cape round his neck.

Gwynplaine, the scarlet robe on his shoulders, and the golden sword by his side, was attired like the peers on his right and left.

The librarian presented to him the red book, and put it in the pocket of his waistcoat.

The King-at-Arms murmured in his ear,—

"My lord, on entering, will bow to the royal chair."

The royal chair is the throne.

Meanwhile the two clerks were writing, each at his table—one on the register of the crown; the other on the register of the house.

Then both—the Clerk of the Crown preceding the other—brought their books to the Lord Chancellor, who signed them. Having signed the two registers, the Lord Chancellor rose.

"Fermain Lord Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie, Baron Hunker-ville, Marquis of Corleone in Sicily, be you welcome among your peers, the lords spiritual and temporal, of Great Britain.

Gwynplaine's sponsors touched his shoulder.

He turned round.

The folds of the great gilded door at the end of the gallery opened.

It was the door of the House of Lords.

Thirty-six hours only had elapsed since Gwynplaine, surrounded by a different procession, had entered the iron door of Southwark jail.

What shadowy chimeras had passed, with terrible rapidity, through his brain! Chimeras which were hard facts; rapidity, which was a capture by assault!

## CHAPTER II.

### THE OLD CHAMBER.

THE whole ceremony of the investiture of Gwynplaine, from his entry under the King's Gate to his taking the test under the nave window, was enacted in a sort of twilight.

Lord William Cowper had not permitted that he, as Lord Chancellor of England, should receive too many details of circumstances connected with the disfigurement of the young Lord Fermain Clancharlie, considering it below his dignity to know that a peer was not handsome; and feeling that his dignity would suffer if an inferior



should venture to intrude on him information of such a nature. We know that a common fellow will take pleasure in saying: "that prince is humpbacked;" therefore, it is abusive to say that a lord is deformed. To the few words dropped on the subject by the queen the Lord Chancellor had contented himself with replying,—

"The face of a peer is in his peerage!"

Ultimately, however, the affidavits he had read and certified enlightened him. Hence the precautions which he took. The face of the new lord, on his entrance into the house, might cause some sensation. This it was necessary to prevent; and the Lord Chancellor took his measures for the purpose. It is a fixed idea, and a rule of conduct in grave personages, to allow as little disturbance as possible. Dislike of incident is a part of their gravity. He felt the necessity of so ordering matters, that the admission of Gwynplaine should take place without any hitch, and like that of any other successor to the peerage.

It was for this reason that the Lord Chancellor directed that the reception of Lord Fermain Clancharlie should take place at the evening sitting. The Chancellor being the doorkeeper—"Quodammodo ostiarius," say the Norman charters; "*Januarum cancellorumque potestas*," says Tertullian—he can officiate outside the room, on the threshold; and Lord William Cowper had used his right by carrying out under the nave the formalities of the investiture of Lord Fermain Clancharlie. Moreover, he had brought forward the hour for the ceremonies; so that the new peer actually made his entrance into the house before the house had assembled.

For the investiture of a peer on the threshold, and not in the chamber itself, there were precedents. The first hereditary baron, John de Beauchamp, of Holt Castle, created by patent by Richard II., in 1387, Baron Kidderminster, was thus installed. In renewing this precedent the Lord Chancellor was creating for himself a future cause of embarrassment, of which he felt the inconvenience less than two years afterwards, on the entrance of Viscount Newhaven into the House of Lords.

Gwynplaine had already been there for some time without attracting any notice. The second bench of barons, on which was his place, was close to the bar, so that he had had to take but a few steps to reach it. The two peers, his sponsors, sat, one on his right, the other on his left; thus almost concealing the presence of the new comer.

No one having been furnished with any previous information, the Clerk of the Parliament had read in a low voice, and, as it were,

mumbled through the different documents concerning the new peer, and the Lord Chancellor had proclaimed his admission in the midst of what is called, in the reports, "general inattention." Every one was talking. There buzzed through the House that cheerful hum of voices during which assemblies pass things which will not bear the light, and at which they wonder when they find out what they have done, too late.

Gwynplaine was seated in silence, with his head uncovered, between the two old peers, Lord Fitzwalter and Lord Arundel. On entering, according to the instructions of the King-at-Arms—afterwards renewed by his sponsors—he had bowed to the throne.

Thus all was over. He was a peer. That pinnacle, under the glory of which he had, all his life, seen his master, Ursus, bow himself down in fear—that prodigious pinnacle was under his feet. He was in that place, so dark and yet so dazzling in England. Old peak of the feudal mountain, looked up to for six centuries by Europe and by history. Terrible nimbus of a world of shadow! He had entered into the brightness of its glory, and his entrance was irrevocable.

He was there in his own sphere, seated on his throne, like the king on his. He was there, and nothing in the future could obliterate the fact. The royal crown, which he saw under the dais, was brother to his coronet. He was a peer of that throne. In the face of majesty he was peerage; less, but like. Yesterday, what was he? A player. To-day, what was he? A prince.

Yesterday, nothing; to-day, everything.

It was a sudden confrontation of misery and power, meeting face to face, and resolving at once into the two halves of a conscience. Two spectres, Adversity and Prosperity, were taking possession of the same soul, and each drawing that soul towards itself.

Oh, pathetic division of an intellect, of a will, of a brain, between two brothers who are enemies! the phantom of Poverty and the phantom of Wealth! Abel and Cain in the same man!

### CHAPTER III.

#### ARISTOCRATIC GOSSIP.

By degrees the seats of the house filled as the lords arrived. The question was the vote for augmenting, by a hundred thousand pounds sterling, the annual income of George of Denmark, Duke of Cumberland, the queen's husband. Besides this, it was announced that

several bills assented to by her majesty were to be brought back to the House by the Commissioners of the Crown empowered and charged to sanction them. This raised the sitting to a royal one. The peers all wore their robes over their usual court or ordinary dress. These robes, similar to that which had been thrown over Gwynplaine, were alike for all, excepting that the dukes had five bands of ermine, trimmed with gold; marquises, four; earls and viscounts, three; and barons, two. Most of the lords entered in groups. They had met in the corridors, and were continuing the conversations there begun. A few came in alone. The costumes of all were solemn; but neither their attitudes nor their words corresponded with them. On entering, each one bowed to the throne.

The peers flowed in. The series of great names marched past with scant ceremonial, the public not being present. Leicester entered, and shook Lichfield's hand; then came Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth, the friend of Locke, under whose advice he had proposed the recoinage of money; then Charles Campbell, Earl of Loudoun, listening to Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke; then Dorme, Earl of Carnarvon; then Robert Sutton, Baron Lexington, son of that Lexington who recommended Charles II. to banish Gregorio Leti, the historiographer, who was so ill-advised as to try to become an historian; then Thomas Bellasys, Viscount Falconberg, a handsome old man; and the three cousins, Howard, Earl of Bindon, Bowes Howard, Earl of Berkshire, and Stafford Howard, Earl of Stafford—all together; then John Lovelace, Baron Lovelace, which peerage became extinct in 1736, so that Richardson was enabled to introduce Lovelace in his book, and to create a type under the name. All these personages—celebrated each in his own way, either in politics or in war, and of whom many were an honour to England—were laughing and talking.

It was history, as it were, seen in undress.

In less than half-an-hour the house was nearly full. This was to be expected, as the sitting was a royal one. What was more unusual was the eagerness of the conversations. The House, so sleepy not long before, now hummed like a hive of bees.

The arrival of the peers who had come in late had woke them up. These lords had brought news. It was strange that the peers who had been there at the opening of the sitting knew nothing of what had occurred, while those who had not been there knew all about it. Several lords had come from Windsor.

For some hours past the adventures of Gwynplaine had been the *subject of conversation*. A secret is a net: let one mesh drop, and

the whole goes to pieces. In the morning, in consequence of the incidents related above, the whole story of a peer found on the stage, and of a mountebank become a lord, had burst forth at Windsor in royal places. The princes had talked about it, and then the lackeys. From the Court the news soon reached the town. Events have a weight, and the mathematical rule of velocity, increasing in proportion to the squares of the distance, applies to them. They fall upon the public, and work themselves through it with the most astounding rapidity. At seven o'clock no one in London had caught wind of the story. By eight, Gwynplaine was the talk of the town. Only the lords who had been so punctual that they were present before the assembling of the House were ignorant of the circumstances, not having been in the town when the matter was talked of by every one, and having been in the House, where nothing had been perceived. Seated quietly on their benches, they were addressed by the eager new comers.

"Well!" said Francis Brown, Viscount Montacute, to the Marquis of Dorchester.

"What?"

"Is it possible?"

"What?"

"The Grinning Man!"

"Who is the Grinning Man?"

"Don't you know the Grinning Man?"

"No."

"He is a clown, a fellow performing at fairs. He has an extraordinary face, which people gave a penny to look at. A mountebank."

"Well, what then?"

"You have just installed him as a peer of England."

"You are the laughing man, my Lord Montacute!"

"I am not laughing, my Lord Dorchester."

Lord Montacute made a sign to the Clerk of the Parliament, who rose from his woosack, and confirmed to their lordships the fact of the admission of the new peer. Besides, he detailed the circumstances.

"How wonderful!" said Lord Dorchester. "I was talking to the Bishop of Ely all the while."

The young Earl of Annesley addressed old Lord Eure, who had but two years more to live, as he died in 1707.

"My Lord Eure."

"My Lord Annesley."

"Did you know Lord Linnæus Clancharlie?"

"A man of by-gone days. Yes, I did."

"He died in Switzerland?"

"Yes; we were relations."

"He was a republican under Cromwell, and remained a republican under Charles II.?"

"A Republican? Not at all! He was sulking. He had a personal quarrel with the king. I know from good authority that Lord Clancharlie would have returned to his allegiance, if they had given him the office of Chancellor, which Lord Hyde held."

"You astonish me, Lord Eure. I had heard that Lord Clancharlie was an honest politician."

"An honest politician! does such a thing exist? Young man, there is no such thing."

"And Cato?"

"Oh, you believe in Cato, do you?"

"And Aristides?"

"They did well to exile him."

"And Thomas More?"

"They did well to cut off his head."

"And in your opinion, Lord Clancharlie was a man as I describe. As for a man remaining in exile, why it is simply ridiculous."

"He died there."

"An ambitious man disappointed?"

"You ask if I knew him? I should think so, indeed. I was his dearest friend."

"Do you know, Lord Eure, that he married when in Switzerland?"

"I am pretty sure of it."

"And that he had a lawful heir by that marriage?"

"Yes; who is dead."

"Who is living."

"Living?"

"Living."

"Impossible!"

"It is a fact—proved, authenticated, confirmed, registered."

"Then this son will inherit the Clancharlie peerage?"

"He is not going to inherit it."

"Why?"

"Because he has inherited it. It is done."

"Done?"

"Turn your head, Lord Eure; he is sitting behind you, on the Barons' benches."

Lord Eure turned, but Gwynplaine's face was concealed under his forest of hair.

"So," said the old man, who could see nothing but his hair, "he has already adopted the new fashion. He does not wear a wig."

Grantham accosted Colepepper.

"Some one is finely sold."

"Who is that?"

"David Dirry-Moir."

"How is that?"

"He is no longer a peer."

"How can that be?"

And Henry Auverquerque, Earl of Grantham, told John Baron Colepepper the whole anecdote—how the waif-flask had been carried to the Admiralty, about the parchment of the Comprachicos, the *Jussu regis*, countersigned *Jefferies*, and the confrontation in the torture cell at Southwark, the proof of all the facts acknowledged by the Lord Chancellor and by the Queen; the taking the test under the nave, and finally, the admission of Lord Fermain Clancharlie at the commencement of the sitting. Both the lords endeavoured to distinguish his face as he sat between Lord Fitzwalter and Lord Arundel, but with no better success than Lord Eure and Lord Annesley.

Gwynplaine, either by chance or by the arrangement of his sponsors, forewarned by the Lord Chancellor, was so placed in shadow as to escape their curiosity.

"Who is it? Where is he?"

Such was the exclamation of all the new comers, but no one succeeded in making him out distinctly. Some, who had seen Gwynplaine in the Green Box, were exceedingly curious, but lost their labour; as it sometimes happens that a young lady is entrenched within a group of dowagers, Gwynplaine was, as it were, enveloped in several layers of lords, old, infirm, and indifferent. Good livers, with the gout, are marvellously indifferent to stories about their neighbours.

There passed, from hand to hand, copies of a letter three lines in length, written, it was said, by the Duchess Josiana to the Queen, her sister, in answer to the injunction made by her Majesty, that she should espouse the new peer, the lawful heir of the Clancharlies, Lord Fermain. This letter was couched in the following terms:—

"MADAM,—The arrangement will suit me just as well. I can have Lord David for my lover.—Signed, JOSIANA."

This note, whether a true copy or a forgery, was received by all with the greatest enthusiasm. A young lord, Charles Okehampton, Baron Mohun, who belonged to the wigless faction, read and re-read it with delight. Lewis de Duras, Earl of Faversham, an Englishman with a Frenchman's wit, looked at Mohun and smiled.

"That is a woman I should like to marry!" exclaimed Lord Mohun.

The buzz of conversation in the House impedes its usual business no more than the dust raised by a troop impedes its march. The judges—who in the Upper House were mere assistants, without the privilege of speaking, except when questioned—had taken their places on the second woosack; and the three Secretaries of State theirs on the third.

The heirs to peerages flowed into their compartment at once, without and within the House, at the back of the throne.

The peers in their minority were on their own benches. In 1705 the number of these little lords amounted to no less than a dozen—Huntingdon, Lincoln, Dorset, Warwick, Bath, Barlington, Derwentwater,—destined to a tragical death, —Longueville, Lonsdale, Dudley and Ward, and Carterel: a troop of brats made up of eight earls, two viscounts, and two barons.

In the centre, on the three stages of benches, each lord had taken his seat. Almost all the bishops were there. The dukes mustered strong, beginning with Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset; and ending with George Augustus, Elector of Hanover, and Duke of Cambridge, junior in date of creation, and consequently junior in rank.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE HIGH AND THE LOW.

ALL at once a bright light broke upon the House. Four door-keepers brought and placed on each side of the throne four high candelabra filled with wax-lights. The throne, thus illuminated, shone in a kind of purple light. It was empty, but august. The presence of the queen herself could not have added much majesty to it.

The Usher of the Black Rod entered with his wand, and announced,—

"The Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty."

The hum of conversation immediately subsided.

A clerk, in a wig and gown, appeared at the great door, holding a

cushion worked with *fleurs-de-lis*, on which lay parchment documents. These documents were bills. From each hung the *bille*, or *bulle*, by a silken string, from which laws are called bills in England, and bulls at Rome. Behind the clerk walked three men in peers' robes, and wearing plumed hats.

These were the Royal Commissioners. The first was the Lord High Treasurer of England, Godolphin; the second, the Lord President of the Council, Pembroke; the third, the Lord of the Privy Seal, Newcastle.

They walked one by one, according to precedence, not of their rank, but of their commission—Godolphin first, Newcastle last, although a duke.

They reached the bench in front of the throne, to which they bowed, took off and replaced their hats, and sat down on the bench.

The Lord Chancellor turned towards the Usher of the Black Rod, and said,—

“Order the Commons to the bar of the House.”

The Usher of the Black Rod retired.

The clerk, who was one of the clerks of the House of Lords, placed on the table, between the four wooolsacks, the cushion on which lay the bills.

Then there came an interruption, which continued for some minutes.

Two doorkeepers placed before the bar a stool, with three steps.

This stool was covered with crimson velvet, on which *fleurs-de-lis* were designed in gilt nails.

The great door, which had been closed, was reopened; and a voice announced,—

“The faithful Commons of England.”

It was the Usher of the Black Rod announcing the other half of parliament.

The lords put on their hats.

The members of the House of Commons entered, preceded by their Speaker, all with uncovered heads.

They stopped at the bar. They were in their ordinary garb; for the most part dressed in black, and wearing swords.

The Speaker, the Right Honourable John Smith, an esquire, member for the borough of Andover, got up on the stool which was at the centre of the bar. The Speaker of the Commons wore a robe of black satin, with large hanging sleeves, embroidered before and behind with brandenburgs of gold, and a wig smaller than that of the Lord Chancellor. He was majestic, but inferior.



The Commons, both Speaker and members, stood waiting, with uncovered heads, before the peers, who were seated, with their hats on.

Amongst the members of Commons might have been remarked the Chief Justice of Chester, Joseph Jekyll; the Queen's three Serjeants-at-Law—Hooper, Powys, and Parker; James Montagu, Solicitor-General; and the Attorney-General, Simon Harcourt. With the exception of a few baronets and knights, and nine lords by courtesy—Hartington, Windsor, Woodstock, Mordaunt, Granby, Scudamore, Fitzhardinge, Hyde, and Berkeley—sons of peers and heirs to peerages—all were of the people—a sort of gloomy and silent crowd.

When the noise made by the trampling of feet had ceased, the Crier of the Black Rod, standing by the door, exclaimed:—

“Oyez!”

The Clerk of the Crown arose. He took, unfolded, and read the first of the documents on the cushion. It was a message from the Queen, naming three commissioners to represent her in Parliament, with power to sanction the bills.

“To wit——”

Here the Clerk raised his voice.

“Sidney Earl Godolphin.”

The Clerk bowed to Lord Godolphin. Lord Godolphin raised his hat.

The Clerk continued,—

“Thomas Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.”

The Clerk bowed to Lord Pembroke. Lord Pembroke touched his hat.

The Clerk resumed,—

“John Holles, Duke of Newcastle.”

The Duke of Newcastle nodded.

The Clerk of the Crown resumed his seat.

The Clerk of the Parliaments arose. His under-clerk, who had been on his knees behind him, got up also. Both turned their faces to the throne, and their backs to the Commons.

There were five bills on the cushion. These five bills, voted by the Commons and agreed to by the Lords, awaited the royal sanction.

The Clerk of the Parliaments read the first bill.

It was a bill passed by the Commons, charging the country with the costs of the improvements made by the Queen to her residence at *Hampton Court*, amounting to a million sterling.

The reading over, the Clerk bowed low to the throne. The under-clerk bowed lower still; then, half turning his head towards the Commons, he said,—

“The Queen accepts your bounty—*et ainsi le veut.*”

The Clerk read the second bill.

It was a law condemning to imprisonment and fine whomsoever withdrew himself from the service of the trainbands. The trainbands were a militia, recruited from the middle and lower classes, serving gratis, which in Elizabeth's reign furnished, on the approach of the Armada, one hundred and eighty-five thousand foot-soldiers, and forty thousand horse.

The two clerks made a fresh bow to the throne, after which, the under-clerk, again half turning his face to the Commons, said,

“*La Reine le veut.*”

The third bill was for increasing the tithes and prebends of the Bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry, which was one of the richest in England; for making an increased yearly allowance to the cathedral, for augmenting the number of its canons, and for increasing its deaneries and benefices, ‘to the benefit of our holy religion,’ as the preamble set forth. The fourth bill added to the budget fresh taxes: one on marbled paper; one on hackney coaches, fixed at the number of eight hundred in London, and taxed at a sum equal to fifty-two francs yearly each; one on barristers, attorneys, and solicitors, at forty-eight francs a-year a head; one on tanned skins, notwithstanding, said the preamble, the complaints of the workers in leather. One on soap, notwithstanding the petitions of the City of Exeter, and of the whole of Devonshire, where great quantities of cloth and serge were manufactured; one on wine at four shillings; one on flour; one on barley and hops; and one renewing for four years—“the necessities of State,” said the preamble, “requiring to be attended to before the remonstrances of commerce”—tonnage-dues, varying from six francs per ton, for ships coming from the westward, to eighteen francs on those coming from the eastward. Finally, the bill, declaring the sums already levied for the current year insufficient, concluded by decreeing a poll-tax throughout the kingdom of four shillings per head on each subject, adding that a double tax would be levied on every one who did not take the fresh oath to Government. The fifth bill forbade the admission into the hospital of any sick person who on entering did not deposit a pound sterling to pay for his funeral, in case of death. These last three bills, like the first two, were one after the other sanctioned and made law by a bow to the throne, and the four words

pronounced by the under-clerk, "*la Reine le veut*," spoken over his shoulder to the Commons. Then the under-clerk knelt down again before the fourth woolsack, and the Lord Chancellor said,—

"*Soit fait comme il est désiré.*"

This terminated the royal sitting. The Speaker, bent double before the Chancellor, descended from the stool, backwards, lifting up his robe behind him; the members of the House of Commons bowed to the ground, and as the Upper House resumed the business of the day, heedless of all these marks of respect, the Commons departed.

## CHAPTER V.

### STORMS OF MEN ARE WORSE THAN STORMS OF OCEANS.

THE doors were closed again, the Usher of the Black Rod re-entered; the Lords Commissioners left the bench of State, took their places at the top of the dukes' benches, by right of their commission, and the Lord Chancellor addressed the House.

"My Lords, the House having deliberated for several days on the Bill which proposes to augment by 100,000*l.* sterling, the annual provision for His Royal Highness the Prince, Her Majesty's Consort, and the debate having been exhausted and closed, the House will proceed to vote; the votes will be taken, according to custom, beginning with the puisne Baron. Each Lord, on his name being called, will rise and answer *content*, or *non-content*, and will be at liberty to explain the motives of his vote, if he thinks fit to do so. Clerk, take the vote."

The Clerk of the House, standing up, opened a large folio, and spread it open on a gilded desk. This book was the list of the Peerage.

The puisne of the House of Lords at that time was John Hervey, created Baron and Peer in 1703, from whom is descended the Marquis of Bristol.

The Clerk called,

"My Lord John, Baron Hervey."

An old man in a fair wig rose, and said, "Content."

Then he sat down.

The Clerk registered his vote.

The Clerk continued,

"My Lord Francis Seymour, Baron Conway, of Killultagh."

"Content," murmured, half rising, an elegant young man, with a face like a page, who little thought that he was to be ancestor to the *Marquises of Hertford*.

"My Lord John Leveson, Baron Gower," continued the Clerk.

This Baron, from whom were to spring the Dukes of Sutherland, rose, and, as he reseated himself, said, "Content."

The Clerk went on,

"My Lord Heneage Finch, Baron Guernsey."

The ancestor of the Earls of Aylesford, neither older nor less elegant than the ancestor of the Marquises of Hertford, justified his device, *aperto vivere voto*, by the proud tone in which he exclaimed, "Content."

Whilst he was resuming his seat, the Clerk called the fifth Baron,

"My Lord John, Baron Granville."

Rising, and resuming his seat quickly, "Content," exclaimed Lord Granville, of Potheridge, whose peerage was to become extinct in 1709.

The Clerk passed to the sixth,

"My Lord Charles Montague, Baron Halifax."

"Content," said Lord Halifax, the bearer of a title which had become extinct in the Saville family, and was destined to become extinct again in that of Montague. Montague is distinct from Montagu and Montacute. And Lord Halifax added, "Prince George has an allowance as Her Majesty's Consort; he has another as Prince of Denmark; another as Duke of Cumberland; another as Lord High Admiral of England and Ireland; but he has not one as Commander in Chief. This is an injustice and a wrong which must be set right, in the interest of the English people."

Then Lord Halifax passed an eulogium on the Christian religion, abused popery, and voted the subsidy.

Lord Halifax sat down, and the Clerk resumed,

"My Lord Christopher, Baron Barnard."

Lord Barnard, from whom were to descend the Dukes of Cleveland, rose to answer to his name.

"Content."

He took some time in reseating himself, for he wore a lace band which was worth showing. For all that, Lord Barnard was a worthy gentleman and a brave officer.

While Lord Barnard was resuming his seat, the Clerk, who read by routine, hesitated for an instant; he re-adjusted his spectacles, and leaned over the register with renewed attention; then, lifting up his head, he said, -

"My Lord Fermain, Lord Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville."

Gwynplaine arose.

"Non-content," said he.

Every face was turned towards him. Gwynplaine remained standing. The branches of candles, placed on each side of the throne, lighted up his features, and marked them against the darkness of the august chamber in the relief with which a mask might show against a background of smoke.

Gwynplaine had made that effort over himself which, it may be remembered, was possible to him in extremity. By a concentration of will equal to that which would be needed to cow a tiger, he had succeeded in obliterating for a moment the fatal grin upon his face. For an instant he no longer laughed. This effort could not last long. Rebellion against that which is our law or our fatality, must be short-lived; at times, the waters of the sea resist the power of gravitation, swell into a waterspout and become a mountain, but only on the condition of falling back again.

Such a struggle was Gwynplaine's. For an instant, which he felt to be a solemn one, by a prodigious intensity of will, but for not much longer than a flash of lightning lasts, he had thrown over his brow the dark veil of his soul—he held in suspense his incurable laugh. From that face, upon which it had been carved, he had withdrawn the joy. Now it was nothing but terrible.

"Who is this man?" exclaimed all.

That forest of hair; those dark hollows under the brows; the deep gaze of eyes which they could not see; that head, on the wild outlines of which light and darkness mingled weirdly; were a wonder, indeed. It was beyond all understanding; much as they had heard of him, the sight of Gwynplaine was a terror. Even those who expected much found their expectations surpassed. It was as though on the mountain reserved for the gods, during the banquet on a serene evening, the whole of the all-powerful body being gathered together, the face of Prometheus, mangled by the vulture's beak, should have suddenly appeared before them, like a blood-coloured moon on the horizon. Olympus looking on Caucasus! What a vision! Old and young, open-mouthed with surprise, fixed their eyes upon Gwynplaine.

An old man, respected by the whole House, who had seen many men and many things, and who was intended for a dukedom—Thomas, Earl of Wharton—rose in terror.

"What does all this mean?" he cried. "Who has brought this man into the House? Let him be put out."

—And addressing Gwynplaine, haughtily,—

"Who are you? Whence do you come?"

Gwynplaine answered,—

“Out of the depths.”

And, folding his arms, he looked at the lords.

“Who am I? I am wretchedness. My lords, I have a word to say to you.”

A shudder ran through the House. Then all was silence. Gwynplaine continued,—

“My lords, you are highly placed. It is well. We must believe that God has his reasons that it should be so. You have power, opulence, pleasure, the sun ever shining in your zenith; authority unbounded, enjoyment without a sting, and a total forgetfulness of others. So be it. But there is something below you—above you, it may be. My lords, I bring you news; news of the existence of mankind.”

Assemblies are like children. A strange occurrence is as a Jack-in-the-box to them. It frightens them; but they like it. It is as if a spring were touched, and a devil jumps up. Mirabeau, who was also deformed, was a case in point in France.

Gwynplaine felt within himself, at that moment, a strange elevation. In addressing a body of men, one's foot seems to rest on them; to rest, as it were, on a pinnacle of souls—on human hearts, that quiver under one's heel. Gwynplaine was no longer the man who had been, only the night before, almost mean. The fumes of the sudden elevation which had disturbed him, had cleared off and become transparent, and in the state in which Gwynplaine had been seduced by a vanity, he now saw but a duty. That which had at first lessened, now elevated, him. He was illuminated by one of those great flashes which emanate from duty.

All round Gwynplaine arose cries of “Hear, hear!”

Meanwhile, rigid and superhuman, he succeeded in maintaining on his features that severe and sad contraction under which the grin was fretting like a wild horse struggling to escape.

He resumed,—

“I am he who cometh out of the depths. My lords, you are great and rich. There lies your danger. You profit by the night; but beware! The Dawn is all-powerful. You cannot prevail over it. It is coming. Nay! it is come. Within it is the day-spring of irresistible light. And who shall hinder that sling from hurling the sun into the sky? The sun I speak of is Right. You are Privilege. Tremble! The real master of the house is about to knock at the door. What is the father of Privilege? Chance. What is his son? Abuse. Neither Chance nor Abuse are abiding. For both a dark morrow is at hand! I am

come to warn you. I am come to impeach your happiness. It is fashioned out of the misery of your neighbour. You have everything, and that everything is composed of the nothing of others. My lords, I am an advocate without hope, pleading a cause that is lost; but that cause God will gain on appeal. As for me, I am but a voice. Mankind is a mouth, of which I am the cry. You shall hear me! I am about to open before you, peers of England, the great assize of the people; of that sovereign who is the subject; of that criminal who is the judge. I am weighed down under the load of all that I have to say. Where am I to begin? I know not. I have gathered together, in the vast diffusion of suffering, my innumerable and scattered pleas. What am I to do with them now? They overwhelm me, and I must cast them to you in a confused mass. Did I foresee this? No. You are astonished. So am I. Yesterday, I was a mountebank. To-day, I am a peer. Deep play! Of whom? Of the Unknown? Let us all tremble. My lords, all the blue sky is for you. Of this immense universe you see but the sunshine. Believe me, it has its shadows. Amongst you I am called Lord Fermain Clancharlie; but my true name is one of poverty—Gwynplaine. I am a wretched thing carved out of the stuff of which the great are made, for such was the pleasure of a king. That is my history. Many amongst you knew my father. I knew him not. His connection with you was his feudal descent; his outlawry is the bond between him and me. What God willed was well. I was cast into the abyss. For what end? To search its depths. I am a diver, and I have brought back the pearl, truth. I speak, because I know. You shall hear me, my lords. I have seen, I have felt! Suffering is not a mere word, ye happy ones! Poverty I grew up in; winter has frozen me; hunger I have tasted; contempt I have suffered; pestilence I have undergone; shame I have drunk of. And I will vomit all these up before you, and this ejection of all misery shall sully your feet and flame about them. I hesitated before I allowed myself to be brought to the place where I now stand, because I have duties to others elsewhere, and my heart is not here. What passed within me has nothing to do with you. When the man, whom you call Usher of the Black Rod came to seek me by order of the woman whom you call the Queen, the idea struck me for a moment that I would refuse to come. But it seemed to me that the hidden hand of God pressed me to this spot, and I obeyed. I felt that I must come amongst you. Why? Because of my rags of yesterday. It is to raise my voice among those who have eaten their fill that God mixed me up with the

famished. Oh, have pity! Of this fatal world to which you believe yourselves to belong, you know nothing. Placed so high, you are out of it. But I will tell you what it is; I have had experience enough. I come from beneath the pressure of your feet. I can tell you your weight. Oh, you who are masters, do you know what you are? do you see what you are doing? No. Oh, it is dreadful! One night, one night of storm, a little deserted child, an orphan alone in the immeasurable creation, I made my entrance into that darkness which you call society. The first thing that I saw was the law, under the form of a gibbet; the second was riches, your riches, under the form of a woman dead of cold and hunger; the third, the future, under the form of a child left to die; the fourth, goodness, truth, and justice, under the figure of a vagabond, whose sole friend and companion was a wolf."

Just then, Gwynplaine, stricken by a sudden emotion, felt the sobs rising in his throat, causing him most unfortunately to burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

The contagion was immediate. A cloud had hung over the assembly. It might have broken into terror; it broke into delight. Mad merriment seized the whole House. Nothing pleases the great chambers of sovereign man so much as buffoonery. It is their revenge upon their graver moments.

The laughter of kings is like the laughter of the gods. There is always a cruel point in it. The lords set to play. Sneers gave sting to their laughter. They clapped their hands around the speaker, and insulted him. A volley of merry exclamations assailed him like bright, but wounding hailstones.

"Bravo, Gwynplaine!"—"Bravo, Grinning Man!"—"Bravo, Snout of the Green Box!"—"Mask of Tarrinzeau field!"—"You are going to give us a performance."—"That's right; talk away!"—"There's a funny fellow!"—"How the beast does laugh, to be sure!"—"Good day, pantaloon!"—"How d'ye do, my lord clown!"—"Go on with your speech!"—"That fellow a peer of England?"—"Go on!"—"No, no!"—"Yes, yes!"

The Lord Chancellor was much disturbed.

A deaf peer, James Butler, Duke of Ormond, placing his hand to his ear like an ear trumpet, asked Charles Beauclerk, Duke of Saint Albans,—

"How has he voted?"

"Non-content."

"By heavens!" said Ormond, "I can easily believe it, with such a face as his."



Do you think that you can ever recapture a crowd once it has escaped your grasp? And all assemblies are crowds alike. No, eloquence is a bit; if the bit breaks, the audience runs away, and rushes on till it has thrown the orator. Hearers naturally dislike the speaker, which is a fact not as clearly understood as it ought to be. Instinctively, he pulls the reins, but that is a useless expedient. However, all orators try it, as Gwynplaine did.

He looked for a moment at those men who were laughing at him. Then he cried,—

“So, you insult misery! Silence, Peers of England! Judges, listen to my pleading! Oh! I conjure you, have pity. Pity for whom? Pity for yourselves. Who is in danger? Yourselves! Do you not see that you are in a balance, and that there is in one scale your power, and in the other your responsibility? It is God who is weighing you—Oh, do not laugh. Think. The trembling of your consciences is the oscillation of the balance in which God is weighing your actions. You are not wicked; you are like other men, neither better nor worse. You believe yourselves to be gods, but be ill to-morrow, and see your divinity shivering in fever! We are worth one as much as the other. I address myself to honest men; there are such here. I address myself to lofty intellects; there are such here. I address myself to generous souls; there are such here. You are fathers, sons, and brothers; therefore you are often touched. He amongst you who has this morning watched the awaking of his little child, is a good man. Hearts are all alike. Humanity is nothing but a heart. Between those who oppress and those who are oppressed, there is but a difference of place. Your feet tread on the heads of men. The fault is not yours; it is that of the social Babel. The building is faulty, and out of the perpendicular. One floor bears down the other. Listen, and I will tell you what to do. Oh! as you are powerful, be brotherly. As you are great, be tender. If you only knew what I have seen! Alas! what gloom is there beneath! The people are in a dungeon. How many are condemned who are innocent! No daylight, no air, no virtue! They are without hope, and yet—here is a danger! they expect something. Realise all this misery. There are beings who live in death. There are little girls who at twelve begin by prostitution, and who end in old age at twenty. As to the severities of the criminal code, they are fearful. I speak somewhat at random, and do not pick my words. I say everything that comes into my head. No later than yesterday, I, who stand here, saw a man lying in chains, naked, with stones piled on his chest, expire in torture. Do you know of these things? No. If you knew

what goes on, you would not dare to be happy. Who of you have been to Newcastle-upon-Tyne? There, in the mines, are men who chew coals to fill their stomachs and deceive hunger. Look here! in Lancashire, Ribbleschester has sunk, by poverty, from a town to a village. I do not see that Prince George of Denmark, requires a hundred thousand pounds extra. I should prefer receiving a poor sick man into the hospital, without compelling him to pay his funeral expenses in advance. In Carnarvon, and at Strathmore, as well as at Strathbickan, the exhaustion of the poor is horrible. At Stratford they cannot drain the marsh, for want of money. The manufactories are shut up all over Lancashire. There is forced idleness everywhere. Do you know that the herring fishers at Harlech eat grass when the fishery fails? Do you know that at Burton-Lazers there are still lepers confined, on whom they fire if they leave their tan houses? At Ailesbury, a town of which one of you is lord, destitution is chronic. At Penkridge, in Coventry where you have just endowed a cathedral and enriched a bishop, there are no beds in the cabins, and they dig holes in the earth, in which to put the little children to lie, so that instead of beginning life in the cradle, they begin it in the grave. I have seen these things! My lords, do you know who pays the taxes you vote? The dying! Alas! you deceive yourselves. You are going the wrong road. You augment the poverty of the poor to increase the riches of the rich. You should do the reverse. What! take from the worker to give to the idle, take from the tattered to give to the well-clad; take from the beggar to give to the prince! Oh, yes! I have old republican blood in my veins. I have a horror of these things. How I execrate kings! And how shameless are the women! I have been told a sad story. How I hate Charles II. ! A woman whom my father loved, gave herself to that king whilst my father was dying in exile. The prostitute! Charles II., James II. ! After a scamp, a scoundrel. What is there in a king? A man feeble and contemptible, subject to wants and infirmities. Of what good is a king? You cultivate that parasite, royalty; you make a serpent of that worm, a dragon of that insect. Oh, pity the poor! You increase the weight of the taxes for the profit of the throne. Look to the laws which you decree. Take heed of the suffering swarms which you crush. Cast your eyes down. Look at what is at your feet. O ye great, there are the little. Have pity! yes, have pity on yourselves; for the people is in its agony, and when the lower part of the trunk dies, the higher parts die too. Death spares no limb. When night comes no one can keep his corner of daylight. Are you selfish? then save others. The destruction of the vessel cannot be a matter

of indifference to any passenger. There can be no wreck for some that is not wreck for all. Oh! believe it, the abyss yawns for all!"

The laughter increased and became irresistible. For that matter, such extravagance as there was in his words was sufficient to amuse any assembly. To be comic without and tragic within, what suffering can be more humiliating? what pain deeper? Gwynplaine felt it. His words were an appeal in one direction, his face in the other. What a terrible position was his!

Suddenly, his voice rang out in strident bursts.

"How gay these men are! Be it so. Here is irony face to face with agony; a sneer mocking the death-rattle. They are all-powerful. Perhaps so; be it so. We shall see. Behold! I am one of them; but I am, also, one of you, O ye poor! A king sold me. A poor man sheltered me. Who mutilated me? A prince. Who healed and nourished me? A pauper. I am Lord Clancharlie; but I am still Gwynplaine. I take my place amongst the great; but I belong to the mean. I am amongst those who rejoice; but I am with those who suffer. Oh, this system of society is false! Some day will come that which is true. Then, there will be no more lords; and there shall be free and living men. There will be no more masters; there will be fathers. Such is the future. No more prostration; no more baseness; no more ignorance; no more human beasts of burden; no more courtiers; no more toadies; no more kings; but Light! In the mean time, see me here. I have a right, and I will use it. Is it a right? Not, if I use it for myself. Yes, if I use it for all. I will speak to you, my lords, being one of you. O my brothers below, I will tell them of your nakedness. I will rise up with a bundle of the people's rags in my hand. I will shake off over the masters the misery of the slaves; and these favoured and arrogant ones shall no longer be able to escape the remembrance of the wretched, nor the princes the itch of the poor; and so much the worse, if it be the bite of vermin; and so much the better, if it awake the lions from their slumber."

Here Gwynplaine turned towards the kneeling under-clerks, who were writing on the fourth woolsack.

"Who are those fellows kneeling down? What are you doing? Get up; you are men."

These words, suddenly addressed to inferiors whom a lord ought not even to perceive, increased the merriment to the utmost.

They had cried, "Bravo!" Now, they shouted, "Hurrah!" From *clapping their hands*, they proceeded to stamping their feet. One

might have been back in the Green Box, only that there the laughter applauded Gwynplaine; here, it exterminated him. The effort of ridicule is to kill. Men's laughter sometimes exerts all its power to murder.

The laughter proceeded to action. Sneering words rained down upon him. Humour is the folly of assemblies. Their ingenious and foolish ridicule shuns facts instead of studying them, and condemns questions instead of solving them. Any extraordinary occurrence is a point of interrogation; to laugh at it is like laughing at an enigma. But the Sphynx, which never laughs, is behind it.

Contradictory shouts arose,—

“Enough! enough!” “Encore! encore!”

William Farmer, Baron Leimpster, flung at Gwynplaine the insult cast by Ryc Quiney at Shakspeare,—

“Histrio, mima!”

Lord Vaughan, a sententious man, twenty-ninth on the barons' bench, exclaimed,—

“We must be back in the days when animals had the gift of speech. In the midst of human tongues the jaw of a beast has spoken.”

“Listen to Balaam's ass,” added Lord Yarmouth.

Lord Yarmouth presented that appearance of sagacity produced by a round nose and a crooked mouth.

“The rebel Linnæus is chastised in his tomb. The son is the punishment of the father,” said John Hough, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, whose prebendary Gwynplaine's attack had glanced.

“He lies!” said Lord Cholmondely, the legislator so well read-up in the law. “That which he calls torture is only the *peine forte et dure*, and a very good thing, too. Torture is not practised in England.”

Thomas Wentworth, Baron Raby, addressed the Chancellor.

“My Lord Chancellor, adjourn the House.”

“No, no. Let him go on. He is amusing. Hurrah! hip! hip! hip!”

Thus shouted the young lords, their fun amounting to fury. Four of them especially were in the full exasperation of hilarity and hate. These were Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester; Thomas Tufton, Earl of Thanet; Viscount Hatton; and the Duke of Montagu.

“To your tricks, Gwynplaine!” cried Rochester.

“Put him out, put him out!” shouted Thanet.

Viscount Hatton drew from his pocket a penny, which he flung to Gwynplaine.

And John Campbell, Earl of Greenwich, Savage, Earl Rivers,

Thompson, Baron Haversham, Warrington, Escrick, Rolleston, Rockingham, Carteret, Langdale, Barcester, Maynard, Hunsdon, Caernarvon, Cavendish, Burlington, Robert Darcy, Earl of Holderness, Other Windsor, Earl of Plymouth, applauded.

There was a tumult as of pandemonium or of pantheon, in which the words of Gwynplaine were lost.

Amidst it all, there was heard but one word of Gwynplaine's: "Beware!"

Ralph, Duke of Montagu, recently down from Oxford, and still a beardless youth, descended from the bench of dukes, where he sat the nineteenth in order, and placed himself in front of Gwynplaine, with his arms folded. In a sword there is a spot which cuts sharpest, and in a voice an accent which insults most keenly. Montagu spoke with that accent, and, sneering with his face close to that of Gwynplaine, shouted,—

"What are you talking about?"

"I am prophesying," said Gwynplaine.

The laughter exploded anew; and, below this laughter, anger growled its continued bass. One of the minors, Lionel Cranfield Sackville, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, stood up on his seat, not smiling, but grave as became a future legislator, and, without saying a word, looked at Gwynplaine, with his fresh twelve-year old face, and shrugged his shoulders. Whereat the Bishop of St. Asaph's whispered in the ear of the Bishop of St. David's, who was sitting beside him, as he pointed to Gwynplaine, "There is the fool," then pointing to the child, "there is the sage."

A chaos of complaint rose from amidst the confusion of exclamations:—

"Gorgon's face!"—"What does it all mean?"—"An insult to the House!"—"The fellow ought to be put out!"—"What a madman!"—"Shame! shame!"—"Adjourn the House!"—"No; let him finish his speech!"—"Talk away, you buffoon!"

Lord Lewis of Duras, with his arms a-kimbo, shouted,—

"Ah! it does one good to laugh. My spleen is cured. I propose a vote of thanks in these terms: 'The House of Lords returns thanks to the Green Box.'"

Gwynplaine, it may be remembered, had dreamt of a different welcome.

A man who, clambering up a steep and crumbling acclivity of sand above a giddy precipice, has felt it giving way under his hands, his nails, his elbows, his knees, his feet; who—losing instead of *gaining on his treacherous way*, a prey to every terror of the

danger, slipping back instead of ascending, increasing the certainty of his fall by his very efforts to gain the summit, and losing ground in every struggle for safety—has felt the abyss approaching nearer and nearer, until the certainty of his coming fall into the yawning jaws open to receive him, has frozen the marrow of his bones;—that man has experienced the sensations of Gwynplaine.

He felt the ground he had ascended crumbling under him, and his audience was the precipice.

There is always some one to say the word which sums all up.

Lord Scarsdale translated the impression of the assembly in one exclamation,—

“What is this monster doing here?”

Gwynplaine stood up, dismayed and indignant, in a sort of final convulsion. He looked at them all fixedly.

“What am I doing here? I have come to be a terror to you! I am a monster, do you say? No! I am the people! I am an exception? No! I am the rule; you are the exception! You are the chimera; I am the reality! I am the frightful man who laughs! Who laughs at what? At you, at himself, at everything! What is his laugh? Your crime and his torment! That crime he flings at your head! That punishment he spits in your face! I laugh, and that means, I weep!”

He paused. There was less noise. The laughter continued, but it was more subdued. He may have fancied that he had regained a certain amount of attention. He breathed again, and resumed,—

“This laugh which is on my face a king placed there. This laugh expresses the desolation of mankind. This laugh means hate, enforced silence, rage, despair. This laugh is the production of torture. This laugh is a forced laugh. If Satan were marked with this laugh, it would convict God. But the Eternal is not like them that perish. Being absolute, he is just; and God hates the acts of kings. Oh! you take me for an exception; but I am a symbol. Oh, all-powerful men, fools that you are! open your eyes. I am the incarnation of All. I represent humanity, such as its masters have made it. Mankind is mutilated. That which has been done to me has been done to it. In it, have been deformed right, justice, truth, reason, intelligence, as eyes, nostrils, and ears have been deformed in me: its heart has been made a sink of passion and pain, like mine, and, like mine, its features have been hidden in a mask of joy. Where God had placed his finger, the king set his sign-manual. Monstrous superposition! Bishops, peers, and princes, the people is a sea of suffering, smiling on the surface. My lords, I tell you that the people are as I am. To-

day you oppress them; to-day you hoot at me. But the future is the ominous thaw, in which that which was as stone shall become wave. The appearance of solidity melts into liquid. A crack in the ice, and all is over. There will come an hour when convulsion shall break down your oppression; when an angry roar will reply to your jeers. Nay, that hour did come! Thou wert of it, O my Father! That hour of God did come, and was called the Republic! It was destroyed, but it will return. Meanwhile, remember that the line of kings armed with the sword was broken by Cromwell, armed with the axe. Tremble! Incorruptible solutions are at hand: the talons which were cut are growing again; the tongues which were torn out are floating away, they are turning to tongues of fire, and, scattered by the breath of darkness, are shouting through infinity; those who hunger are showing their idle teeth; false heavens, built over real hells, are tottering. The people are suffering—they are suffering; and that which is on high totters, and that which is below yawns. Darkness demands its change to light; the damned discuss the elect. Behold! it is the coming of the people, the ascent of mankind, the beginning of the end, the red dawn of the catastrophe! Yes, all these things are in this laugh of mine, at which you laugh to-day! London is one perpetual fête. Be it so. From one end to the other, England rings with acclamation. Well! but listen. All that you see is I. You have your fêtes—they are my laugh; you have your public rejoicings—they are my laugh; you have your weddings, consecrations, and coronations—they are my laugh. The births of your princes are my laugh. But above you is the thunder-bolt—it is my laugh."

How could they stand such nonsense? The laughter burst out afresh; and now it was overwhelming. Of all the lava which that crater, the human mouth, ejects, the most corrosive is joy. To inflict evil gaily is a contagion which no crowd can resist. All executions do not take place on the scaffold; and men, from the moment they are in a body, whether in mobs or in senates, have always a ready executioner amongst them, called sarcasm. There is no torture to be compared to that of the wretch condemned to execution by ridicule. This was Gwynplaine's fate. He was stoned with their jokes, and riddled by the scoffs shot at him. He stood there, a mark for all. They sprang up; they cried, "Encore;" they shook with laughter; they stamped their feet; they pulled each other's bands. The majesty of the place, the purple of the robes, the chaste ermine, the dignity of the wigs, had no effect. The lords laughed, the bishops laughed, the judges laughed, the old men's benches *derided*, the children's benches were in convulsions. The Archbishop

of Canterbury nudged the Archbishop of York; Henry Compton, Bishop of London, brother of Lord Northampton, held his sides; the Lord Chancellor bent down his head, probably to conceal his inclination to laugh; and, at the bar, that statue of respect, the Usher of the Black Rod, was laughing also.

Gwynplaine, become pallid, had folded his arms; and, surrounded by all those faces, young and old, in which had burst forth this grand Homeric jubilee; in that whirlwind of clapping hands, of stamping feet, and of hurrahs; in that mad buffoonery, of which he was the centre; in that splendid overflow of hilarity; in the midst of that unmeasured gaiety, he felt that the sepulchre was within him. All was over. He could no longer master the face which betrayed, nor the audience which insulted, him.

That eternal and fatal law, by which the grotesque is linked with the sublime—by which the laugh re-echoes the groan, parody rides behind despair, and seeming is opposed to being—had never found more terrible expression. Never had a light more sinister illumined the depths of human darkness.

Gwynplaine was assisting at the final destruction of his destiny by a burst of laughter. The irremediable was in this. Having fallen, we can raise ourselves up; but, being pulverised, never. And the insult of their sovereign mockery had reduced him to dust. From thenceforth nothing was possible. Everything is in accordance with the scene. That which was triumph in the Green Box, was disgrace and catastrophe in the House of Lords. What was applause there, was insult here. He felt something like the reverse side of his mask. On one side of that mask he had the sympathy of the people, who welcomed Gwynplaine; on the other, the contempt of the great, rejecting Lord Fermain Clancharlie. On one side, attraction; on the other, repulsion; both leading him towards the shadows. He felt himself, as it were, struck from behind. Fate strikes treacherous blows. Everything will be explained hereafter, but, in the meantime, destiny is a snare, and man sinks into its pitfalls. He had expected to rise, and was welcomed by laughter. Such apotheoses have lugubrious terminations. There is a dreary expression—to be sobered; tragical wisdom born of drunkenness! In the midst of that tempest of gaiety commingled with ferocity, Gwynplaine fell into a reverie.

An assembly in mad merriment drifts as chance directs, and loses its compass when it gives itself to laughter. None knew whither they were tending, or what they were doing. The House was obliged to rise, adjourned by the Lord Chancellor, "owing to extra-



ordinary circumstances," to the next day. The peers broke up. They bowed to the royal throne and departed. Echoes of prolonged laughter were heard losing themselves in the corridors.

Assemblies, besides their official doors, have—under tapestry, under projections, and under arches—all sorts of hidden doors, by which the members escape like water through the cracks in a vase. In a short time the chamber was deserted. This takes place quickly and almost imperceptibly, and those places, so lately full of voices, are suddenly given back to silence.

Reverie carries one far; and one comes by long dreaming to reach, as it were, another planet.

Gwynplaine suddenly awoke from such a dream. He was alone. The chamber was empty. He had not even observed that the House had been adjourned. All the peers had departed, even his sponsors. There only remained here and there some of the lower officers of the House, waiting for his lordship to depart before they put the covers on, and extinguished the lights.

Mechanically he placed his hat on his head, and, leaving his place, directed his steps to the great door opening into the gallery. As he was passing through the opening in the bar, a doorkeeper relieved him of his peer's robes. This he scarcely felt. In another instant, he was in the gallery.

The officials who remained observed with astonishment that the peer had gone out without bowing to the throne!

*(To be concluded next month.)*

## THE CROSS ROADS.



HERE the roads crossed we met,  
My love and I ;  
In the near bay the ships  
Tossed heavily.  
Lamps were gone out on earth,  
But those in heaven  
Trembled, for two more hearts  
That God had riven.


His accents broke the pause,  
My tongue was tied ;  
He found last words to say ;  
My sobs replied.  
Then he drew my white face up to the light,  
And said, " Farewell, poor love !  
Dear love, good night ! "

At the cross roads we kissed,—  
I stood alone ;  
His was the seaward road,  
Mine led me home.  
He called, " I shall return ! "  
I knew " not so ; "  
Not one in ten returns  
Of those that go.

Dreary the great world grew,  
And the sun cold ;  
So young an hour ago,  
I had grown old.  
Our God made me for him ;  
We loved each other,  
Yet fate gave him one road,  
And me the other.

ALICE HORTON.

## THE HORSE IN YORKSHIRE BEFORE 1750.

ORKSHIRE has always been the home, *par excellence*, of noble horses and enthusiastic horsemen. In times long ago, when the Norsemen—those terrible “rough-riders” of the tenth and eleventh centuries—made their frequent incursions into the county, they were never at a loss to convert sea-warriors into cavalry; and the horses of Saxon Yorkshire bore Danish marauders amid rapine and slaughter over every wild and fastness of the great shire, and often even beyond its ample limits. And as band succeeded band, these horse-loving pirates, borne far away from their native element, the sea, to inland colonies, gave to the good steed that had carried them to victory a place in their affection equal to that once occupied by their ships. The horse and the sword were their title-deeds, the guarantees of their supremacy; but of the two the horse was the more fondly cherished, for it helped to secure their pleasure as well as their profit. And so the Danish settlements in Yorkshire became the home of Yorkshire's best horses and boldest horsemen. The banks of the Ouse—the great road of the Swan, as they poetically termed that river—furnished their first possessions and reared their most thriving colonies, and on the banks of the Ouse is held to this day a horse-fair, visited by men from every part of the world that knows the superiority of England's horses. About the year 1200 King John granted a Charter for a fair at Howden, and on each yearly recurrence of that fair the representatives of almost every branch of the Latin and Teutonic races may be seen eagerly competing with the Arab and the Mussulman—once lords of the most splendid of chargers—for steeds that Yorkshiremen have raised to an unrivalled excellence. Howden sends her horses to every court in Europe, and by the way, it is only little more than a generation since she sent one of her shrewd stable-boys to become first the chief of the stables, and then prime minister to the Duke of Modena. There are yet many canny old peasants in the neighbourhood of Howden *who stare with astonishment* when they are informed that the *eloge*

of Baron Ward—the Tommy Ward of their youth—was pronounced by Lord Palmerston before the mighty English House of Commons in the most complimentary strain.

During the reigns of the Norman kings, Yorkshire was celebrated for the number of her knights, that is to say, of her horses and horsemen. Those knights and squires were the first of her breeders. Keen sportsmen who “loved hunting craft by lake and wood,” and who, in the intervals of war, followed it with pertinacity, were ready to seize every opportunity to improve the breed of their cherished hunters and chargers. The crusades gave them that opportunity, and there is evidence to show that they availed themselves of it. Most of the early centres of horse breeding in Yorkshire, which as time rolled away increased in celebrity, are associated with the crusades, either by a religious establishment founded and endowed by a crusading baron, or by the old baronial castle, whence the stately lord

“Led his mail-covered vassals to Palestine's shore.”

and where he, on his return, stabled the barbs whose fiery ardour seemed to him, if grafted upon the strength of his own war-horse, capable of surpassing in grace of movement, endurance and fleetness, all the chargers of the west.

But keen as was the vision of those nobles in perceiving the means of improving the qualities of their horses, it cannot be denied that the county has to thank not its warriors and hunters, but singularly enough, many of its Cistercian monasteries for developing the improvements with the most diligent zeal and untiring perseverance. From the experience of the present day there seems little necessary connexion between horse-breeding and the pursuit of a religious life; but the fact still remains that the Cistercian monks were the great horse-dealers of the middle ages. It is worthy of remark, too, that the arms of Fountains Abbey, the nursing-mother of Cistercian monasteries in the north of England, were *Azure, three horse shoes or*; and it is not the less strange that when oxen were the chief beasts of labour, and horses the servants of the soldier and sportsman, these monks were pre-eminent for their horses both as regards number and quality. Christian charity will not allow us to suppose that the worthy fathers were the original “book-makers,” but human knowledge assures us that they shared largely in originating the means of which “book-making” is the inevitable end. As “Our Own Correspondent” was not abroad in the centuries previous to the downfall of monasteries to report the result of ~~recess on village~~

greens, we cannot convict the Cistercians of any subtle design of improving their steeds for the purpose of winning prizes, and so enriching their coffers; but before we give them the full benefit of the doubt, and allow that the superiority of their cattle resulted simply from a combination of their superior knowledge of agricultural economy with that quality universal among Yorkshiremen, a greed of gold "lawfully gotten in trade," it must not be forgotten that Yorkshire parsons have always had a sporting fame more worthy of their county than their cloth. One of the first recorded instances of their lapse from strict clerical morality belongs to the twelfth century, and connects them with Geoffrey, the illegitimate son of Henry II. Geoffrey was invited by the York ecclesiastics to accept the then vacant See of York. This he positively declined to do, on the ground that he was much fonder of hawks and hounds than priests and books, and so was unfit for the office. To this objection the Yorkshiremen made a very characteristic reply; they told him "that it was not necessary that he should altogether abandon those tastes when he came into the north." This temptation was too powerful to resist; he felt that he had fallen into good company, and determined not to desert it.

In their last days, it is well ascertained, these monks were industrious dealers in, and to some extent exporters of, their famous horses. Scotland was the best customer of the northern horse-dealers, clerical as well as lay; and so great was the trade over the border, that in 1495 an act was passed prohibiting the exportation, without the king's especial licence, of any horse or a mare above the value of 6s. 8d. We do not know whether the Scotch at the same time imported the custom of gambling over their racing; but their annals, perhaps, afford the earliest authentic notice of betting on the event of a race. On the 2nd of May, 1504, the treasurer paid 28s. to Dandie Doule, "quhilk he wan fra' the king on hors-ryning." In spite of severe measures, adopted to check this exportation of horses, "as well in tyme of peace as in warre," it was vigorously carried on for more than a century. Then, as now, Malton horse fair had a far-famed celebrity; and, towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, James Rither, of Harewood, near Leeds, a country gentleman, and representative of a race who were famous hunters in their day, laments to the "Lord High Treasurer of England, that dyvers that have horses to sell, and were wont to carry them to the great horse fayer at Malton, in the east parts of this shier, are now purposed to go to Kaerlyle with them." They so purposed to carry them to Carlisle because Scotch purchasers were found there, who would pay a higher

price for them than their neighbours ; and, despite the iniquity of the transaction, "yt is the hope of Skottes money that draws these horsis to Kaerlyle, and so the sellers confess." The treasurer's correspondent, somewhat astounded at the cool defiance of the law exhibited by

" These Yorkshire tikes,  
Who i' dealing i' horseflesh had ne'er met their likes,"

proceeds to inquire, why should "that needy nation esteem our horsis at a greater prise than our owen country people do?" Simply, James Rither, because Scottish barons had not in their stables such steeds as were to be found in the crib of the Yorkshire yeoman.

Hunting, hawking, horse-racing, and all the national field sports of England, are allied to an antiquity which almost forbids us to discuss their origin. They are, at least, as old as the laws of Alfred ; and, like them, may be said to be a portion of the British "constitution" —the glorious emblem of our national greatness. At the village feast and the burg fair the ceorl, the thane, and the jarl assembled in Anglo-Saxon times to witness the gallop ; in a later age, the proud Norman baron suffered his retainers to gather for the like purpose ; and "the free and enlightened citizen" of the present day will readily travel a few hundred miles to participate in the great racing carnivals. But, although the custom is so ancient, the present practice of it is very dissimilar from that of the olden time. Now-a-days rustic equestrians cannot aspire during their feasts to mount any steed nobler than a jackass ; for a few favoured localities have drained all the horse-racing into their own limits. In the north of England, York and Doncaster are the great meeting places, and are now credited by the world as spots sacred to the memory of the ancient "turf" ; but what, indeed, is their real claim to such a reputation ? One of the oldest of Yorkshire ballads, written in 1584, and entitled "Yorke, Yorke, for My Monie," although it dwells on the sports then famous in York, does not even mention racing. Drake, in his "History of York," says :—"York and its neighbourhood have long been famous for this kind of diversion ; for Camden mentions a yearly horse-race, to be run for on the forest of Galtres, when the prize for the horse that won was a little golden bell, from whence no doubt comes the proverb, '*to bear away the bell*.' It is hardly creditable, says the antiquary (Camden), what great resort of people there is at these races from all parts, and what great wagers are laid upon the horses. But that celebrated author would have been amazed indeed could he possibly have seen one meeting at York on

this occasion in these days—when the attraction of this, at the best but barbarous diversion, not only draws in the country people in vast crowds, but the gentry; nay, even the clergy and prime nobility, are mixed amongst them. *Stars, ribbons, and garters* here lose their lustre strangely, where the noble peer is dressed like his groom. But, to make amends for that, view them at night, and their splendour returns. And here it is that York shines, indeed; when, by the light of several elegant lustres, a concourse of four or five hundred, of both sexes, out of the best families in the kingdom, are met together. In short, the politeness of the gentlemen, the richness of the dress, and remarkable beauty of the ladies, and of late the magnificence of the rooms they meet in, cannot be equalled throughout any part of Europe." Dryasdust for a Yorkshireman is infamously oblivious of equine beauty and worth; but none can say that woman's charms could not cause his frozen blood to melt into a rapturous flow?

But the Forest of Galtres, that Camden speaks of, cannot be considered to give York the claim to the head quarters of racing; and, indeed, it is not until a comparatively late period that the city becomes the centre of turf operations. For many years before 1709 it had infinitely superior competitors in several small and remote towns, whose names are now dissociated with the sport. Middleham and Black-hambleton, little secluded places situated in the midst of rugged mountains, held great importance in the annals of the turf when York was recognised rather as the home of sporting parsons and proud citizens, than the seat of a racing community. It is not, however, of these towns—still known to racing fame, although the cups that a century and a half ago were won on their classic moors have passed away from them for ever—that we speak at present, but of others now professionally unknown to every member of the Jockey Club. In the reigns of William III. and Anne, Leeds had its annual races, which were arranged by Thomas Thornton, at his house, the Talbot Inn, Briggate, a hostelry still standing, and frequented by the present patrons of the turf; Sheffield had races almost annually; the Royal Cups were run for on Bramham Moor, where races had long been held, Stapleton-leys, at Richmond, and other places; and York, if we circumscribe the "neighbourhood" by reasonable limits, had scarcely a regularly-appointed race at all.

The 21st September, 1709, was the birthday of York races, as we now know them. A collection had been made in the city, which enabled the projectors to purchase five plates to be run for on that and the following day. These, the first races, were run on *Clifton Ings*. The two principal plates were one of fifty, and another of

thirty, guineas; the former, to be competed for by any horse not exceeding six years old, and carrying 11 st. ; the latter, by any horse of any age, carrying 12 st. Vast strength and endurance, rather than speed, seem to have been the desideratum of the breeders then; for, besides the great weight the horses carried, they had to gallop three times over a course four miles long. The best performer in the three trials was the winner. A test so severe as this could only be endured by horses carefully trained under natural development; the premature younglings of the present day would fall beneath its searching rigour. The second horse received the entrance fees; and the conditions of entry were, that horses belonging to subscribers should pay two guineas for the first plate, and one for the second; those of non-subscribers to pay five guineas for the first plate, and three for the second. These fees secured a stake in each race of at least half the value of the plate.

From 1709 the races continued to be annually held upon Clifton Ings until 1731, when in consequence of a misunderstanding with the owner of that ground, and the fact that it was low and marshy, and liable to floods from the Ouse, the course was changed to Knavesmire, a common belonging to the city. From this time the success of the meetings expanded year by year. The great influx of strangers bent for the time of their sojourn rather upon ample enjoyment than the practice of rigid economy, caused large sums of money to be expended in the city, and soon brought tradesmen, and especially the proprietors of lodgings, to avail themselves of every chance of the golden opportunity. Accommodation "for man and beast" could only be obtained at a high price, and Drake states as a thing utterly unprecedented that "lodgings for that week are usually let for a guinea a room!" But if York fleeced the purses of its visitors, it made some amends in providing them with amusements besides the races. One of the most notorious of these amusements was its celebrated cock battles; and as the Yorkshire squires who trained horses were universally men who prided themselves on their breed of cocks, York, during the race week, became the theatre of war of all the chanticleers from neighbouring counties who durst invade its ancient walls.

The excellence of Knavesmire as a race-course, and the charms of York as a temporary residence, soon affected the success of the races in other parts of the county. The grand stand was built in 1754, the low and boggy parts of the course were thoroughly drained and levelled, and York began vigorously to ruin her competitors. Although a royal cup of the value of 100 guineas had been annually



run for at Black-hambleton, from the time of William III. the middle of the eighteenth century saw Hambleton races falling into decay, and in 1776 His Majesty ordered his plate, usually run for there, to be discontinued in future, and run for alternately at York and Richmond. Middleham, too, whose common had witnessed excellent races almost from time immemorial, and whose stewards had provided plates of the value of 30*l.* for many years before York could guarantee a race, was distanced by the more fortunate capital. Sheffield and Leeds soon went down in the struggle. The last of its old races which Leeds held—on “Chappel Ollerton Moor,” a place now lost amidst gentlemen’s villas and farmers’ luxuriant corn-fields—were on the 13th and 14th September, 1711, when two plates of 20*l.* and 15 guineas were run for by any horses carrying 10 stones and 9 stones respectively. Beverley, with its famous “Westwood” and old sporting traditions, struggled on for a while, but even it must succumb, and York was left triumphant until Colonel St. Leger destroyed its monopoly, and perpetuated his name by establishing at Doncaster the most famous race of the north of England.

Of the celebrity of Doncaster races prior to the establishment of the St. Leger very little can be said. In point of antiquity they were much superior to the regularly established meetings at York, for they were held annually certainly as early as the end of the seventeenth century, when, as we have said, York had only its occasional meetings. In point of interest they were equal, if not superior to those of York before the city made its great effort in 1709. Plates of the value of 10*l.*, however, seem to have been the greatest of Doncaster’s early prizes, and they were generally run for by any horse carrying 12 stones with bridle and saddle through three heats round the course. One frequent condition was, that the winning horse shall be sold to any contributor for 30 guineas; yet this sum, so insignificant when compared with the tremendous prices paid for the Doncaster winners now-a-days, may possibly have been a high “reserve” for the competitors of the early years of the eighteenth century. The description, “any horse, mare, &c.,” included galloways, and galloways figured in the list. Gentlemen were compelled to ride, for professional jockeys were especially excepted. It is true that gentlemen would not necessarily ride worse horses than jockeys would, but the fact that gentlemen alone should be allowed to ride, may point to the inference that the early races at Doncaster were much more of the rough-and-ready style than, for instance, those of Middleham, and Hambleton, or possibly those of York.

A. E. W.

# WILL HE ESCAPE?


## BOOK THE THIRD.

(Continued.)

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### CHAPTER VIII.

ROLAND FOR OLIVER.

 HE party at the Towers was plainly in honour of the marauding Shipleys—a sort of testimonial banquet. That lady and her daughter had indeed made good their ground, and carried away vast spoil from the fruit-trees and gardens of the place. She had specially marked the head of the family for her own—would pay him visits, and consult him on trifling points in the most confidential and friendly manner. It was “My dear Mr. Hardman, tell me this, like a good creature. I look on you as a rock of sense:” which was answered by, “Really, my dear Lady Shipley:”—“And,” goes on the lady, “my daughter Mony so looks up to you; and that nice son of yours, I can’t tell you how she likes him. Of course, as he is to be married, and all that, I tell her it is very wrong.”

“It is very flattering indeed, madam,” said he, much pleased. “You do me great honour, indeed.”

“Not at all. And now, my dear Mr. Hardman, just sit down, and tell me about this match, for it quite came on me by surprise. I hear those Talbots are very clever people.”

“I say openly,” said Mr. Hardman, with a loud voice, “I did not approve of the business. From the beginning I set my face against it. There is no money—no connection—nothing. I wash my hands of the whole affair.”

“Dear me! this is quite a new idea. *I said so to Mony.* She will tell you I said so the other morning. It was impossible, I said, that it could have the approbation of Mr. Hardman—a man who could be anything—whose son would be a match for anybody; and I’ll tell you candidly what I said to her then, Mr. Hardman, for I always speak my mind, and conceal nothing—‘I wish to Heaven, Mony, you had been married into such a family!’”

"Indeed, ma'am, it is very good of you to say so. I take it as a great compliment."

"Now that it is past and done for, I may speak out. I say it is a good thing to be connected with a man like you. You may be proud of yourself: and though those Talbots, I am told, are fine upon the matter, and talking queerly."

In this way did this crafty old lady proceed to work upon the manufacturer, and sent him home in quite a rage.

This was the morning after the dinner; and the first person he met was his son.

"Where are you going, sir?"

"I was going over to see Olivia."

"Yes, and be sneered at behind your back. You don't care for that, but I do. You are a fool, and have been a fool, and always will be one."

"How, father? About this marriage?"

"Yes, sir. But I don't give my consent still. If you have no self-respect, I have. I am not going to be insulted—belled about the parish—by these snobs. To have them sneering here, and sneering there. Then, I tell you what, I have made up my mind they shall have none of my money to sneer at. I'd sooner leave every half-penny I have to—the Queen."

"But they don't sneer, father—at least——"

"You know that's untrue—you can't deny it, sir. It's too much, and I shan't put up with it—there."

Confounded at this new turn, the young fellow turned away bewildered. He went to his sister.

"I have always had the same opinion," she said. "Do me this justice: I have been above-board in my dislike of your new connections. Olivia is a charming girl: but her mother—well, you know, she don't like me."

"Yes, unfortunately."

"Well, papa has some reason on his side, I think, though we do not often agree. He is the head of the house; he has made all our money for us; he has had a hard, laborious life; and I do think it is very *bad taste* of these people to go about trying to put us down in this way: to be jeering at what they condescend to accept. You are in love, and it is very natural you shouldn't see this; but it is a deep mortification to papa and to me. Even to-day—to be obliged to ask them here! to humble ourselves to her! and all for you. *You ought to be grateful.*"

*The youth looked bewildered.*

"But what can I do! Rose, tell me; you always advised me. I don't want to be selfish."

"Well, you can do this, at least: what is, indeed, only decency. Speak firmly to them; require the respect that is due to our family—our *low* family, as they seem to think it. They will respect you the more for it. As it is, they seem to consider you a mere boy—that they can do what they like with. You would not be so wholly selfish, after all that has been sacrificed for you?"

The youth looked grave and disquieted. The thing had never been put in this way before.

"But Olivia!" he said. "Surely you cannot think that——"

"I, of course, except her; I have done so all along. This is no question about her. But there is question of your own self-respect. Heavens, how I have suffered—how we have all suffered! And I tell you how you have a position with regard to them, and are really bound to make some exertions and see that you are respected, by your family's being respected."

This was a new light for the young man, who felt a little humiliated in presence of his worldly-wise sister, and who had put it very forcibly before him. She was right. Livy was all that could be wished; but he was under no obligation towards the rest of the family. And he recalled now the implied tone, and the scarcely concealed contempt, with which Mrs. Talbot spoke of them before him.

When it was time to set out for the dinner party, the Beauty was confounded, and "put out," by seeing his wife come down splendidly dressed, and looking really magnificent. Excitement, or anger, gave that tender flush to her cheeks, which was her charm in the days of Mr. Chalon, and the old light seemed to have come back to her eyes. She had, besides, the true refined stateliness—the air of the high-bred lady.

"I thought you were not going," said the Beauty, angrily.

"I persuaded her, Beauty dear; so we are all going together, and mean to have such a pleasant night."

They were very silent as they drove along, the Beauty much out of humour at his not being allowed to perform alone on his favourite boards. "This was the way in which he was always interfered with."

When the Talbots arrived they found that they were late, and that all the company were assembled—Lady Shipley already enthroned, as it were, in a divan, and talking volubly. Mr. Hardman had quite a displeased air; indeed, he had been inflamed by a speech of that lady.

"At all the great houses in town, as you know, my dear Mr. Hardman, it is *the thing* to be before the time. Your friends, I suspect, have forgotten the hour."

Mrs. Labouchere struck in,—

"We must submit, Lady Shipley. They are our masters and mistresses."

"I dined once at poor Lady Greyplover's, and they expected the old Duke of Banffshire. They just gave him a quarter of an hour, and then went to dinner. He came in a little after they had sat down, and was not the least put out. He knew it was the regular course of things."

His son was very restless, and rather annoyed. It did look as if Mrs. Talbot delighted to try and mortify his family.

The moment they entered, Mr. Hardman called to his servant, "Now, dinner!"—a shocking barbarism, as Mrs. Talbot took care to show the company she thought it, by turning round with a sort of haughty start. The room was crowded; and, almost at once, Mrs. Labouchere went over to our Beauty and brought him to a pink-cheeked, good-looking gentleman, who was in the window.

"To be sure," said Major Fotheringham, delighted. "We did not see each other in the dark. I was out of humour that night."

The Beauty was enchanted at this *amende*. His wife was looking over, and must have heard it. He was growing more important every hour. Colonel Fotheringham began to talk pleasantly on other matters; and then the procession was formed down to dinner. That meal was a more tremendous effort of state than Mr. Hardman had yet attempted. He had never yet got such distinguished people together at his board. But, though Mrs. Talbot had priority of rank, Lady Shipley was the leading lady. Her voice was heard above all. She was seated beside the host—was now loud, now extravagantly confidential. She ate of everything, and praised everything.

"Never saw anything better done, or in better taste. Charming. And now, my dear Mr. Hardman, tell me about these people. I shouldn't call them *these* people, because—"

She had to be very confidential here, as Mrs. Talbot was on the other side of the host.

"She seems quite a monarch-of-all-she-surveys sort of person. Even patronised me?—ha! ha! You saw that? Of course, you did. And that little girl is your son's intended? Nice, amiable little thing, she seems; I am sure, she will turn out a good domestic wife."

*All this was very low and confidential.*

"But I *wish* she had more mark and character; virtue alone will not do nowadays, my dear Mr. Hardman. We must all push—push—push! You and I have had to do that."

"What you say is admirable, my dear Lady Shipley. No one puts a thing better."

The conversation wandered off into pictures, last Academy Exhibition, very favourite topics at country dinner parties, where people talk familiarly of such shows, Rotten Row, &c., as if they were in the next street. Mrs. Talbot, excellent actress as she was, being now in front of the foot-lights, was unconstrained and easy, "the great lady" in short; just as if she had no wolf gnawing at her very heart. She was easy, smiling, gay. But it was almost with horror, that she heard the bold Lady Shipley make this remark,

"By the way, there is a little picture in your drawing-room, Mr. Hardman, which shows you have real taste. It seems to me a master-piece, and——"

"Which one, Lady Shipley? I can assure you, I get ashamed sometimes when I think of all the cheques I have drawn for pictures."

"This was a small picture, finely done; such force, such power, such colours. I assure you, I don't know when I was so pleased; Honoria, too, was quite struck with it."

"Oh, it was charming, mamma. I could stand hours before it."

It would be impossible to convey the arrogance with which he turned to Mrs. Talbot. Every moment, indeed, he began to feel his wrongs coming back on him with fresh force, and some new circumstances were making him regard the whole family with an increasing dislike.

"I am glad to hear you say this," he said, "as Mrs. Talbot was of quite an opposite opinion, and treated the picture with great contempt."

"How, why?" said Lady Shipley, leaning forward; "I am sure she is too good a judge."

"This is the most astonishing mistake," said Mrs. Talbot, looking round; "on the contrary, I admired it immensely: in fact, I said it was worth all the rest of the collection."

"Oh, how severe!" said Lady Shipley. "What a wicked stroke."

"My collection is good, and can take care of itself," said he, growing red. "No one can say I have not encouraged art. The cheques I have drawn for pictures could not be exceeded by any nobleman in the country. I have outbid dukes and lords before now."

"But now, as a matter of curiosity, Mrs. Talbot; why don't you like the picture?"

"I *do* like it. I think it the prettiest thing I have seen for a long——"

"But Mr. Hardman says something about contempt."

"Oh, that did not refer to the merits of the picture. If Mr. Hardman insists——"

Mrs. Labouchere saw to what all this was leading up, and she came sweeping down hotly to the rescue, like a dashing troop of cavalry. "Papa is too modest to tell that story; but I shall for him. He saw how much it was admired, and was generous enough to bring it himself, as a present. Mrs. Talbot knows that this was the case. It is always easy to mortify when you get such an advantage as that. Poor papa! it was a very unkind return."

"To decline a present! Mr. Hardman was, indeed, kind enough to bring it in his carriage. But it was impossible for me to accept it."

"How kind of you, Mr. Hardman," said Lady Shipley, enthusiastically. "What a charming present! You are quite gallant."

"It seems not," he said. "But it was well meant; let us say no more about it."

"Oh, but it is so interesting. I am afraid there are very few people who would offer *me* pictures."

"Would you let me make a beginning, Lady Shipley?" said he, hesitating. "As you picked out and admired the picture, I should be too proud if you would let me send it over——"

"No; but if you would bring it over yourself," she said, in a sort of flattering way. "If you would do *that*!"

"To-morrow, if it should be convenient, I shall certainly have the honour," he answered, looking round with pride and defiance at Mrs. Talbot.

That lady bit her lip.

"People take different views about presents. I believe it is considered that a short acquaintance does not admit of the acceptance of one. Of course it may be different in this case."

All this time Mr. Hardman's son had been listening with a sort of impatience and restlessness—distracted from his bounden attentions to the young lady next him. She saw and wondered at his distraction. At this point he said, warmly, "I *do* wish your mother would not go on in that way. It is making me quite unhappy. Surely you have interest with her, and affection for her, and a word from you would *show her how foolish it is.*"

"But mamma does nothing," said Livy, her soft eyes turning to him. "You know that yourself. It does not come from *her*."

"But it is so unmeaning," he went on, growing more eager. "Why should she set up *despising* our family and affronting my father, who *is* my father, in that way. Surely you must see, as they say, that despising him, is despising me. If she thinks our family worthy of being connected with her, she should think them worthy of being treated with ordinary respect."

"It is very strange to hear you say this to me. Why do you not go at once, and say it to mamma herself?"

"Because it will come better from you. And it is really growing into a very important and serious matter. You must consider one's family, and if one loses one's self-respect, you know——"

"This is all quite new from you," said she, much hurt; "there is no need to begin preaching at me in that way. Why should you not keep your self-respect?" she added, with glowing cheeks. "By all means do so. But shall I tell you what I have been thinking: that my heart bleeds and burns to see the way my darling mother is treated. The humiliation she has to suffer on my account, and the annoyance given her, *through all that she holds most dear*. You will understand me. I see it more and more every moment, all that she is forced to suffer, and it seems to me most cruel to her. It is done on purpose; I see it."

She spoke so excitedly that he turned and followed her eyes, and he saw that his sister and her father were engaged in eager conversation, and that on the Beauty's face was that conscious, and half foolish air which betokened some compliment paid, and much satisfaction on its receipt. The sight kindled her yet more.

"I might call on you," she went on, "to make a change in all this, as it is not becoming that your family should bring trouble into ours, and require you to separate yourself altogether from all those who are trying to make mischief in ours."

"Oh, as for that," said the young man, "we must go back to those who began it. I must own, and it is only justice to say so, that it was Mrs. Talbot commenced by despising our family. We owe a respect to ourselves, and you would not respect me if I put up with all that."

"Put up with all that," she repeated, wondering; "this is all very strange."

He felt he had spoken too brusquely, and, as usual in such cases, with persons of not very strong minds, chose to justify himself instead of withdrawing.



"Oh, really, I am serious, and that depends on you as much as on me. My father is behaving wonderfully, considering. You heard even since dinner began, what Lady Shipley said about the picture—how delightedly she received the offer. He has acted in a very straightforward way with me, and intends, I know, though I am going against all his wishes in this matter—and I do not regret it a moment, understand me, and never shall, though I speak in this way—he means, I understand, to behave in the handsomest way to me. It is to make not the slightest difference in his arrangements for our settlement in life. Now the least return I can make him, is to see that he is properly treated, and with the respect that is due to him."

The gentle Livy felt an inexpressible soreness at her heart as she listened to this new strain—it was so practical, and even cruel. She only said, after a moment's pause,—

"Don't let us talk any more of this ; now, at least."

That Colonel Fotheringham had noted this graceful and interesting young girl, who was so utterly thrown away upon "that lout," who plainly did not understand the true town-bred fashion of treating such precious objects ; and he made a resolution, which he afterwards hoped to carry out.

## CHAPTER IX.

### BEATEN BACK.

MEANWHILE the dinner went on, the Beauty really "coming out," as he thought ; and Mr. Hardman more and more devoted to Lady Shipley. Every moment was heard his hoarse, grating voice, tuned to obsequiousness,—

"Your ladyship makes me feel quite proud. No?"

"Ah, I declare, my dear Mr. Hardman, I wish we had more people like you."

This was, indeed, a sincere wish on her part.

"A man of your liberal ideas should be more before the country ; we should have your opinions given publicly. You should teach us. Men like you know more of the world. What noble grapes ! Why, Lord Wiganthorpe, who pays something fabulous for every bunch he eats, and who has them all the year round, has no finer."

Here was a longed-for opportunity : the august gardener, who came to him from Lord —, with the duke's coachman, who disdained to break down the barriers between his own office and other *menial ones*, and whom no one would dare—least of all his master—to ask to wait, were then introduced upon the scene.

At last the ladies went upstairs, and after a time the gentlemen followed. Again Lady Shipley was brought forward to the place of honour, and done profound homage to, in the most abasing way. Father and daughter joined in total overlooking of Mrs. Talbot. Her husband's opinion was asked on every point, with a deference that really seemed obsequiousness; and his declarations were listened to with an attention that might at an earlier period of his life have amazed him. No one was more anxious for these opinions than his late opponent, Colonel Fotheringham; and there was a generous adherence in that officer, which showed that he wished to make up for his previous behaviour. Mrs. Talbot was overlooked, neglected, in comparison with the great Lady Shipley, before whom Mr. Hardman literally prostrated himself. His manner to Mrs. Talbot since the acceptance of the picture had become almost insolent, and, at least, brusque. Before, he had always had the uneasy feeling in reference to this little transaction that he might have made a sort of mistake, and that his chastisement was more or less deserved. But now Lady Shipley's kindness had removed every doubt of the kind. It came on him suddenly that he had been insulted, outraged, and humiliated; and he could *never forgive it*. Mrs. Labouchere saw this change in her father, and seconded it ably. Our Livy's eyes seemed to see it more clearly every instant.

When Mr. Hardman came up he went over, pompously, to Lady Shipley.

"We are so happy to have you here, my Lady Shipley. It is pleasant to find such good taste. Come, ma'am, let me show you your picture."

"I will take it away with me this night. I won't let it out of my sight, or you may change your mind, and offer it again to Mrs. Talbot."

"No, he will scarcely do that," said Mrs. Labouchere. "Poor papa was quite punished enough."

Mrs. Talbot was losing all her old skill in the *Bandillero* line.

"There is a difference," she said, with a trembling voice, "between good-nature and other motives. How do you know that picture was offered to me from good-nature?"

"It is to me," said Lady Shipley; "and it is the nicest compliment that has been paid to me for years."

"You have been acquainted with Mr. Hardman only a few weeks, I believe?" she said, with great contempt.

"Oh, as for that," said the other lady, coolly, "I have often made a valuable friendship in a day. There is such a thing as love at first."

sight; and why not friendship? There's Mr. Talbot, looking as if he agreed with me."

"It's a *beautiful* picture, Lady Shipley," he said, with wisdom; "and I think she must have been dreaming when she refused it. Such a miss—it is quite provoking!"

"I always said, papa, if Mr. Talbot had been at home, your picture would have been lost to you for ever. He was too sensible to let such a chance slip."

"Everybody seems to be down on you, Mrs. Talbot," Lady Shipley said; "even your husband."

Oh, poor Livy!—her cheeks burning with shame and sympathy, her eyes flashing with indignity—she could have sunk into the earth. Her young lover—half discontented, as if he was disappointed at her new-born independence, remained aloof. She called him over.

"When I get home to-night," she said, "I shall write to you."

"About what?" he asked. "Why not tell me now?"

"I shall find it easier to write. All this is growing unendurable. I begin to see what I never saw before. You must choose your side. Everybody that is not with me, and with mine, is against me."

At this moment the Beauty was being led over to the piano, praised by no one so much as by Colonel Fotheringham. He was called on for his famous song. He *must* sing it. He was not at all indisposed. Who was to accompany the famous song? He would have to accept his wife. She knew that; and, with a curling lip, hesitated whether she should consent. There was a short struggle. She might give him a lesson—put him down; it would do him good. She would be no slave. It was time that she should vindicate herself. Still, it seemed a petty shape of revenge. It was unworthy of her; and she rose up for the duty.

Suddenly Mrs. Labouchere stepped forward, with a smiling air.

"My song; *my* song. It is my patent, and I really *must*. You must allow me, Mr. Talbot."

Immensely flattered, the foolish Beauty replied,—

"Oh, yes. No one has such a good title as you, Mrs. Labouchere. Oh, if you would——"

"Would she? Of course she must," Mr. Hardman said. "Lord Bindley said as much at Bindley."

"Of course," said Mrs. Labouchere to Mrs. Talbot, "if you *insist*, I must give up my hobby. Indeed, I feel I ought."

"What nonsense!" said the Beauty, impatiently. "I can't sing it to any one's accompaniment but yours."

*Olivia was beside him, and whispered,—*

"Oh, poor mamma. Don't!"

He turned round angrily.

"It's intolerable," he said. "I'm not going to be made a child!"

Mrs. Labouchere caught the words, "a child."

"Who will be bold enough to do *that*? No, you have too much spirit. I should not venture on such an attempt."

Something in her look, something in her tone—so meaning, so overflowing with significance—struck Livy, that it almost filled her heart with terror; for in that moment the wings of the scene seemed to be drawn away, and there seemed to be revealed at her feet the abyss before her family, with all its dangers and terrors. It struck a perfect chill to her young soul, from the suddenness and unexpectedness of the view. There, at the edge—instead of the agreeable, conventional lady of society—was a hideous, ever-leering siren, whose skinny fingers seemed to clasp his arm, and try to drag him over, with a hideous marine coquetry. While he—well, he was her foolish, good-natured Beauty of a father.

His song, however, was sung—was received with the usual absurd enthusiasm; and Lady Shipley rose up, and rushed over to congratulate. She—unconsciously, perhaps—drove one more nail into the coffin of their domestic happiness.

"My dear Mr. Talbot, you have a divine voice. How Mrs. Talbot must be enchanted at hearing you entertain your friends in this way. It must be charming."

Mrs. Labouchere was more and more emboldened.

"A prophet, or a singer, is nothing in his own country, or *at home*. We found out Mr. Talbot, and brought him forward. Mrs. Talbot is quite too diffident about his merits. By-and-by, we shall make him burst on the *London* public. I am laying the train already, Mr. Talbot. We know people that will be enchanted to hear you sing, that will get up parties for you—regular concerts. I say, and Lady Shipley thinks so, too, that it is a shame to have such a voice buried in the suburbs. He must be brought out."

"Oh, he must be brought out," said Lady Shipley.

Delightful all this for the Beauty, who seemed to murmur and quiver with satisfaction—not very distinctly though. Terrible almost for Mrs. Talbot, who had lost all her power of cut and thrust, either from helplessness, or from want of spirit. Something of her old training did not desert her.

The guests clustered round; Colonel Fotheringham—now an ardent friend and admirer—led him over, and once more the blushing Beauty gave out his famous song. A perfect roar of applause greeted

it, for, under pressure of his wrongs, and stimulated by public support, he gave it out with unusual fire. He seemed to himself as if he was the statue of some public man on a pedestal: and it was wonderful the secret indignation he felt towards those who grudged him his popularity. Mrs. Talbot, whose nerves and moral muscles seemed to be relaxing every hour, sat afar off, writhing almost as her enemy sat at the piano, and played without expression, and every now and again looked up with smiling approval and approbation, into the face of the gentleman she was accompanying. Never had he sung so well, Mrs. Labouchere told him: low encouragement, "beautiful! charming!" audible even to his wife's ears, stimulated him. And at the end, flushed, victorious, he stood there, the centre of universal acclaim, and felt a resentful feeling against those who would not lend him their sympathies in his triumph.

When he was done, she rose up to go. She interrupted the chorus of "charming!"—"admirable!" by asking for their carriage. Mrs. Labouchere, without rising from the piano, said carelessly, "Why, we are only beginning the night; we are going to have more songs."

"So sorry," said Mrs. Talbot, with trembling lips, "to interfere with your plans, but it is late."

"Not at all," said the other, "quite early, I assure you. We can't spare you, Mr. Talbot, I assure you. Can we, Lady Shipley?"

"My dear, he is a treasure. Such an organ. I assure you, Mrs. Talbot, you don't half value him, not half. Oh, sing on, sing us more of your little things, Mr. Talbot."

"We must go," said Mrs. Talbot, turning to her husband; "would you ask for the carriage?"

"Oh, folly, nonsense!" he said, in a testy whisper. "Don't make a fool of yourself. You are ridiculous."

"What?"

"Don't make yourself a *fool*," he repeated, his eyes flashing, and forgetting all his usual traditions of the gentleman; "*you* may go home if you like."

"You would not let us go home by ourselves, would you?"

"I don't mean to stir. I'm not a child to be ordered home in this way!"

Livy heard all this, every word. So did her lover, or her *late* lover, who made a remonstrance.

"Do stay a little longer. They are all doing so."

"I tell you what," Mrs. Labouchere said suddenly, as if from an inspiration, "Lady Shipley will leave Mr. Talbot at home; that will

satisfy Mrs. Talbot. Won't it?" she added, addressing that lady with a sort of mocking and smiling air. "Poor Mr. Talbot, he has all our sympathies. The school-gates are shut, I suppose, at midnight, and the master flogs all the truant boys."

"Oh, how funny!" he said.

"Not at all. There is no master and no flogging."

"I am going home with Lady Shipley. Tom will be quite enough to take care of you."

"Papa, papa!" whispered Livy in an agitated way. "Oh, you will come, you must come!"

He turned on her with an angry look. But he said nothing, and turned away. Mrs. Talbot carried out the poor attempt at a smile, and at indifference. Mrs. Labouchere, as it were, pressing on her, as she retreated, yet still restrained by perfect politeness, fired the last gun.

"We shall take care of him. Perhaps we shall keep him prisoner, and shall not let him back till to-morrow."

"Stay the night; I declare a very good idea," said Mr. Hardman. "My dear Talbot, use no ceremony. We could put up regiments here."

The unfortunate Mrs. Talbot could not endure much more of this; all her strength and spirit was leaving her fast. She turned to go, and took her host's arm. All the way down he kept chatting in his pompous way. "It makes no difference, ma'am, to us, who stay or who do not. We have always the spare rooms ready. Your husband would be very comfortable if he chose to remain," &c. She did not hear.

On their way back neither mother nor daughter spoke. Livy heard her mother's sobs: in the darkness she could not see her face. She clung to her and clasped her again and again, and in that long agony came to a resolution which had dimly occurred to her before now, as the sole desperate solution of the crisis. As the carriage swept up their little avenue she had determined on it irrevocably.

She said nothing of it to any one. Her mother was sobbing hysterically on the sofa. She was beaten—could never fight again. The long struggle was over. They were to sit up to wait for him to return.

"Oh, heavens above!" said the wretched lady. "What have I done to deserve all this? It was a miserable day when these people came to this place; a more miserable one still when we contracted this wretched engagement. What infatuation was over us! Such a

degrading thing could only bring us misery. Oh, Livy, Livy, your happiness has cost us a terrible sacrifice."

Livy could only think of the conventional way of making light of all.

"After all, dearest, what is it? He wishes to amuse himself."

"Wishes to amuse himself! Sport to him, death to me! He is gone, ruined; lost to us! And, Livy dear, I do not grudge it to you, though your marriage has been bought so dear. But it is a sort of judgment on me; for there was a time when I used to sacrifice others, as carelessly as I am now sacrificed myself. You deserve to be happy, dearest, at any cost; for you have been a sweet, good child, and have done your best to make me happy. It has failed."

All this, it will be said, about a gentleman staying behind at a dinner party, to sing his little songs! But this acute lady of fashion saw further; and saw, too, that the beginning of the end was at hand. That staying behind to sing his little songs meant far more. Then her daughter had left her. With a pang she thought how selfish all the world was. Here were two people, and their happiness, sacrificed for her. She ought to be grateful, indeed. But no one could grudge it to her.

Absent some half hour, the young girl returned, smiling and cheerful. No signs still of the Beauty. It came to midnight—then one o'clock. The gates were closed. There could be no hope after that. The banner of defiance was flaunted in their faces; he was losing even decency. Then a cold calm came over Mrs. Talbot, and, with a genuine Roman stoicism, she resigned herself, and went to her room.

"Tom! Tom!" said Livy, eagerly—she had stolen down—"oblige me by running up the road and putting this letter in the pillar-box."

Tom got his hat, and took care to read the direction privately.

"She be mortally in luf," Tom said, "that she can't wait till morning."

## CHAPTER X.

### A GALLANT SACRIFICE.

THE Beauty, indeed, had remained; but came down next morning, feeling a little guilty. He had an uneasy feeling that he had taken some step that was *too* bold, and might turn out dangerous. He awoke early and grew uncomfortable, and went down to walk out in the garden before any one was up, and think angrily over his wrongs.

It was growing intolerable. He would not put up with preaching to him before people, insulting those who were kind to him, and going on in that ridiculous, stupid way, which no one else did. Surely that business of the picture spoke volumes! Surely—

“Out so early!” said the soft voice of Mrs. Labouchere, close behind him.

She had a black lace scarf, Spanish fashion, about her head, to keep off the morning air, and looked brilliant, indeed;—at least, foolish Mr. Talbot thought so. Here was one that really understood, and he could not but like and feel grateful too.

“I am so glad you stayed,” she went on; “even though I was sorry to see Mrs. Talbot did not. Why is it that she is so set against every little thing that seems to give you pleasure? I assure you it is a subject of speculation with many; and you are so gentle and quiet, and bear it so angelically.”

“Oh, I don't bear it, and won't. Of course, one doesn't choose to make a fuss about trifles, always. It's not manners.”

“Even that old viper, Lumley, said something about training, and all that. Malicious creature! I don't know how to train; I wish I did. You would do nothing for *me*, with all my training.”

“I would do a great deal,” said the Beauty, proudly. “You can't imagine how I admire and like you. Since I have known you I seem to feel more independent. With you I have spent many happy hours; I assure you I have,” he added, bending, by way of his best compliment. “Someway, with you I am always so much at home, and so happy. Whereas, at home—”

“Oh,” she said, with enthusiasm, “how kind—how nice—how good of you to say! That is the most welcome thing I have heard, I don't know for how long!”

“How?” he asked, blushing.

“It was natural and genuine, and I like it for that. It is long since I, much of the world as I have seen, have heard such. But can I tell *you*—out of what you must call my own *selfishness*—nothing else,—that in that kindness, as you consider it, to *you*, I have been consulting only my own humour—following my own whim, if you like to call it so.”

“How do you mean?” said the Beauty, colouring still more.

“You know, then, what sort of life has been mine. How full of trouble, and wretchedness, and misunderstanding. My hurried marriage with *him*. Yet even then your wife interfered; did her best to injure me. I have forgiven her for that, long ago. She must me so much justice.”



"It *was* strange and unkind," said the Beauty. "I never understood it."

"Did mortal ever hear of such unceasing persecution and venom?" she went on, growing excited. "Ever since that time, it has never relaxed a moment. I can see it in her face; it is consuming her like a fever. You know that it embitters her life."

The Beauty did not deny it.

"Well, then, finding nothing but this bitterness—this hollowness and deceit, on all sides—even in that venomous old creature, Lumley, whom I despise; even he has his cast at me behind my back—it is mean, is it not?—well, in all this cloud of odium I find something in *you*, of sympathy, and myself turning to you constantly, as something that I feel interest in—that I like to think of—that I turn to when absent. I cannot explain this—I know not what name to call it by; but so it is. There it remains; and I should not care were Mrs. Talbot here herself for me to tell it to. There is nothing to be ashamed of. I was a soldier's wife—a brave man's wife, and do not fear her or any one. She will not intimidate me. Had she, indeed, been gentle or womanly, I should have done anything for her. *Now* she shall not get me beneath her feet. Never!"

The Beauty was quite struck by her brilliancy and fire, as she made this long speech of defiance. Her cheeks glowed, and he thought he had never seen her looking so handsome.

"She would give the world," went on Mrs. Labouchere "that this marriage was never to be. It is hateful to her—loathsome. She never thinks that it has *your* approval. *You* are above these prejudices. You are not enthusiastic; but, having once accepted it, you are too much of a gentleman to try and draw back. I have seen that through the whole; I have, indeed. And that was another thing that made me like and admire you—your manly and straightforward conduct."

"How kind of you to say all this! Oh, yes; that was what I said from the beginning. Once consent, and then keep to it. In fact, I always *insisted*, when I saw signs of her wishing to draw back, that there should be nothing of the kind."

"I thought so," she said, enthusiastically. "I knew it. Something seems to me to have inspired you lately. I have been struck by the change."

"Yes," the Beauty said, eagerly; "I own it. Since I have known you, Mrs. Labouchere, somehow, I have felt so much happier; and I find myself thinking when at a distance——"

*He stopped.*

"Yes," she said, eagerly, as a curious, greedy look came into her eyes. "Yes; tell me that."

His eyes fell upon the ground.

"Oh, I wish," he said; "I *wish* that——"

But he could not venture to say *that* as yet.

He remained silent.

She waited a moment, then spoke herself.

"We both approve this marriage, for the same reason. You say it *must* be carried through, so do I. May I venture to say it? It is time that Mrs. Talbot should begin to learn a little of life from you; and that bitter lesson is necessary."

"Oh, of course it shall be carried through. It is quite necessary."

At this moment came in the day's post—letters for everybody. Some for Mrs. Labouchere; while young Hardman suddenly appeared on the slope, looking a little heated—more angry than grieved. He came towards them hastily.

"See this—see here, Rose. What does this mean, Mr. Talbot? Surely you can't allow this? It is childish, unmeaning; and after all that has passed."

He put the letter into the Beauty's hand, who read it in wonder.

It was from Livy.

"What will you think of me when I write you what I have determined on, since being at your house? Determined, I say, after all that I saw there. Our marriage cannot be—can *never* be. I have made up my mind. I shall free those I love from a bondage that is hateful, and causing untold misery: and I care not what misery I cause myself if I do this. I think, too, that you have been changed since all this began. As I told you, those who are against her are against *me*. I could sacrifice everything for them. I am made use of as something to torture them. Thank God, I have the means of stopping that. Good-bye. Forgive me, if I cause you any deep pain by this.

"LIVY."

"What absurdity!" the Beauty said, angrily. "No consulting me either! It can't be."

Mrs. Labouchere seemed utterly overwhelmed at what she had received. Her lips were curling with scorn, as she read. Hers ran:—

"DEAR MRS. LABOUCHERE,—My daughter Olivia has told me of the letter she despatched to you last night. As nothing will

change her purpose, I lose no time in letting you know how thoroughly I concur in the propriety of the step she has taken. The whole business was unsuitable: it never had my approbation, from the beginning; but I was content to leave the matter to time. As you may wish to know the reason, which dear Olivia could never bring herself to tell, I may as well say frankly, that she has latterly begun to see things very much as I do—thank God for it; and that she knows now the object for which the marriage seems to have been promoted. I congratulate myself on its having turned out in this way. I am not sure, but *know*, it will be for the best.

“Perhaps you would mention this change in affairs to Mr. Hardman and Mr. Talbot, who is with you.”

“Not worth while consulting you,” was her first remark.

The Beauty was in fury.

“Never tired of insulting me,” he muttered. “They planned all this behind my back. But it *shan't* be. What *do* they mean? What are they at?”

Her eyes were fixed on the letter.

“Would you wish *really* to know? Then it is meant against *you* and *me*—against us. There is the whole truth for you, plainly spoken! She cannot match me at any other weapons, and so she takes this poor way of sacrificing her child. She can show you, too, that she can dispose of the most important matters without consulting you.”

“But she shall not. I know what all this is about. It will break Livy’s heart. Poor, poor child!” added the Beauty, with new-born paternal tenderness, “to punish her in that way!”

“Is it not strange,” she went on, “that this should have come just as we were talking of that one subject. What a strange dislike,” she said, as if talking to herself, “and all because *I* like——”

The foolish smile came on the Beauty’s lips. He was still the old *vainqueur*, irresistible, charming, able to subdue women’s hearts to himself. Here was this brilliant, transcendently clever woman, who was handsome, besides, and who had now for this long time past been gradually drawn under the influence of the spell. He was amazed as he looked back and saw the whole steady course of the affair—her indifference at first, her almost dislike, then all giving way gradually to his seductive influence. As he looked at her, he felt his heart stirred in a way it hadn’t been for years with vanity and complacent love, and at the same moment felt a rush of bitter hostility against *those*—he chose to make it plural—whose whole life

seemed to be laid out for the purpose of annoying and worrying him.

Now came out Mr. Hardman. "Why, what on earth is this? My son has just got a letter from your daughter about this marriage. Well, it is unfortunate."

"Oh, never mind," said the Beauty; "I shall go home at once, and see to it. I shall take care that the matter is settled as it was."

"Oh, I don't know that," said Mr. Hardman, pompously. "I don't want any chopping and changing of that sort. I wish it finally to be as it is now. Mrs. Talbot can't be playing fast and loose with us in this way."

"But it is not Mrs. Talbot; she has nothing whatever to do with it. I'll settle it all."

"You, nonsense!" Mr. Hardman said, with something very like contempt. "The thing must remain as it is; I wish it so. And to tell you the truth, I am not at all sorry. Really, all the treatment I have had to put up with from your wife——"

"But, father, you will not let it be said about the place that they have put us down in this way, broken off the match, as if we were some common people to be treated any way."

"Oh, nonsense! You needn't say those sort of things. No one can treat me in any way, I can tell you. If Mrs. Talbot," he still would ignore her husband, "were to come to me now on her knees, and implore me to change my mind, I would not."

"This is all because you were in trade, and they think we have a trader's soul. Perhaps we have," she added, scornfully, "as they can treat us in this fashion. Now is your time to take your place, and show that you are above this treatment. Firmly and determinately insist on this agreement being carried out. Mr. Talbot, the girl's father, requires it, too."

"Oh, as for that, Mr. Hardman——"

"I am the boy's father, and I don't want it, and I beg you won't interfere with me." He never minded what he said before the Beauty.

"No, we have not much pride, father," she said. "We certainly show ourselves true children of the people."

"I don't understand you, and don't forget yourself," he answered. "I am going over to Lady Shipley's, and my son shall come with me. Get the carriage round, d'ye hear, John?"

The young man came back timorously when his father was gone.

"I see what the game is," said she. "Lady Shipley, indeed! But it mustn't be! Have you no spirit, no regard for this girl, Mr. Talbot's daughter, who gave you her affections?"

"But she gives me up. Such a letter to write to me! Besides, why should you take this turn now? You know, you never approved of it, and would have given the world to see it broken off."

"I would. I own it here fearlessly, and Mr. Talbot knows it. He will do me the justice to say I have always been candid and frank to him. He knows how I disliked this, and why. There, go with your father on your mercantile expedition. Let us be traders to the end."

The Beauty strode into his own home with an unusual fussiness and dignity. "Where are they?"—"Send them here!" &c.

There was no need. Mrs. Talbot came gliding in, pale and worn, the marks of tears on her cheeks. The very act of her closing the door with a purpose made the Beauty uncomfortable.

"Now, what is all this?" he began.

"Oh, hush," she said; "no matter about that now. We must see about the future now. Tell me simply and calmly what is the meaning of this new course you have taken up? I ask a plain answer, and don't be *afraid* to speak plain."

"Afraid! Oh, that is all nonsense. I know you try to make me afraid."

"You poor, contemptible child, you shallow fribble! The proper way would be to treat you as if you were not responsible."

"Oh, come!" said he, bursting into a sort of "sputter" of rage. "I won't have this tone to me. What do you take me for? I have put up with it too long; such insolence and speeches, just as if I was a child."

"I disdain to argue with you; but wish simply to come to an understanding. My health is not equal to this worry. I can't be finding sense for you always, and watching to repair your mistakes. God knows it has gone on years enough. It must now end. Livy and I wish for change of air. I assure you, the doctors ordered it to me months ago."

"I shan't have Livy taken away. I am not going to give into their foolish plan. Now she is to marry, now she sha'n't; such chopping and changing! No wonder they take us for fools. She is my daughter, and the law gives me power over her, and she sha'n't stir. No! I will put it to *that* test. I will see who's to be the child or cipher now. Just try it. For shame of yourself. To turn your daughter's happiness into a—a—means of annoying a person you hate. But I won't allow it. Here, where is she? Let me tell her so."

"No-o-o, no!" she said, rushing between him and the door; "not *before her*. It would kill her to hear us in this way."

"Kill her, nonsense! I'm going to be a child no longer, I can tell you. Let me ring the bell. Don't stop me."

"You poor creature," went on Mrs. Talbot, in a low husky voice. "I am ashamed of myself when I think how long I have made an idol of such an object. The precautions, the miserable, childish precautions I have taken. I am humiliated when I think of it. You are not worth it an hour."

"How dare you——"

"Don't! don't forget what I am entitled to. I won't listen to it. It is like your weak soul, to have mistaken all my tenderness and watchings, for fear of yourself! Now, however, that is all at an end, and you must speak plainly. What is your course going to be, after this? I know what mine shall be."

"It shall be whatever I choose it to be. There!" said the Beauty, dismayed and most uncomfortable at this situation. "I'm not going to be a cipher in this house any longer."

"I ask you again, what is your course?"

"And I tell you again, I sha'n't be questioned and put down in that way. It's all folly. It's my wish, *as the head of this house*, that we should keep to this arrangement with the Hardmans, and I shall take care that it is done. And they are determined in it, too. Where's Olivia? Here, Olivia, come here."

That poor fluttering heart was not far off. She heard the angry voices piercing upwards through the ceiling to her little bower, where, as every tone was raised higher, it made her young heart shrink. She was down in an instant.

"Listen, Livy," said her mother, sternly. "Mr. Talbot, your father, wishes you to go back on that last step you have taken. Come, dearest child: do what you will about it. Think only of your own happiness."

"Oh, it is only yours, papa and mamma, that I care for," sobbed the young girl. "It is terrible to see all this going on! I cannot bear it. I do not care what becomes of me, when you, dearest father and mother, are in this way."

"Oh, childish nonsense!" he said. "I am not going to be made a fool of in my own house, I can tell you. To have the whole neighbourhood laughing at me. I think it was very un-called-for, your taking this step without consulting me, your father,—very un-called-for."

"Oh, don't, Beauty dearest," she began, in a sort of agony.

"And I must beg, too, that you will stop *that!* I have put up with it too long. I tell you what: you have done a foolish thing,

and you must make up your mind to keep your promise, and marry that young man. Beauty, indeed!"

"Livy knows all that she said to me last night. She will not *degrade* her poor broken-hearted mother."

"I shall be master in my own house," he said; "and if you dare to disobey me——"

The agony in her face could not be described. Now she looked at him, not at her mother.

"Kill me, if you like, Livy!" said her mother. "Think of yourself. I am weary. I long for rest, and the sooner it ends the better."

"Oh, yes, this is very romantic. I know the one who is weary, and who has suffered. I am sick of it too."

"Oh," said Mrs. Talbot, fiercely, "that I could express the contempt I feel for myself—that I should have thought such a precious treasure worth the guarding,—that womanish nature of yours, which could be so upset by some ridiculous speeches. I do not despise you; but I do myself, for my own blindness."

His voice trembled with rage. He seemed to spit forth these words: "You needn't talk. I have heard stories enough about your adventures——"

"Stop, stop!" she said, agitated. "Be generous before *her*. I have been a good and devoted wife to you——"

"Oh, we know all that," he went on, sneeringly. "I am under no compliment because you accepted me. Every body knew the reason of that." The malignant way in which he said this made Livy shrink and shiver within herself. Was this her loved Beauty, and not some loathsome and powerless adder, trying to sting? Was this what she had loved, worshipped, and revered? Oh Heaven above! what was to become of her, listening to these horrors?

The Beauty thought he had brought the matter to a point by his last speech, and like every foolish man, fancied he had struck home where he had missed. "Come, now," he said, with complacency, "do what I tell you at once. Get out the ponies, and we shall drive over."

"Livy, you know me, and what you said to me. You will not at this moment cease to be what you always have been—a good daughter?"

The Beauty was getting into a fury. "*My* house, and *my* daughter! I'll not be treated in this way. Do what I tell you!"

Our poor Livy, with distress and agony on her face as though she were called on to witness a death, and, indeed, here seemed to be a death of all that had been so dear to her, hovered in a

miserable uncertainty between father and mother, and knew not what to do.

"A fine mother, indeed, to give lessons! I could tell some stories that I only learnt lately, and which have been kept from me all these years back. You were once a model daughter yourself!"

Into the faded Chalon face came such a flush, so tender, and even modest, as though the unworthy charge, coming from *him*, had forced a rush of blood to that unfamiliar place. The look of physical pain—as though it had been some stab—almost extorted a cry from her child, who rushed to her, and putting her arms about her, by this simple act seemed to proclaim that she was driven to take part with her against all the world. Into that gentle face came a look of defiance and scorn. The foolish father and husband—his breast fluttering in him with vexation and a little alarm—standing undecided at one end of the room; that fair, excited lady and daughter at the other. A space stretched between.

"Oh, *for shame*, father!" cried she, and it was the first time almost that she used that word; "for shame, father! Oh, mother dearest, I am with you always. I shall stand by you, and give up the whole world for you. No one shall insult you when I am with you."

"Oh, a nice conspiracy," sneered the Beauty. "Stand by each other as much as you like. I shall look to myself now. I have put up with it much too long."

He literally shrank from the look of contempt on his child's face, and walked—slunk, rather—out of the room.

*(To be continued.)*

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## NOTES & INCIDENTS.

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WE are only in the second year of our New Series; yet death has taken from us two contributors of note. Last year we lost William Jerdan. He had written in the old numbers of *The Gentleman's*, no doubt; this month a pen which belonged to our New Series is laid by for ever. Mr. H. H. Dixon died on Wednesday last. He was suffering from a painful and harassing disease when we enlisted his services; but he loved his work, and received our proposition for a series of papers on sports and pastimes and rural life, as if we had secured to him a new lease of literary life. Mr. Dixon was educated for the bar; but he entered upon a journalistic career at an early age, his principal business having been in connection with *The Mark Lane Express*. He was more familiarly known as "The Druid." His latest work, "Saddle and Sirloin," was published this year. It is made up chiefly of a revised compilation of articles that have appeared in the paper just mentioned, *The Royal Agricultural Society's Journal*, and *The Gentleman's Magazine*. "The second part, 'South,'" he says, in his preface, "will (D.V.) see the light in the course of the present year." It has pleased the highest Power of all that "Finis" should come earlier than the author had arranged; but our friend was always prepared for the end. He was a high-minded, kindly gentleman; and his memory will live long amongst men who, loving rural life for its own sake, take a pride and a pleasure in the horse and the dog, uninfluenced by the mania for gambling.

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YE gentleman of England who dine at home at ease, bestow a minute's thought upon their dinners on the seas. Lend an ear to the wails of the merchant sailor, who is most undeservedly the worst-fed being in Christendom. The commonest labourer on the land can choose his food according to his means. The sailor, like a caged beast—and he is far less cared for—must take what is thrown to him. Bread made of blighted grain and damaged flour; mahogany beef, that may have any fault, so long as it does not positively stink; biscuit bought at a price that forbids the idea that it is made of edible meal, and stored in porous bags and leaky casks that are colonised by weevils and worms; tea and coffee that actually spoil the good water in which they are infused;—these are the qualities of nourishment doled out to poor Jack in his water-bound prison. Seldom do we hear of sailors' grievances from themselves; but upon this one they have, in their own organs, lately spoken with deep

feeling; and it is the duty of every echoing medium to resound their murmurs. Let, then, this assertion reach all ears it can: that if the food now being given by shipowners to their men went before a common market inspector, one half of it would be condemned as unfit for human mouths. The cause is clear enough. And the cure? That, too, is so obvious that it will surprise most people to hear that it is not provided for. Let seamen's food be placed under inspection. The supplies shipped for emigrants, for troops, even for convicts, are officially examined. Is it not, then, a cruel neglect to leave the sailor to the mercy of his parsimonious purveyor? There may be talk about interference between employer and employed; but was not the "Lime-Juice Act" such an interference? For this Jack has expressed his warm thanks. He says, with reference to what he had before and after it came in force, that he could not understand how two things bearing the same name could taste so differently. That, it may be said, was a sanitary measure. Let the provision question be dealt with as a sanitary one, too. Bad food must cause what bad lime juice could not cure.

POOR Faraday! It would seem that the Fates have interfered to prevent his having either a worthy biographer or a fitting memorial. Of lives there have been several more or less pretentious. First, after his death, came one from a foreigner, Professor De la Rive, the veteran electrician of Geneva, than whom, perhaps, no one could better appreciate Faraday's labours. This memoir was brief and exclusively scientific. Next came a longer history, also scientific, from Professor Tyndall; but this was not a book for those who wanted to know the philosopher as a man out of the laboratory and the lecture room. By-and-by appeared the fragmentary obituary compiled by Dr. Bence Jones for the Royal Society, from Faraday's diary and correspondence. This was very interesting; but it was not in readable form, and, not being published in the common way, few people saw it, though some of the periodicals connected the leading facts into short narratives. Lastly, the same editor multiplied his extracts to the production of the two volumes entitled the "Life and Letters of Faraday;" but these, from their size and the form of their contents, must be regarded rather as a collection of materials than a digested biography. So, after all, a people's book—not necessarily a popular book—on the boy's struggles and the man's achievements has yet to be written. Then with regard to the memorial scheme; it does not seem to prosper. Some five or six months ago it was publicly announced that the subscriptions thereto amounted to 1,400*l.*; yet now, by the latest quotations, the sum remains the same. The committee appear to have been a little unlucky in forming their plans. The restriction of individual donations to amounts no higher than five pounds doubtless robbed the fund of many handsome contributions; and it is more than probable that

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\* In justice it must be stated that there are some shipping firms against whose provisions the seamen make no complaint.

the nomination of a particular sum led many to believe that that sum was a minimum limit, and that small intentioned subscribers were thus hindered from giving anything. Then, too, the form proposed for the memorial—a statue in Westminster Abbey or the British Museum—is considered inappropriate by many and by some ludicrous. They who knew Faraday's mind recollect that he abhorred monuments; they who knew his outward man can bear witness to its unfitness for statuesque reproduction. A portrait monument is not the thing. A fitting memorial, one that would symbolize the philosopher's character for work as against show, would be a scholarship foundation, or a permanent fund for assisting philosophical students in Faraday's branches of research, or for rewarding investigators and discoverers in the physical sciences. When the committee announce some such a plan of usefully perpetuating the philosopher's name, and when they remind hesitating donors that the smallest contributions will be thankfully received, their labours will arrive at that beginning of the end which all who are conscious of the dangers of delay would be glad to see.

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Two popular errors have long existed concerning the history of the *guillotine*. Its invention has been credited to one Guillotin by name; and he is said to have lost his head in the machine. The second idea has so often been refuted that we need not further allude to it. With regard to the first, there are still doubts. Certainly Guillotin did not invent the destroying angel: a mechanically-falling hatchet had been used, during the two centuries preceding its French adoption, by half the countries of Europe, even by England. But did he revive it or propose its employment to his government? It is answered, No. One French writer denies him all participation in the questionable honour, and gives the sole credit of the proposal to the physician Louis, after whom the instrument was sometimes called *la petite-Louison*; while another party, wisely preferring a non-committal name, termed it the *coupe-lête*, which, by the way, was the nick-name of a French judge of the Jeffrey type. The reason for the revival of this disputation has been the question of the painlessness and momentary effectiveness of the falling knife's operation. It is asserted that Louis advocated its use upon humane and physiological grounds; he knew that the death thereby must be instantaneous; that all feeling and intelligence must cease at the moment when the sanguine connection between the heart and the brain is severed. And it was the humanity of the process that ultimately carried it in the Assembly; for the discussion on the point was long, and nearly terminated by the adoption of the gallows. Said the law reporter of the time (1791) "The penalty of death ought to be exempt from torture and reduced to the simple privation of life; your committee think that decapitation is the nature of death which departs the least from this principle; death by hanging appears to be slower and consequently more cruel." That Louis was correct in his conclusions has been within the past month re-proved

by two physicians who examined and experimented upon a victim's head directly it was severed, and found that the ear, the eye, the nose were absolutely unimpressionable. The face exhibited no sign of pain; the impression on the countenance, with its open mouth and dull staring eyes, was simply one of stupor. It would occupy a long space to detail their tests for sensibility; but they were all neutral in result; and all completely negated the absurd stories lately revived in connection with the lugubrious subject. One thing only made the inanimate facial muscles twitch, and that was electricity; but it was certain that this was no voluntary movement, for, when the skull was sawn asunder and the brain removed, there was still a quivering in the features to which the current was immediately applied.

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SILK, sugar, tobacco, quinine; these form a quartet of natural products of which recent philanthropists have advocated the home growth in Britain. If the Tenth Commandment is to be taken as applying to neighbouring nations, as well as individuals, then is it extensively broken in the matter of coveted trades and industries. Forty years ago strenuous efforts were made to introduce silk culture into England, or rather into Ireland; but the worms would not thrive. Some new attempts are being made, and these have been so far successful that, during the past three years, a gentleman in Kent has reared a thoroughly healthy stock of silkworms at a cost that promises profit, and produced cocoons of fibre equal to the finest Italian samples. There does not appear to be any reason why this branch of industry should not succeed with us: the French Inspector-General of Sericulture has given his opinion that our climate is well suited for it. We may feebly hope, then, at some time, to see the Lord Chancellor's wool-sack covered with silk. As to sugar—beet-sugar—there is no such fastidiousness in the sweet red root as would prevent its being agreeably introduced to our soils; and the culture ought to be remunerative, because after the sugar has been extracted the refuse substances supply two constant demands—the one, food for cattle, the other, material for paper manufacture. It is a fact that a small portion of home-grown beet-sugar already finds its way to the London market. Any prejudice that may exist against this article, whether British or foreign, will gradually be removed as it becomes known that large quantities of it are now mixed with the cane-sugar that we consume. The tobacco plant would give us mild cigars, if we might grow it; but, as the Government stated in the House of Commons one day last month, the revenue can't afford to lose the duties on imported weeds. Lastly, as to quinine. The cinchona plant has been reared in England; some interesting matters connected with its cultivation having recently been made known by Mr. J. E. Howard, a Fellow of the Linnaean Society; but from what we can gather, the difficulties encountered in trying to give the plant its native sources are so great that it must be long before the price of the indispensable medicine it yields is lowered by home supplies.

# CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

## AURORA POLARIS.

MR. URBAN,—It was my intention to have gone into certain investigations before troubling you with a reply to "Your Contributor's" letter on the above subject in your December number, but as I am still unable to do so, I enclose a list of several of my papers\* on meteorological and magnetic subjects, to some of which he may perhaps be able to refer.

I must pass over the greater part of his letter; and with respect to the question as to the height of the aurora, I beg to state that the opinion I advanced is, that (although so varied) auroral appearances are similar to the rainbow, and that no two persons see identically the same, or at least that no persons at a distance from each other can be certain that they look upon the same appearance, and, therefore, that all observations of the altitude of the aurora are useless. In support of this opinion I must refer him to my paper "On the Height of the Aurora Borealis," in No. 87 (Oct. 1847—Jan. 1848) of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, in which, I believe, I have shown that Halley's account, in the "Philo-

\* "Conjectures on the Cause of Rain, Storms, the Aurora, and Magnetism, with a Suggestion for Causing Rain at Will," read at the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow, 1840. See *British Association Report*, and *Athenæum* for 1840; and in a pamphlet, 1841.

"On the Cause of the Electricity of Steam." Published in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, 1844.

"On the Phenomena of Evaporation, the Formation and Suspension of Clouds," &c. Published in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, 1845.

"On the Cause of Storms and the Fluctuations of the Barometer," Published in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, 1846.

"On the Cause of Terrestrial Magnetism." Published in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, 1847.

"On the Aurora, and Declination of the Needle;" and "On the Cause of Evaporation, Hailstones, and the Winds of Temperate Regions," read at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, 1847. See *British Association Reports*, and the *Athenæum*.

"On the Height of the Aurora Borealis." Published in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, 1848. In this paper the following corrections should be made: p. 84, line 5, for "80," read "18"; p. 88, last line, for "or," read "and;" p. 89, line 12, "little" should be omitted.

"On the Change of Temperature in Europe, and the Variation of the Declination of the Needle." Published in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, 1853.

"An Essay on the Cause of Rain, and its Allied Phenomena." Published in 1859.

"A Lecture on the Storm in Wiltshire, which occurred on the 30th of December, 1859," given at a meeting of the British Meteorological Society, 1860.

sophical Transactions," of the aurora of March 6, 1716, proves that the appearances he describes were only local, although such were observed over a large portion of Northern Europe, Asia, and America; and he himself supposed that the auroral rays reached to such an enormous height as to be illuminated by direct rays from the sun so far below the horizon; that Dr. Dalton's celebrated calculation on the height of the aurora of March 29, 1826 (also published in the "Philosophical Transactions"), tells the same tale, as he rejected the observations on the height, apparently taken with care at Edinburgh, Jedburgh, Hawick, and Kelso, because the aurora appeared at the same elevation from all those places, and made his calculations on observations which were mere guess work, and not worthy of a moment's consideration; and that the observations of Professors Challis and Chevallier on the aurora of October 24, 1847, are of the same character, as the corona appeared at Durham, in a direct line with a southern star, and at the same time  $2^{\circ}$  to the south of that star to Professor Challis at Cambridge.

Professor Loomis states that observations gave a height to the aurora of 500, and not less than forty-six, miles from the earth's surface; and I would ask "Your Contributor" how he can account for the electric effects on the telegraph wires from an auroral cloud forty-six miles high? And how he can explain the elevation of vapour and its electricity to 500 miles in height? Which it must have been, if the theory now advanced by Professor Loomis be true, and the observations not deceptions?

As it appears that "Your Contributor" could only find a brief sketch of my theory in the "high-class scientific library" he has the privilege to use, I may perhaps be once more tempted into print, and if so, I hope my paper may be deemed worthy of your notice; and if you pass it over to the handling of "Your Contributor," I shall heartily wish "more power to his elbow," and say "Lay on, Macduff."—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

G. A. ROWELL.

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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

MAY, 1870.

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THE CHRISTIAN VAGABOND.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST FOOTPRINT.

“**M**Y first steps in the world,” said the Christian Vagabond, “cost me more than it is needful to the purpose of my tale, I should dwell much upon, Sisters. I had my mission for go-cart. I had to settle my arm to my staff, and to wear it smooth. The tool is best when it has been intelligently used. The first time a man feels himself alone in the world, is a moment nothing which the future may have in store, can sweep from him. His sense of independence is worth all the luxury of bought service; but his idea of feebleness in the presence of a world's strength is the dominant one, and it has a weight that holds his feet to the earth.

“I turned the shoulder of the road from my gates, catching the tearful face of Felix for the last time over a hedge. I was at once almost borne down under the mob of confused memories that rushed in upon me. So, the beggar had turned away, bleeding, from my father's lodge. I was thus far, on his track: thus far! A furlong or so. At my back was the winding riband of a road over the hills, which my gruff father was accustomed to take, when he went forth to the boar hunt, or to the fiercer strife of man against man. His sad, stern face peeped under my hat. His stalwart form strode to bar my passage. Whither was I, the heir of that mighty baron, *bending my steps*? My casque and plume, where were they?”

I was on foot, and leaned upon a staff, like a shepherd of the great man's flocks. 'Back!' the phantom figure of my father said, planting an eye of fire upon me: 'back, from this quest after a beggar, to knightly places and deeds which the noblest princesses of the world shall pay with smiles and scarfs, and silken banners with beauty's hand sweetening every device and hem!'

"Those first steps, sisters, were more than the scouring of a continent. They were taken with a halt between each. My spirit never wavered. My paces were not those of a laggard resolution. But as, when muffled for a long journey, to come face to face with creatures towards whom we stand feet to feet, we measure at a bound the distance that must separate us from those whom we love, before we shall be re-united: so I saw the whole world rounding between me and the dear Felix, and his mother, and the greasy little volumes, and the sprawl upon the grass, and the dark room of the lodge, in which I had first warmed to the holy beauty of Clotilda, in her patience and faith; when her child lay dead, and her pagan lord ground his teeth at her God.

"It was by the first cottage in the village that I halted, overcome by the violent working of my brain. Men, in agony generally do some trivial thing. The malefactor on his way to death, has a jest oftentimes, with his neck bared for the knife. I stooped to pluck some grasses, to wanton with them, and rid myself of the muscular fever that oppressed me; and I drew my fingers over a bed of nettles!

"It was a grateful pain. While I rubbed my hand, it flew about the village that the young lord had harmed his soft hands! The cottager's wife meekly crept to me with a nostrum. Had her neighbour's eldest born—the staff and hope of the hearth—been brought home slain by the hoof of a horse at the plough, the poor woman had not manifested the mighty grief that possessed her, because the master of the hamlet and of many hamlets round about, had beaded his palms with a white blister or two. This was sad. It led me to reflect on the effect of poverty on the hearts of men.

"I sate at my tenant's hearth, to take further counsel with myself. And the people of the village came flocking to the door, and passed, in many shabby ways excusing their wondering glances at the lord of the soil, who was attired humbly, and with a peasant's staff in his hand. The fat, awkward children of my hostess stood in dark corners of the cottage, sucking their thumbs, and marvelling. When the head of the house came home from his day's work, and had thrown his tools aside, and his wife had whispered to him that an immortal



honour had fallen upon him in the shape of my presence by the crackling logs of his hearth; he ducked his head, and testified his embarrassment and humility in uncouth, slavish movements. A sick child—his own flesh and blood—lay curtained in a recess; but I, being lord of the plain, was all to him. I was a puzzle as well as the master of his destinies. In his narrow skull my name and dignity were associated with the clanking of military state. He had seen my father and my grandfather before him ride past, plumed and belted, and attended by gorgeous serving-men. Then what could my hodden grey mean? What strange caprice had led me to strap on a wallet, and to take the outer man of a pedler? Was the young lord mad? When I spoke, this peasant weakened at his knees, and twirled his cap, and could not answer, until urged by his wife, who feared my cholera.

“‘You have a sick child you have not seen since the morning: look to it, my man,’ I said, using my gentlest tones to win confidence with this poor, abject creature. And he could scarcely move towards the cot.

“‘The boy is better,’ the woman interposed; ‘but our noble master has suffered, Paul, and will not let me even ease the pain of his hand.’

“‘It has passed,’ I was led to answer, impatiently. ‘The prick of a few nettles, nothing more. But your child; let me see it.’

“I drew the curtains aside; and the face of the little sufferer flushed at the sight of the great figure it had been taught to venerate. The eyes were glassy and the flesh was waxen. The hands lay heavily upon the bed, weary and indifferent. When I looked from the infant to the mother, who stood at the head of the cot, composing the pillows, the tears flooded to her eyes and dripped upon her baby’s brow. We had come to one conclusion.

“‘Our little friend is free from pain?’ I asked.

“‘Since the morning, noble master,’ said the mother. While the ploughman-father stood, silent and awkward and placid, I stooped and kissed the dying boy; on whose sweet head the God of Clotilda was watching, through a night as thick as that which encompassed the agony of the Christian princess’ first-born.

“I was in despair at the Cimmerian darkness in which this ploughman—product of my property, and part and parcel of a system which gave me crowns by the thousand, and a handful of coins only to him—was planted. His poverty from the cradle had held him in the gloom. It lay upon heart and soul. The man could eat *and drink, and work* at the plough-tail, and fulfil his life *much like*

the farm stock of the meanest kind. The dull round of his unenlightened animal being had choked up the avenues of his heart. I was profoundly touched; and afterwards, overcome with sadness when passing on through the village, I saw my Cimmerians gazing, heavy and foolish as ruminating cattle, after me. One or two laughed stupidly aside: but all had shambling salutes, and testified their veneration for the young lord of the soil, even in his cottier's disguise.

"What could I be meditating? Felix told me how they talked after I had left the village. To some I was a young madman: to many I was soft. Not one could understand a generous motive. The belief of the ignorant is in cunning. The proper, obvious thing for a young man of my position to do was to array myself in the finest clothes; repaint the castle; call revellers to my halls; bid the wine flow from the casks; and take no notice of the winds in the mud huts by the roadside. The cunning, worldly use of the position, my poor, ignorant people could see; and they were ready to fall to the earth before me—and eat their black bread, and suffer ague in their cabins:—but they despised the pilgrim, and could not apprehend that he could have any nobler mission than that of overcoming some enemy or rival, by ambush or disguise.

"The departure of the noble master,' Felix wrote to me, 'is a perpetual puzzle in the village. When I tell them that you have the most pious—the holiest designs; that you yearn for their good beyond all things; that I am charged to watch over them, and take every opportunity of helping them and of teaching them; they mostly shake their heads, and, I am afraid, take me for a wary steward, who has an evil purpose of his own to serve. They were very merry over your stay in Paul's cottage—whose boy died the night on which you set out on your travels. They are cunning, unbelieving in good and ungrateful for help, because they are ignorant; and because they cannot be brought to understand any higher notion than self-interest. It is the animal's feeling for his own skin which leads them to the village altar.

"Is not this night horrible, noble master? The physical suffering in the sharp winter, and in the wet seasons, when the rye is dear and there is dread of famine, are woful enough. But at the root of the evil lies their mental nothingness: for Ignorance is the parent of Hunger as well as of crime. It is ignorance of a density which would lead the toughest schoolmaster to despair, that makes the slaves over whom you lamented in your first honoured letter to your affectionate servant."

The Vagabond had unbound his wallet and was reading, from a packet of correspondence, the varying shades of which to dark yellow, dated the years over which it had extended.

"I had observed, said the Vagabond, addressing himself to the Lady of Charity, in one of my letters to Felix on the subject of my villages, which, after the hours I spent in Paul's cottage, continually tormented my mind; that a certain writer had remarked that in the Lives of the Saints, one is astonished to find the majority sprung from the upper classes of society. I had taught Felix, my steward, to confer and argue with me on absolutely equal terms: since we both desired the truth, and it could be only by an unreserved commentary on our plans, and actions, and ideas, that we should be enabled to make way against the human evils which we deplored in common. He answered me as to the majority of the worldly great among the Saints.

"'I think, noble master'—from this form of address I could never prevail upon him to depart—'I think, noble master, I can find solutions of the puzzle, even on your own domain. Saints! The peasant child crawls from its cradle out upon the mud about the cabin; becomes familiar with the pig; sees the father beat the mother with its baby's eyes; feels blows before its bones are set; craving bread, chips its first teeth against a stone; is cuffed by brothers and companions; is in an atmosphere of cursing and lying; and cheats and schemes against all around it, as naturally as the child of rich parents tends to the school-room. The village priest lays his kind hand upon the wild little head—that wonders why the pat on the cheek is not a blow upon the back. The Kind it mistrusts: and only the Selfish and the False appear natural people to it. The Educated throw up their arms in pious horror when they hear that a peasant has slain his brother with a hatchet, or kicked his brains out—for a half dollar piece. The fact is, he has hardened into this monster—through years of Ignorance acting upon a low estate.'

"This has struck me as being very true, sisters," the Vagabond said, interrupting his reading, and glancing at the rows of mild-faced women, in their flannel hoods, who were listening to him.

"'The human monster is a creature of slow growth. God has planted so much more good seed than bad, that society must persevere in a wicked perversity, gathering all the good and the beautiful to the few, and the wrong and the base to the many; before such a condition of humanity is produced as that which now surrounds *your ancient castle*, and takes food from the land of *your illustrious*

ancestors. Materials for saints in these mud cabins! It is a marvel that a devil does not issue from every doorway, and make homicide as common among men, as daisies in the meadows.

“The reason which I apply to the remark with which you have favoured me on the paucity of saints sprung from the lower ranks of society—seems to me applicable also to your further remarks.

“The nimbus glorifies the heads of seventy popes; while village priests who have been canonised, exist almost exclusively in the imagination of the romance writer.

“The poor village priest! Him with whom I was sitting last night; and who was going over the work to be done among the poor in the village! By what accident should his name become familiar in the mouths of men? He is ignorant, noble master—more ignorant than your affectionate steward who addresses you; and who has been allowed to profit by a position in the light of your educated intelligence. He has once or twice seen his bishop: he occasionally performs mass for a neighbouring priest of a flock as ignorant as his own. The outer world is a blank to him. You may see him, with his gown tucked about his legs, in his own potato field. He cut me a crisp artichoke last evening while we sate together, and we ate his black bread—like two of your poorest peasantry. He does all the good he can: Baptises, weds, buries, absolves, comforts, and advises—these lean, black-visaged Cimmerians, whom society has thrust “beyond the ocean-stream.” He talks the plainest truths in the *patois* of the province, and yet they stand open-mouthed before him, and can understand only a tittle of his speech. He is just a little above them: I assure you, not much. But he is worth his measurement in solid gold for the example which he sets. He is no saint, as, in the world, the saint is understood. It is but a gipsy's candle in the general darkness. But what would this village be, the priest removed? When light has broken upon crowds of hopeless people like those who lie near your gates, it has come from humble pastors like the contented man of a little knowledge, who broke his crisp artichoke leaves last night with me—while he pitied the hard, overshadowed lot of the creatures given to his care. How should the army of which he is a soldier, supply volumes to the Lives of the Saints? Little, patient services by the cowherd's death-bed; final comfort spread over the mortal agony of a waggoner; a helping hand afforded when a thatch falls in; a cup of wine always ready for the weak and sick—are not saintly *travail* which begets the light that glorifies.

“The village priest is a good illustration, planted in the midst of this village of our Cimmerians. His life, I can testify, is all that becomes the position which he holds. And why is it so far removed from that of his flock? His natural intelligence, I may say, without wanting in respect to his character, is spare and circumscribed. The knowledge which he has is, I have already observed, little: and yet it has sufficed to quicken so much moral and spiritual good in him, that he appears a saint to his flock—and the women and the children stir for a moment out of their brutishness when he passes.

“The nimbus may burn about seventy canonized popes—and the village priests may, for the present, owe all their ‘celestial ardours’ which the world has consented to see about them to poetic generousities; but I am persuaded that in the martyrology and seraphic labours of village priests, are material for a library of holy books. Where so much is done, noble master, with the little light of the village pastor, is it not wicked to leave the school-room unbuilt?”

Here the Vagabond laid his papers aside, and said:—

“You will see, Sisters, how my first footsteps from home were troubled by doubts and perplexities. It is comparatively easy to resolve to do the little good we may—the difficulty is to find the true road. In search of that road I have been wandering on since I parted from Felix. I left him to follow out my instructions; and to let the poor people dependent on me profit speedily by the discoveries in the Christian art of raising the poor and instructing the ignorant. It was a weighty task I left the devoted Felix to get through. It was better in his hands than in mine; for I could not get near enough to my poor. They shrank from me as deer shrink from the dogs.”

“Most pitiful is that aspect of poverty,” the Lady of Charity said. “It is heartrending to see a brother or a sister, shrinking from the hand, and defiant of the sympathetic voice, and the kind eye. They have been the victims of a life of cruel usage. They have been made utter strangers to any good impulse; and have lived without ever having heard of a good deed. I have wept—we have all wept—over these wild, abandoned souls.”

“I know, Lady of Charity, that this most poignant sorrow in the Christian pilgrim’s way, has befallen you, and the Sisterhood; for you have laid your gates wide open, and have had to persuade the starving to put confidence in the hand that holds the water, and proffers the bread. My predicament was unusually difficult in this: *the benighted poor* were the produce of my own domain. They were

the awful result of the rule of my father, and of his harder grandfather and ancestors. We had peopled villages with beings of human form—whose minds were on a level with the cattle on our farms. I was overwhelmed by the burden of the responsibility; from the day when I sate in Paul's cottage, and the timid villagers peeped in at me through the doorway. I passed out of the peasant's cabin feeling myself a criminal. When the sun went down on my wandering steps for the first time, I fell into a reverie. I saw the ancestors of my villagers. The long black line stretched back through the years into the distances of the dark ages—deepening ever in the gloom. I beheld my progenitors treating fellow men as, in these times, the law will not permit the ruffian to use the meanest thing that crawls. Visions of all the cruelties put upon the weak and lowly by the strong, passed before me. The gleaming points of axes were the dread constellations that stood over the sombre lines of bent and trembling men. I saw them borne into the torture chamber: carried screaming away; robbed of daughters and wives; the flame of the stake—the human form dangling under a tree; tied to the heels of a horse; broken, beaten, trodden under foot! And how many centuries after the days of Clotilda! Saints through centuries had been washing the feet of the poor—nay, of their beasts:<sup>a</sup> had dressed the tables of Lazarus, eaten out of the beggar's dish, and from the ewer of the leper. Princesses had dressed wounds in hospitals, and had contented themselves with the broken victuals of mendicants. Devout men had assembled all the poor of the Holy City at the Vatican, and helped them to eat their fill. Christianity taught these sacrifices to misfortune ages ago; and made rags worshipful. Eminent churchmen dined between road-side tramps. "Jesus is in the streets," holy men whispered to each other. "Let us bid him welcome. Let us sell the gold of our altars, the splendours of our vestments, and entertain him." One great man would spread a table to a thousand. The "forum of charity" was raised, and willingly served. The poor man was washed, fed, clothed, and put to bed, and had his wounds dressed by the great men and women of the earth: and yet the days were dark over the villages and in the by-ways: and in the midst of the gentlest examples, there were the most brutal laws. What might not my ancestors do with their serfs? What had they not done with them that was bad, seeing the condition of heart-and-soul bondage and darkness in which their children came to me? Charlemagne

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<sup>a</sup> St. Jerome, washed the hoofs of the camels on which poor pilgrims came to the hospital of Jerusalem.

called the poor his masters : and long afterwards the heel of the lord of the soil was upon the neck of him who tilled it. Monks strove their utmost to distribute the most delicate of their viands to the poorest : and there was famine over the land ! An ancient pious lady<sup>b</sup> set up a manufactory of jellies for the poor : and they increased round about her. They ate daintily to music with noble dames for waiting women : and they lay, like swine, styed along the valleys which the castles, proudly flaunting flags, commanded. Hospitals, asylums, sweet places of repose for worn-out men, foster-motherhood for orphans, and sheltering eaves for the widowed and oppressed, made sunny spots in Christian lands : and still the darkness was a pall upon the mass. There were crowns and wreaths, and incense and piles of rich fruits upon and around the pall : but underneath was Death.

“The time came, we are told, before the eyes of any of us had opened on the day, when the current of Charity was so strong, it carried all society along with it. Since the poor could not be admitted to every table and every meal, they were represented by alms-vessels. These were vases, sometimes of rare artistic excellence, placed upon the board, or near at hand, for the reception of the share of the poor. The first cut of the cake was the Poor’s share—God’s share ! The almoner is the oldest office of Courts : and he raised the full alms-vessel before his master. The devout respect for the unfortunate, led men of the highest culture, we find, to cast away riches, and lie with the beggars in spiritual ecstasy, and to set up great orders of poverty.

“The world was not thickly populated in those times ; so that the reader of the Lives of the Saints, and of the rich who cast themselves into the service of the poor ; of the treasures which were willed by Christian piety to charitable purposes, is perplexed in this—that there was poverty remaining to be comforted.

“I have often lain under a bush, pondering these things, my good Sisters, until the daisies have closed up around my books, warning me out of the dew. I have summed up the whole of the work of charity which Christianity has brought upon the earth to heal the wounds and blows of avarice and greed and vanity ; from Charlemagne, with beggars for his masters, to the colder regulated benevolences of modern times—fruit of scientific disquisitions ; and then I have gone back to my own villages, massed under one fate as dark as that of Plato’s Cimmerians. The very night I strode from my gates I lay

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<sup>b</sup> The venerable Louise de Marellac.

under the stars, and wrought my mind near to madness. The child of the peasant Paul would not leave me. Those vacant, foolish faces in the door-way stared at me. I thought I heard the angry murmur of the village travelling over the hills to me: and I was comforted at the remembrance that I had put some leagues of land, not my own, between us."

"I understand your agony, venerable Brother," the Lady of Charity said, "I was born rich in the midst of poverty. I have seen waste with hungry hundreds at hand; heard of and seen all the woes which cover the unknown, unattended poor. The remembrance makes the heart faint; for, of the sum, how much can we compass?"

"We work with the strength which is given to us, Sister," the Christian Vagabond answered; "and he who wastes no strength in his appointed service, may be of good cheer. One man,<sup>c</sup> shaming Cadmus of old, has by the stamp of his holy foot raised up fifteen thousand Sisters of Charity, to the bedsides of the children of poverty. He sowed words of gentleness, and not dragon's teeth. He has lain while many generations have passed by the grave in the church of the nuns at Annessy, and yet his work was never brisker nor more lustrous than it is now; and it is from his burning earnestness that you, my Sisters, often gather courage in moments of heavy trial."

"The Sisters bowed low, and the Lady of Charity answered for all,—

The blossoming deeds of the saints are the sustaining perfume of the sick-room. They are the salts we use to put away fears and fevers."

"It was the service of the poor," the Vagabond resumed, "to which Christianity first brought men; and afterwards to that of the sick. From the table of the destitute and the bed of charity, we come to the hospital, the service of the sick. The names of the heroes who have fought their battle through leprous wards are legion. The leper found his feet in the ministering hands of a queen: and felt the kisses of pious lips upon his sores. Such have been the lessons taught on the sacredness of pain, and the duty that is due to the afflicted. Ages ago rulers washed the ulcers of poor men: and I saw Paul's little boy dying in a corner of the dark, close cabin, near my gates. I had been born within a few furlongs of the child's birth-chamber, and knew nothing about my neighbour!"

Folding his arms across his breast, according to his habit, the

<sup>c</sup> Saint Vincent de Paul.



Christian Vagabond slowly continued, and pensively—with his eyes wandering about the rushes at his feet:—

“I was lost in amazement as well as in grief; that so much heroism, so much Christian example, such lustre in piety, should have made the world no better than I found it. Had my father never thought of these things? Was his mind given up to the art of slaying, and the pleasures of the cup? Had my mother left no happy lines of her progress through our villages? She had: but of my father, or of his father, or of the generations beyond, I have never obtained a trace. No silver alms-vessel is among my transmitted wealth: nor have I traced marble nor oaken table of the poor in my halls. But——”

Here smiles flickered over the wrinkles of the Christian Vagabond's face—

“But, happy days—a few, my good Felix gave me, when he wrote me that he had found traces of my mother's goodness among the villagers; and that he had seen fresh flowers laid in abiding gratitude upon her grave in the church, where she lies by the side of those of our stern race who are stiffly carved in stone. She had stolen often, attended by Felix's mother, to the cabins where the sick lay, or where there was an extra pinch of poverty. Where she had passed, Felix perceived a little light. A few had been touched: and directly the heart is touched with gratitude it is raised. Doing good to the ungrateful is the hardest; and, at the same time, the highest task: since these are most in need of help.

“So debased had my poor people—victims of generations of my great family—become; that Felix—I think I have told you already, Sisters—could make no way with them. They slunk away from him, as they had from me. He was, as a fox in a warren. There are not two opinions among the rabbits as to the mission of Reynard.

The Sisters tittered at the playful pass—and a laughing interlude happened—refreshing the general attention.

“We are listening, Venerable Brother,” the Lady of Charity resumed, smiling her sisterhood to silence.

“He searched for a foundation. We wanted the hopefullest home to begin upon. He found it at last, in the wilderness of Ignorance, and Sloth, and Pagan blindness—the slough accumulated to my dishonour, by my family—and, it warmed my courage and was balm to my mind, to read that it was where my mother had visited most frequently.

“In quest of the best government of the poor, as well as of the *beggar my parent smote*, I now strode heartily forward: for I had

my grounds where the seed I might pluck could be sown. The end of my life, I said, should be a happy village, through which I would travel home, when I had gleaned enough afield.

“‘Happy St. Francis of Sales!’ was my constant exclamation to the hills and valleys, to the forests and the streams, as I trudged. ‘Shall I make my village full of joy before my bones fail me: and will it grow to be a kingdom?’”

“The name of your village, Venerable Brother?” the Lady of Charity asked.

“Its ancient name is well forgot. I called it the village of Clotilda. Felix and myself loved the name.”

*(To be continued.)*

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## OUR IRON-CLAD SHIPS.

**F**OR more than ten years we have been hard at work on the reconstruction of our navy, and during that time have spent at least ten millions sterling on iron-clad ships, besides enormous sums on experiments made at Shoeburyness and elsewhere. We have had discussions, loud and long, on the principles of iron-clad construction, on the comparative merits of broadside ships and turret ships, of long ships and short ships, of wood hulls and iron hulls, of single screws and twin screws, and Heaven knows what beside. In the meantime the work of building iron-clads has been steadily progressing, and as successive ships have been laid down they have been fitted with stronger armour as well as supplied with more powerful guns, so that results scarcely dreamt of ten years ago are now regarded as only natural. We have now reached a position, in fact, when the novelty of iron-clads has worn away, and it is possible to take stock, as it were, of our armoured fleet, as well as to estimate its standing relatively to the fleets of France and America. This we propose to do briefly, availing ourselves of the valuable work recently published by Mr. Reed<sup>a</sup> for the principal facts connected with our iron-clads, and of the best accessible sources for the corresponding facts respecting foreign ships.

The Emperor of the French, by suggesting the adoption of armoured floating batteries for service during the Crimean War, laid the foundation for the construction of iron-clad *ships*, the first of which, *La Gloire*, was also built under his auspices, having been commenced in 1858. Our first iron-clad frigate, the *Warrior*, was not commenced until a year later, by which time *La Gloire* was well advanced, and three other iron-clads were on the stocks in the French dockyards. The French, by this prompt action, got the lead of us—thanks to the hesitation of the Admiralty—and this lead they continued to increase rapidly, spurred on by the hope that the change in war-ships would be fatal to the naval supremacy of “perfidious Albion.” At first it seemed likely, indeed, that their hope would be fulfilled; for

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<sup>a</sup> “Our Iron-clad Ships,” by E. J. Reed, C.B. London: John Murray; 1869.

after taking the first step our naval authorities lingered for months before taking the second, and ordering more iron-clads to be commenced. The position was doubtless a difficult one, but it must always remain a matter of serious regret that in the early period of the iron-clad reconstruction such delays should have occurred; especially as there was obviously only one course to follow—to build ships that should surpass the French vessels then being constructed. The construction of an armoured ship is necessarily a work requiring considerable time, even when all haste is made; and had war broken out between this country and France in 1861 or 1862 we should probably have found it impossible, even with the help of private shipbuilders, to produce iron-clads in the numbers required in order to compete with the French vessels then existing.

A few facts may render this clearer. At the end of 1859 we had altogether four iron-clads in process of construction; the French had ten. In 1861 the Admiralty made a vigorous effort to overtake the French, and commenced no less than eleven new iron-clads; but the French were not to be beaten, and they laid down ten. Throughout the period 1862-64 we gained upon the French, and at the end had twenty-eight vessels built and building against twenty-nine French ships, but of the latter a considerably greater proportion were ready for service. Our neighbours, however, did not seem to have been pleased with our gain in numbers, and in 1865 they added eleven new ships to their fleet while we only laid down four vessels. At the end of 1869 we find our number somewhat closer to theirs than it was in 1865, for they have fifty-one iron-clads against forty-seven of ours—reckoning on both sides only those vessels which are capable of serving, at least, in the Channel.<sup>b</sup> Although still behind the French in numbers, we stand before them in other respects; and should war now break out we need not fear the fate which might have overtaken our naval power seven or eight years ago, since in armour, armament, and speed, our recent iron-clads are unrivalled. According to the policy laid down in Mr. Childers' recent speech on the navy estimates, our iron-clad fleet is to be gradually increased to between fifty and sixty in number, and to be maintained at that force.

It was not until the close of the year 1861 that the Americans

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<sup>b</sup> This excludes eleven weakly armoured batteries built for river services, and four other batteries built during the Crimean War, from the French iron-clads; while on our side we have not reckoned five floating batteries built at the same time, and three monitors intended for the defence of Melbourne and Bombay.

began to build iron-clads. Pressed on by the exigencies of the Civil War they laid down three vessels at first. One of these, the *New Ironsides*, was a broadside frigate which did good service at Charleston, but has since been burnt. A second, the *Galena*, was a smaller broadside vessel; she proved a failure, and her armour has been removed. The third was the now famous *Monitor*, which has given her name to a type of iron-clads, eminently adapted for coast services such as had to be performed during the war. On this account the greater number of the American ships were built on the plan, and from the circumstances under which they were constructed, we should naturally expect the rate of production to have been greater than it was for the French and English iron-clads. This was actually the case, and without tracing the various steps of progress we may state that at the end of last year the American ships numbered fifty-two, against fifty-one for the French and forty-seven for ourselves. If numbers constituted the standard of power, therefore, we should occupy the lowest position; fortunately they do not, and we may fairly claim the highest place.

In order to justify this opinion we must look more closely into the qualities of these three iron-clad fleets. The first thing that must strike every observer is the similarity in many respects existing between our ships and their French rivals, and the great contrast between the European and the American ships. In reconstructing our navy we have naturally been guided by the consideration that English war-ships must be capable of protecting English commerce, and of proceeding to all parts of the world. Hence the greater number of our iron-clads are equipped with masts and sails, and are capable of proceeding under sail alone on the most distant voyages. In proof of their sea-going and cruising capabilities it may be stated that, at present, we have iron-clads on the Pacific, Atlantic, and China stations, some of which have been on these stations for years; and if further proof were needed, reference might be made to the performances under sail of our Mediterranean and Channel Squadrons. The French have adopted a similar course with most of their iron-clads, but as a rule they rig their ships more lightly than ours, thus reducing the sailing capability. One of their vessels, the *Belliqueuse*, has been round the world, and others have performed long voyages, so that there can be no doubt of their sea-going capabilities. The Americans have no ships to compare with these; for, in spite of all that has been said about the sea-going powers of the monitors, it is now generally admitted that they are by no means fitted for *ocean voyages*. In September last a notice of the merits and

demerits of this class of war-ships appeared in our pages, and it is not necessary again to go over the ground then trodden. Suffice it to say that since then, the opinions expressed respecting the lack of sea-going qualities in American monitors have been explicitly confirmed by the Report of the Secretary of the United States Navy for the year 1869. As the subject has, at various times, attracted much attention, we may be pardoned for quoting one or two passages.

Speaking of monitors, the Secretary says:—"They are steam batteries, not sea-going cruisers. Some of them have illustrated, by successful experiments, their capacity for a sea-voyage under favourable circumstances . . . but they could not be used as cruisers on foreign stations. They require several vessels to accompany them; and, being entirely without sailing power, must be towed as soon as their coal is exhausted. They would always be dangerous to health in tropical seas, and with broken or disordered machinery would be helpless in mid-ocean. They are valuable for auxiliary defence of our own shores, but should not be relied upon beyond them." In another place he alludes to the fact that all their present sea-going ships are unarmoured; and expresses the opinion that, "in the event of war, they would be uselessly sacrificed, or obliged to find safety in neutral ports; or, abandoning the sea and leaving our commerce to its fate, to seek on our shores the protection of our monitors and forts." Mr. Robeson thus frankly confesses the want of sea-going iron-clads, and the consequent unprotectedness of the American commercial marine: but he goes further, and advises an entire change of policy—thus furnishing a most potent argument for the superiority of the policy we have followed. "France and England," he says, "rivalling each other in ingenuity, energy, and liberality . . . have both succeeded in constructing some beautiful specimens of iron-clad sailing vessels with auxiliary steam-power, effective for every warlike purpose, and able to keep the sea under all circumstances. . . . In the meantime we have built no ships of the kind, but we have watched with interest all the naval experiments of Europe; and, familiar with their details and results, we know their strength and their weakness. . . . The time has come, I think, when we should begin to use the knowledge we have been seeking: and I, therefore, earnestly urge the propriety of commencing at once the building of sea-going iron-clads, suitable to cruise on foreign stations, and able to protect our commerce and vindicate our principles, in any emergency." It will scarcely be asserted that the Secretary desires to depreciate the monitors in the

eyes of his countrymen and of foreigners, and no one can know better—or, at least, ought to know better—what the real capabilities of these vessels are; so that the opinion he expresses will, we think, put an end to the attempts which have repeatedly been made to Americanize our Navy by the wholesale introduction of monitors. For special services monitors are, undoubtedly, to be preferred to sailing iron-clads: and we are, therefore, pleased to find that vessels of this kind, but of an improved type, have been added to our Navy during the last year or two; but for general cruising services it will be hard to find a better type than is presented by the most recent French and English broadside iron-clads, unless rigged turret-ships, such as the *Monarch* or *Captain*, are multiplied.

The essential difference in type between American and European iron-clads, has to a great extent prevented that close competition which has existed between our ships and the French; and, on the other hand, the resemblances between English and French iron-clads are very much due to the closeness of the competition. Rival designers have naturally scanned each other's work closely, and been ready to profit by each other's experience; so that, in some respects, we have followed the French models; and, in others, they have followed ours. For example, they led us to adopt what is known as "complete protection," in some ships—that is, armour plating the whole broadside from stem to stern—by following that plan in *La Gloire*, and nearly all their early vessels; while we taught them the advantage of "partial protection"—that is, armour plating only certain parts of the broadside. From the first, however, there were considerable differences, as well as resemblances, between the two fleets. The French continued to build mainly in wood, while we preferred iron in most cases. They built broadside ships only for some years; we soon commenced turret ships, on Captain Coles' plan. And, although we have not built many altogether, we have continued to build them ever since; whereas, the French have now, we believe, only one true turret vessel, the monitor *Onondaga*, purchased from the Americans a year or two ago. At present we have two coast-defence turret-ships and one coast-defence monitor, two sea-going monitors, and four rigged turret-ships—nine in all. And our superiority to the French in this respect is by no means the least important feature in the contrast between the two fleets.

Another most important feature, and one on which much stress has repeatedly been laid, is the want of homogeneity, or uniformity, in the ships of our navy, as compared with the French vessels. Our broadside frigates, for example, have lengths varying between 260 feet

and 400 feet ; while the French frigates have lengths ranging between 260 feet and 290 feet. A most remarkable illustration of the variety characterising our ships was afforded, last autumn, by the squadron assembled under the nominal command of the First Lord of the Admiralty. There were three ships, of which the length was 400 feet ; two about 330 feet, and one 300 feet, long ; and four between 270 and 280 feet in length ; besides a corvette 225 feet long. To these we might have added the *Warrior*, and two other ships, 380 feet long ; and we should then have had a fairly representative group of our ships. The chief cause of this variety is to be found in the extreme lengths given to the six first-class iron-clads of earliest design, represented respectively by the *Warrior*, 380 feet long, and the *Minotaur*, 400 feet long ; and it must be regretted that these dimensions should have been adopted, even though these vessels are the grandest specimens of naval architecture contained in our navy. Their designers, doubtless, intended to gain high speed, and they succeeded, but at an unnecessary cost ; for our fastest iron-clads, the *Monarch* and the *Hercules*, are both about 330 feet long—that is, 50 feet shorter than the *Warrior*—yet the one has steamed nearly 15 knots, and the other a little less than  $14\frac{1}{2}$  knots, per hour ; while the *Warrior's* speed does not exceed  $14\frac{1}{2}$  knots. In addition to this, the long ships can only be turned with great difficulty, while the shorter vessels can be handled with ease—a feature on which naval officers lay great stress. At full speed the *Minotaur* takes about  $7\frac{3}{4}$  minutes to turn completely round, and traverses a circle of 940 yards diameter in turning ; the *Hercules* turns at full speed in 4 minutes, and moves in a circle of only 560 yards diameter. In view of these remarkable performances, it is not surprising to find the shorter ships preferred by naval men, especially as they are more strongly armoured and armed. The *Warrior's* and *Minotaur's* sides are of nearly equal strength, and are equivalent to  $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch armour backed by nine inches of teak. The *Monarch* has 7-inch armour, and the *Hercules* 8-inch and 9-inch armour, with equal, or even greater, thicknesses of teak behind the plates. The change to moderate length must, therefore, be approved ; and, though there are such great differences in dimensions among our armoured ships, it is satisfactory to find that they can act together in squadrons, both under sail and under steam. These squadrons could not, of course, proceed at the high speeds named above ; but they could move at moderate speeds, and probably be able to compete in this respect with their French rivals. The want of manœuvring power in our longest ships is the most serious point of inferiority in our squadrons



as compared with the French, and this has been to some extent removed by supplying mechanical steering apparatus to some of these vessels.

Turning next to the offensive and defensive powers of iron-clad ships, we may include the American vessels in the comparison. *La Gloire* and the *Warrior* both have armour about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick; but, taking the backing also into account, the latter has probably the strongest side. This protection was devised in order to resist the most powerful naval gun of that period—a 68-pounder, smooth bore, weighing  $4\frac{3}{4}$  tons—and it succeeded. In nearly all our ships laid down before the close of 1862, the protecting armour is of about the same thickness, or the side is of about equal strength with the *Warrior's*. The *Minotaur*, for example, has  $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch armour; but she has only 9-inch teak backing, instead of 18-inch, like the *Warrior*,—and experiments at Shoeburyness showed the two targets to be of about equal strength. The French showed us the way to increased protection, by adopting armour nearly 6 inches thick, in the *Flandre* class, early in 1861; and in 1863 we put ourselves in the front, by protecting the *Bellerophon* with 6-inch plates, backed by 10 inches of teak and an "inner-skin" (as it is called) of iron,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick. This was proved to be a very much stronger target than any which had been previously constructed to represent a ship's side. During this time the weight and power of naval guns had been developing rapidly, and instead of the 68-pounder being the most powerful gun, we had guns proposed to throw 600-pound projectiles, the weight of which was no less than 25 tons. Our designers, therefore, made a long stride in advance in the armour of the *Hercules*, commenced in 1865, and produced a target which represented the ship's side in the most vital parts, and was capable of resisting the 600-pounder gun. Armour of 9, 8, and 6 inches is carried by this vessel; and by her construction we took the lead of the French in thickness of armour. They have stopped at plates a little less than 9 inches thick; we have gone on to plating 11 and 12 inches thick in our ships designed within the last two or three years. Besides this, we have made much greater advances in the modes of backing armour plates; and our ships, on this account, have a greater superiority over those of the French than is indicated by the mere comparison of their thicknesses of armour. So far, therefore, there is good reason for congratulating ourselves on the possession of the strongest iron-clads. Let us next see how our ships compare with the American monitors.

*These vessels are, in nearly all cases, protected by what is termed*

"laminated" armour—that is to say, armour made up of several layers of plates, each 1 inch in thickness, riveted together. This is, of course, much cheaper than the solid armour used in French and English iron-clads; but it is also much weaker. In the early days of armour-plating, Mr. Hawkshaw proposed the "laminated" system for our ships; but, after making experiments on targets built for the purpose, the Iron Plate Committee considered it far inferior to the solid armour we have adopted from the first. The Americans were, probably, led to adopt it on account of the impossibility of procuring solid plates from their iron manufacturers during the war; and it served their purpose very fairly. But, on the other hand, the comparative success which attended their monitors in the attacks on Charleston and other ports, affords no proof of the sufficient strength of the armour, because they had only to resist guns far inferior to those carried in European ships. The first monitor had a total thickness of 5 inches of armour; and this also forms the protection of the vessels which did most service during the War. It probably does not exceed in shot-resisting power  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or 4 inches of solid iron; but, in some cases, it is aided by narrow plank armour fitted into the backing. The enormous thicknesses of timber backing—3 or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet of oak in some ships—admit of this being done without inconvenience; and this fact has led to great misconceptions respecting the strength of the armour. For example, Americans are very fond of referring to vessels, with "14 inches of iron" on their sides, which were laid down four or five years ago; but, on examination, it appears that 8 inches out of the 14 are made up of narrow armour planks, and that the remaining 6 inches are made up of two thicknesses. What the exact reduction in strength may be, it is impossible to say; but it is certain that a combination of such a character cannot be compared with the compactly constructed side of one of our latest monitors, with 12-inch solid plates and 18 inches of teak behind them; and it may be doubted whether it equals the water-line protection of the *Hercules*. In armour, therefore, our ships surpass all their rivals.

In guns our superiority is scarcely less marked. The French have favoured the breech-loading system for their heaviest rifled guns, and mainly on this account have failed to keep pace with us. Reports have at various times been in circulation of accidents on board their vessels; and, in spite of the secrecy which is usually maintained on these matters, the opinion is widely spread that, sooner or later, radical changes will have to be made in the character of their naval ordnance. To make a comparison between their guns and ours is

difficult. Mr. Reed states that their heaviest guns, weighing a little less than 22 tons, is considered about equal in penetrating power to our 18-ton guns. If so, we have the 25-ton gun in reserve, as a far more powerful weapon. The Americans have gone on until quite recently casting enormous smooth-bore guns throwing spherical shot, and have been loud in their praise of the "battering power" of their ordnance. There is no necessity, however, for discussing the question now, because the most competent authority on the subject—the American Ordnance Committee—has strongly condemned the system in a report presented last year. In this report it is stated, roundly, that "to return to smooth-bores throwing huge spherical masses with low velocities, is to disregard all modern progress in the science of gunnery, and to go back to the arms in use two centuries ago." Our gun-makers, we need hardly say, have followed a different plan from both the French and the Americans. Having tried the Armstrong breech-loaders and found them wanting, they had recourse to muzzle-loading rifled guns, throwing elongated projectiles at very high velocities. At present our most powerful broadside iron-clad, the *Hercules*, carries 18-ton 400-pounder guns; the turret-ships, *Captain* and *Monarch*, carry 25-ton 600-pounders; our new monitors are to carry 30-ton guns; and heavier guns are talked of. We need not hurry the construction of heavier guns, however, so far as we can judge; for experiments show that scarcely any foreign iron-clad afloat would be safe against our 25-ton guns at a range of two miles; and, within anything like a moderate distance, our 18-ton and 12-ton guns would probably suffice to penetrate them.

The great question of the present time respecting our guns is, not so much their penetrating power as their endurance. The immediate cause of this discussion was the damage done to some of the 18-ton guns of the *Hercules* during gun-practice in January last, of which notices have appeared in the daily papers, and on which remarks have been made in the House of Commons. From Mr. Childers' statement it appears that the matter is not at all serious, and that the principal damage was caused by defective projectiles, which broke up before leaving the gun; so that the real powers of the guns themselves are not at all affected, and the recurrence of similar accidents may be prevented. Whether this will be the final settlement of the question, we do not profess to say; but of this we may be certain, that our guns are at present superior to those carried by any foreign ships.

On the question of the speeds of our own and other iron-clads, very few remarks must suffice. Mr. Reed has thrown the facts

together very succinctly; and from his statement it appears that, while the maximum speed of the French frigates is about 14 knots, and that of the fastest American monitors about 11 knots, we have a considerable number of ships that have exceeded 14 knots, and several others that have attained 13, or  $13\frac{1}{2}$ , knots per hour. One or two of our recent iron-clads have, in fact, realised from  $14\frac{1}{2}$  to nearly 15 knots per hour—speeds approximating to those of our fast mail steamers, and far exceeding those of our fastest unarmoured war-vessels built before armour plating came into fashion. Besides steaming at higher speeds, our armoured ships carry good coal supplies, as compared with their unarmoured predecessors; and are, on the whole, far more efficient steam-ships. This result is mainly due to the great improvements made within the last few years in the construction of marine engines—a matter of the highest importance, to which we cannot now do more than allude. One point, however, is of such interest that it cannot be passed in silence—viz., the economy of fuel which is now possible with the improved type of engine. Of late years we have heard much of the necessity for economy in the use of coal, on account of the prospect of a serious falling-off in the sources of supply; but the working-out of the coal-fields seems so distant, that the warning loses much of its force. In a war-ship, however, the case is widely different. She carries in her hold a certain weight of fuel, and ought never to be without the means of getting up steam; yet, unless all possible economy is exercised, she cannot remain long at sea without exhausting her coal supply, and having, in consequence, to proceed to some port or naval station to fill up once more. It is this fact which makes sail-power so valuable in our cruising iron-clads, and which also renders every mechanical improvement precious by which the rate of consumption of fuel is reduced. Facts show clearly that, of late, great economy has been rendered possible, as the following figures, taken from the letters of the *Times* correspondent during the cruise of the iron-clad squadron last autumn, will prove. In proceeding from Plymouth to Gibraltar, and from Gibraltar to Lisbon, the *Minotaur* expended 356 tons of coal; while the *Hercules*, which has improved engines, only burnt 184 tons; and the *Bellerophon*, another recent ship, consumed 235 tons, against 338 tons for the *Northumberland*, a ship with engines of the old type. By adopting improved engines, therefore, the sea-going powers of our iron-clads are rendered more efficient; while the cost of maintaining our fleet is reduced considerably. The Admiralty have enforced economy still further by ordering all cruising ships to use steam as little as possible; and the United States' Naval Depart-

ment have recently adopted a similar course ; but, as they have no rigged iron-clads, this rule can only apply to their unarmoured vessels.

From these statements respecting the armour, armaments, steaming powers, and efficiency of our iron-clad ships, it will, we think, be clear that they are, as a whole, superior to their French and American rivals. A closer examination would strengthen this opinion ; but this we cannot now attempt, and must be content to mention one or two other points of contrast. The greater number of our iron-clads have iron hulls—a fact to which they owe much of their superiority to the wood-built French ships, since they are thus made stronger, safer, and lighter, as well as capable of carrying thicker armour. A most interesting account of the structural improvements made in our vessels will be found in Chapter IV. of Mr. Reed's book, and will well repay perusal. One illustration must here suffice. Our improved broadside iron-clad, the *Invincible*, is built of iron, and her hull weighs 2675 tons ; while it carries 3225 tons of armour, backing, engines, coals, stores, etc., etc. The French have a ship, named the *Ocean*, with armour and armament very like those of the *Invincible* ; but she is wood-built, and her hull, weighing about 3600 tons, only carries 3400 tons weight, against 3225 tons for our ship. In other words, by using iron instead of wood, we have been able to produce as efficient a vessel as the *Ocean* on considerably smaller dimensions ; and, we may add, that our ship is far safer than the *Ocean*.

Not only are our iron-clads safer and stronger, they are also likely to prove more durable, on account of the material used in their hulls, and the care taken in their construction. The importance attaching to the last-named feature has received a noteworthy illustration in the case of the American monitors. These vessels were built very rapidly, at a time when suitable materials could not be procured in the quantities required, and when it was absolutely necessary that iron-clads should be forthcoming speedily. In the four years, 1861-65, it is estimated that over thirty-five iron-clads were completed, and about twenty-five more partly built. As the result of these special and hurried efforts—leading, as they must have done, to some amount of carelessness—we find the Secretary, in his Report for 1868, recommending the sale of the monitors, on the ground that in a few years these vessels would have to be broken up and sold as old material ; while his successor, in the Report for 1869, remarks that, “when the attention of the department was directed to them (the monitors),” they were found “in a state of rapid deterioration ;” and adds, that “of the whole fleet of monitors . . . not one could

have been ready in time to resist a sudden attack." During last year many of the monitors were repaired; but even now a large number of them are said to be in a very bad state. The French iron-clads are, doubtless, better built than the monitors; but they cannot be expected to last so long as ours, seeing that the hulls are of wood. What the limit of their duration will be, it is impossible to say; but, in view of the enormous cost of an armoured vessel, it is obviously desirable to make her as durable as possible, and this cannot be done without employing iron.

In all armoured fleets, more or less extensive preparations have been made for using ships as rams; and of late specially designed ram-vessels have been constructed. The French led the way, we believe, in this direction by building the *Taureau*—a most appropriate name for such a vessel—and they have since laid down several other ships of the class. Within the last two years we have also followed this course, and now have two ram-ships on hand, named the *Rupert* and the *Hotspur*. All these vessels have one feature in common, the subordination of their artillery power to their ramming capabilities. Most of them carry only one or two very heavy guns, in fixed or revolving turrets. They are of comparatively small dimensions, and are therefore capable of manœuvring rapidly—a most important thing in ramming—and they have scarcely any sail-power, depending almost entirely upon their machinery for propulsion. As compared with our rams the French vessels are but weakly plated, but they have the thickest plating of any completed iron-clads of the Imperial Navy. We have a less number, but a more powerful type, and one to which there will doubtless be numerous additions before many years are past. Armour may be made thick enough to resist the heaviest projectiles from naval guns, but it cannot be strong enough to resist the shock of a direct charge when the attacking ship is at a good speed; and the weak bottoms of the strongest iron-clads that have been, or may be, built will always be open to injury from the under-water prow of a ram-ship. The probability of the extensive employment of rams is rendered greater by the fact that so far as they have been tried they have proved most successful. During the American Civil War ramming was the favourite method of attack, and caused the loss of many ships; and at Lissa—the only iron-clad action of any note—artillery did much less than ramming to make the Austrian fleet victorious. Naval officers in our own and foreign services are strongly in favour of ramming, and have devoted much attention to the subject, especially in its relations to general engagements. In case of a naval war taking place, therefore, we are likely

to see some of their theories tested in practice, and probably with terrible effect.

In constructing iron-clad rams we have followed the French, but we have within the last two or three years set them an example of a new line of policy by constructing breastwork monitors, without masts or sails, yet capable of proceeding to sea and fighting there. From the statements made respecting these vessels it appears that they have coal supplies far exceeding in amount those of sailing iron-clads, and that they can cross the Atlantic or proceed to the Mediterranean if required, without exhausting their supply of fuel. Two vessels of the class, named the *Thunderer* and *Devastation*, are now building, and the only iron-clad it is intended to begin this year is to be very similar. They are far stronger, in guns and armour, than any preceding vessels, and are undoubtedly the most formidable engines of war yet constructed. At the same time they are not likely to replace sailing iron-clads entirely, because they cannot cruise at sea for any long period without requiring a fresh supply of coal. Much debate took place at the time of their introduction last year on account of their having no sail-power, and dismal forebodings of their possible loss were indulged in. Judging, however, of their probable performances from those of the American monitors, to which they are very much superior, no fears need be entertained as to their safety at sea in the heaviest weather. On the contrary, they are likely to prove very steady platforms for guns, and to be able to fight in weather when broadside ships could not open their ports.\* In adding these novel war-ships to our fleet the present Board of Admiralty have followed a wise course; and of the merits of Mr. Reed's design there will scarcely be any question, when it is stated that Captain Ericsson—the inventor of monitors—has publicly acknowledged its superiority to all earlier designs for sea-going monitors.

The contrast between these vessels and our most powerful war-ships of only twelve years ago is most remarkable. Then, the screw three-decked line-of-battle ships carrying 120 or 130 guns were thought models of efficiency and wonders as to size; yet they were considerably smaller than the *Thunderer*, and weighed only about two-thirds as much. Now our most powerful vessels carry only 4 guns, but each of these weighs 30 tons—about ten times as much as the guns which formed the bulk of the armament of the three-decker

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\* For the details of the breastwork-monitor system see the article, published in the issue of this magazine for September, 1869, on "English and American Monitors."

—and throws 600-pound projectiles instead of 32-pound shot. Instead of lofty sides and guns placed tier above tier, we now have the upper deck only four or five feet above water, and the guns carried in two revolving turrets; instead of weak wooden sides, we now have armour plating 12 and 14 inches in thickness; and instead of a handsome bow stretching forward above water, we now have an under-water prow projecting forward several feet and capable of breaking through the bottom of an enemy's ship. Of beauty, or ship-shape form, we now have little, but of real efficiency we have a close approximation to the maximum possible with the means at our command. Before many years these vessels will undoubtedly have been surpassed, and possibly by new types yet undreamt of. Where we shall end, or how this reconstruction will progress it is impossible to say. Mr. Reed speaks of 20-inch armour as possible; we hear of 50-ton guns; and when we think of the advances we have made in armour and guns already, there is no reason to doubt the possibility of these schemes being carried out. Within ten years we have tripled the thickness of armour, and made the weight of our guns quite six times greater; why should we not go on in this path? The iron manufacture has advanced so rapidly that there is no fear of these thick plates being unprocurable; gun-makers are quite prepared to undertake the production of the monster guns: and both plates and guns will probably be used. Some high authorities, it is true, are inclined to favour the opinion that armour will have to be given up before long, because it cannot be made impenetrable, and because it leaves the bottoms exposed to torpedoes and other means of attack; the majority, however, are in favour of continuing the construction of iron-clads, and this we shall probably do for some years. Such is clearly the policy shadowed out in Mr. Childers' speech on the Navy Estimates for the current year, and it is also that which is followed in all foreign navies. At present our armoured fleet stands first in order of merit; we trust it will continue to do so as long as armour-plating continues in use.

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## A MAY SONG.

**J**UNE, how shall we woo thee  
Here for our delight?  
Jove-like from its height,  
Gold, the sun shall stream down to thee ;  
For thee, watches the warm moon ;  
See, above are skies whose blue,  
Lost to Earth, the lark throbs through ;  
Wilt thou not come, come, and soon,  
To our longing, lustrous June !

Look, for thy beholding,  
How Earth gleams and glows !  
How the flushed-through rose  
Her great glory is unfolding,  
Hot to meet thy full gaze soon,—  
How, for thee, the gleaming air  
Throbs and quivers everywhere !  
Folded in the heart of noon,  
Wilt thou not be, golden June ?

Hark, how Earth has stilled it  
With deep joy, all dumb,  
Since thou soon wilt come !  
Ah, what utter rapture's filled it,  
Dreaming of thy glory soon,  
Bliss too full and too profound  
To be breathed in song or sound !  
Throbs for thee, the rapt-hushed noon ;  
How our hearts throb for thee, June !

W. C. BENNETT.

# BY ORDER OF THE KING.

(*L'Homme qui Rit.*)

A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY: BY VICTOR HUGO.

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## PART II.—BOOK THE EIGHTH.

(*Continued.*)

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### CHAPTER VI.

HE WOULD BE A GOOD BROTHER, WERE HE NOT A GOOD SON.



HERE was no one in the gallery. Gwynplaine crossed the circular space, from whence they had removed the arm-chair and the tables, and where there now remained no trace of his investiture. Candelabra and lustres, placed at certain intervals, marked the way out. Thanks to this string of light, he retraced without difficulty, through the suite of saloons and galleries, the way which he had followed on his arrival with the King-at-Arms and the Usher of the Black Rod. He saw no one, except here and there some old lord with tardy steps, plodding along heavily in front of him.

Suddenly, in the silence of those great deserted rooms, bursts of indistinct exclamations reached him, a sort of nocturnal clatter unusual in such a place. He directed his steps to the place whence this noise proceeded, and found himself in a spacious hall, dimly lighted, which was one of the exits from the House of Lords. He saw a great glass door open, a flight of steps, footmen and links, a square outside, and a few coaches waiting at the bottom of the steps.

This was the spot from which the noise which he had heard had proceeded.

Within the door, and under the hall lamp, was a noisy group, in a storm of gestures and of voices.

Gwynplaine approached in the gloom.

They were quarrelling. On one side there were ten or twelve young lords, who wanted to go out; on the other, a man, with his

hat on, like themselves, upright and with a haughty brow, who barred their passage.

Who was that man? Tom-Jim-Jack.

Some of these lords were still in their robes, others had thrown them off, and were in their usual attire. Tom-Jim-Jack wore a hat with plumes—not white, like the peers; but green tipped with orange. He was embroidered and laced from head to foot, had flowing bows of ribbon and lace round his wrists and neck, and was feverishly fingering with his left hand the hilt of the sword which hung from his waistbelt, and on the billets and scabbard of which were embroidered an admiral's anchors.

It was he who was speaking and addressing the young lords; and Gwynplaine overheard the following:—

“I have told you you are cowards. You wish me to withdraw my words. Be it so. You are not cowards; you are idiots. You all combined against one man. That was not cowardice. All right. Then it was stupidity. He spoke to you, and you did not understand him. Here, the old are hard of hearing, the young devoid of intelligence. I am one of your own order to quite sufficient extent to tell you the truth. This new comer is strange, and he has uttered a heap of nonsense, I admit; but amidst all that nonsense there were some things which are true. His speech was confused, undigested, ill-delivered. Be it so. He repeated, ‘You know, you know’ too often; but a man who was but yesterday a clown at a fair cannot be expected to speak like Aristotle or like Doctor Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury. The vermin, the lions, the address to the under-clerks—all that was in bad taste. Zounds! who says it wasn't? It was a senseless and fragmentary and topsy-turvy harangue; but here and there came out facts which were true. It is no small thing to speak even as he did, seeing it is not his trade. I should like to see you do it. Yes; you! What he said about the lepers at Burton Lazars is an undeniable fact. Besides, he is not the first man who has talked nonsense. In fine, my lords, I do not like to see the many set upon one. Such is my humour; and I ask your lordships' permission to take offence. You have displeased me; I am angry. I am grateful to God for having drawn up from the depth of his low existence this peer of England, and for having given back his inheritance to the heir; and, without heeding whether it will or will not affect my own affairs, I consider it a beautiful sight to see an insect transformed into an eagle, and Gwynplaine into Lord Clancharlie. My lords, I forbid your holding any opinion but mine. I regret that Lord Lewis Duras should not be *here*. I should like to insult him. My lords, it is Fermain Clan-

charlie who has been the peer, and you who have been the mountebanks. As to his laugh, it is not his fault. You have laughed at that laugh; men should not laugh at misfortune. If you think that people cannot laugh at you as well, you are very much mistaken. You are ugly. You are badly dressed. My Lord Haversham, I saw your mistress the other day; she is hideous—a duchess, but a monkey. Gentlemen who laugh, I repeat that I should like to hear you try to say four words running! Many men jabber; very few speak. You imagine you know something, because you have kept idle terms at Oxford or Cambridge, and because, before being peers of England on the benches of Westminster, you have been asses on the benches at Gonville and Caius. Here I am; and I choose to stare you in the face. You have just been impudent to this new peer. A monster, certainly; but a monster given up to beasts. I had rather be that man than you. I was present at the sitting, in my place as a possible heir to a peerage. I heard all. I have not the right to speak; but I have the right to be a gentleman. Your jeering airs annoyed me. When I am angry I would go up Mount Pendlehill, and pick the cloudberry which brings the thunderbolt down on the gatherer. That is the reason why I have waited for you at the door. We must have a few words, for we have arrangements to make. Did it not strike you that you failed a little in respect towards myself? My lords, I entertain a firm determination to kill a few of you. All you who are here—Thomas Tufton, Earl of Thanet; Savage Earl Rivers; Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland; Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester; you Barons, Gray of Rolleston, Cary Hunsdon, Escrick, Rockingham, little Carteret; Robert Darcy, Earl of Holderness; William Viscount Hutton; and Ralph, Duke of Montagu; and any who choose, I, David Dirry-Moir, an officer of the fleet, summon, call, and command you to provide yourselves, in all haste, with seconds and umpires, and I will meet you face to face and hand to hand, to-night, at once, to-morrow, by day or night, by sunlight or by candlelight, where, when, or how you please, so long as there is two sword-lengths' space; and you will do well to look to the flints of your pistols and the edges of your rapiers, for it is my firm intention to cause vacancies in your peerages. Ogle Cavendish, take your measures, and think of your motto, *Cavendo tutus*; Marmaduke Langdale, you will do well, like your ancestor, Grindold, to order a coffin to be brought with you. George Booth, Earl of Warrington, you will never again see the County Palatine of Chester, or your labyrinth like that of Crete, or the high towers of Dunham Massy. As to Lord Vaughan, he is

young enough to talk impertinently, and too old to answer for it. I shall demand satisfaction for his words, of his nephew Richard Vaughan, Member of Parliament for the Borough of Merioneth. As for you, John Campbell, Earl of Greenwich, I will kill you as Achon killed Matas; but with a fair cut, and not from behind, it being my custom to present my heart and not my back to the point of the sword. I have spoken my mind, my lords. And so use witchcraft, if you like. Consult the fortune-tellers. Grease your skins with ointments and drugs, to make them invulnerable; hang round your necks charms of the devil or the virgin; I will fight you, blest or curst, and I will not have you searched to see if you are wearing any wizard's tokens. On foot or on horseback, on the high road if you wish it, in Piccadilly, or at Charing-Cross; and they shall take up the pavement for our meeting, as they unpaved the court of the Louvre for the duel between Guise and Bassompierre. All of you! Do you hear? I mean to fight you all. Dorme, Earl of Caernarvon, I will make you swallow my sword up to the hilt, as Marolles did to Lisle-Mariveaux, and then we shall see, my lord, whether you will laugh or not. You, Burlington, who look like a girl of seventeen, you shall choose between the lawn of your house in Middlesex, and your beautiful garden at Londesborough, in Yorkshire, to be buried in. I beg to inform your lordships that it does not suit me to allow your insolence in my presence. I will chastise you, my lords. I take it ill that you should have ridiculed Lord Fermain Clancharlie. He is worth more than you. As Clancharlie, he has nobility, which you have. As Gwynplaine, he has intellect, which you have not. I make his cause my cause, insult to him insult to me, and your ridicule my wrath. We shall see who will come out of this affair alive, because I challenge you to the death. Do you understand? With any arm, in any fashion, and you shall choose the death that pleases you best; and since you are clowns as well as gentlemen, I proportion my defiance to your qualities, and I give you your choice of any way in which a man can be killed, from the sword of the prince to the fist of the blackguard."

To this furious onslaught of words, the whole group of young noblemen answered by a smile. "Agreed," they said.

"I choose pistols," said Burlington.

"I," said Escrick, "the ancient combat of the lists, with the mace and the dagger."

"I," said Holderness, "the duel with two knives, long and short, stripped to the waist, and breast to breast."

"Lord David," said the Earl of Thanet. "You are a Scot. I choose the claymore."

"I, the sword," said Rockingham.

"I," said Duke Ralph, "prefer the fists; 'tis noblest."

Gwynplaine came out from the shadow. He directed his steps towards him whom he had hitherto called Tom-Jim-Jack, but in whom now, however, he began to perceive something more. "I thank you," said he, "but this is my business."

Every head turned towards him.

Gwynplaine advanced. He felt himself impelled towards the man whom he heard called Lord David; his defender, and perhaps something nearer. Lord David drew back.

"Oh!" said he. "It is you, is it? This is well-timed. I have a word for you as well. Just now you spoke of a woman who, after having loved Lord Linnaeus Clancharlie, loved Charles II."

"It is true."

"Sir, you insulted my mother."

"Your mother!" cried Gwynplaine. "In that case, as I guessed, we are——"

"Brothers," answered Lord David, and he struck Gwynplaine. "We are brothers," said he; "so we can fight. One can only fight one's equal; who is one's equal if not one's brother? I will send you my seconds; to-morrow we will cut each other's throats."

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## PART II.—BOOK THE NINTH.

### In Ruins.

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#### CHAPTER I.

IT IS THROUGH EXCESS OF GREATNESS THAT MAN REACHES EXCESS OF MISERY.

As midnight tolled from St. Paul's, a man who had just crossed London Bridge struck into the lanes of Southwark. There were no lamps lighted, it being at that time the custom in London, as in Paris, to extinguish the public lamps at eleven o'clock; that is, to put them out just as they became necessary. The streets were dark and deserted. When the lamps are out, men stay in. He whom we speak of advanced with hurried strides. He was strangely dressed for walking at such an hour. He wore a coat of embroidered silk, a sword by his side, a hat with white plumes, and no cloak. The watchmen, as they saw

him pass, said, "It is a lord walking for a wager," and they moved out of his way with the respect due to a lord and to a bettor.

The man was Gwynplaine. He was making his escape. Where was he? He did not know. We have said that the soul has its cyclones; fearful whirlwinds, in which heaven, the sea, day, night, life, death, are all mingled in unintelligible horror. It can no longer breathe Truth; it is crushed by things in which it does not believe. Nothingness becomes hurricane. The firmament pales. Infinity is empty. The mind of the sufferer wanders away. He feels himself dying. He craves for a star. What did Gwynplaine feel? a thirst; a thirst, to see Dea.

He felt but that. To reach the Green Box again, and the Tadcaster Inn, with its sounds and light; full of the cordial laughter of the people; to find Ursus and Homo, to see Dea again, to re-enter life. Dis-illusion, like a bow, shoots its arrow, man, towards the True. Gwynplaine hastened on. He approached Tarrinzeau Field. He walked no [longer now, he ran. His eyes pierced] the darkness before him. His glance preceded him, eagerly seeking the harbour on the horizon. What a moment for him when he should see the lighted windows of Tadcaster Inn!

He reached the bowling-green. He turned the corner of the wall, and saw before him, at the other end of the field, some distance off, the inn—the only house, it may be remembered, in the field where the fair was held.

He looked. There was no light; nothing but a black mass.

He shuddered. Then he said to himself that it was late, that the tavern was shut up, that it was very natural, that every one was asleep, that he had only to awaken Nicless or Govicum, that he must go up to the inn and knock at the door. He did so, running no longer now, but rushing.

He reached the inn, breathless. It is when, storm-beaten and struggling in the invisible convulsions of the soul until he knows not whether he is in life or in death, that all the delicacy of a man's affection for his loved ones being yet unimpaired, proves a heart true. When all else is swallowed up, tenderness still floats unshattered. Not to awaken Dea too suddenly was Gwynplaine's first thought. He approached the inn with as little noise as possible. He recognised the nook, the old dog kennel, where Govicum used to sleep. In it, contiguous to the lower room, was a window opening on to the field. Gwynplaine tapped softly at the pane. It would be enough to awaken Govicum, he thought.

There was no sound in Govicum's room.

"At his age," said Gwynplaine, "a boy sleeps soundly."

With the back of his hand he knocked against the window gently. Nothing stirred.

He knocked louder twice. Still nothing stirred. Then, feeling somewhat uneasy, he went to the door of the inn and knocked. No one answered. He reflected, and began to feel a cold shudder come over him.

"Master Nicless is old, children sleep soundly, and old men heavily. Courage! louder!"

He had tapped, he had knocked, he had kicked the door; now he flung himself against it.

This recalled to him a distant memory of Weymouth, when, a little child, he had carried Dea, an infant, in his arms.

He battered the door again violently, like a lord, which, alas! he was.

The house remained silent. He felt that he was losing his head. He no longer thought of caution. He shouted,—

"Nicless! Govicum!"

At the same time he looked up at the windows, to see if any candle was lighted. But the inn was blank. Not a voice, not a sound, not a glimmer of light. He went to the gate and knocked at it, kicked against it, and shook it, crying out wildly,—

"Ursus! Homo!"

The wolf did not bark.

A cold sweat stood in drops upon his brow. He cast his eyes around. The night was dark; but there were stars enough to render the fair-green visible. He saw—a melancholy sight to him—that everything on it had vanished.

There was not a single caravan. The circus was gone. Not a tent, not a booth, not a cart remained. The strollers, with their thousand noisy cries, who had swarmed there, had given place to a black and sullen void.

All were gone.

The madness of anxiety took possession of him. What did this mean? What had happened? Was no one left? Could it be that life had crumbled away behind him? What had happened to them all? Good heavens! Then he rushed like a tempest against the house. He struck the small door, the gate, the windows, the window-shutters, the walls with fists and feet, furious with terror and agony of mind.

He called Nicless, Govicum, Fibi, Vinos, Ursus, Homo. He tried every shout and every sound against this wall. At times he waited



and listened; but the house remained mute and dead. Then, exasperated, he began again with blows, shouts, and repeated knockings, re-echoed all around. It might have been thunder trying to awake the grave.

There is a certain stage of fright in which a man becomes terrible. He who fears everything, fears nothing. He would strike the Sphinx. He defies the Unknown.

Gwynplaine renewed the noise in every possible form, stopping, resuming, unwearingly in the shouts and appeals by which he assailed the tragic silence. He called a thousand times on the names of those who should have been there. He shrieked out every name except that of Dea, a precaution of which he could not have explained the reason himself, but which instinct inspired even in his distraction.

Having exhausted calls and cries, nothing was left but to break in, "I must enter the house," he said to himself; "but how?"

He broke a pane of glass in Govicum's room by thrusting his hand through it, tearing the flesh; he drew the bolt of the sash and opened the window. Perceiving that his sword was in the way, he tore it off angrily, scabbard, blade, and belt, and flung it on the pavement. Then he raised himself by the inequalities in the wall, and, though the window was narrow, he was able to pass through it. He entered the inn. Govicum's bed, dimly visible in its nook, was there; but Govicum was not in it. If Govicum was not in his bed, it was evident that Nicless could not be in his.

The whole house was dark. He felt in that shadowy interior the mysterious immobility of emptiness, and that vague fear which signifies—"There is no one here."

Gwynplaine, convulsed with anxiety, crossed the lower room, knocking against the tables, upsetting the earthenware, throwing down the benches, sweeping away the jugs, and striding over the furniture, reached the door leading into the court, and broke it open with one blow from his knee, which sprung the lock. The door turned on its hinges. He looked into the court. The Green Box was no longer there.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE DREGS.

GWYNPLAINE left the house, and began to explore Tarrinzeau Field in every direction. He went to every place where, the day before, the tents and caravans had stood. He knocked at the stalls, though *he knew well that they were uninhabited. He struck everything that*

looked like a door or a window. Not a voice arose from the darkness. Something like death had been there.

The ant-hill had been razed. Some measures of police had apparently been carried out. There had been what, in our days, would be called a razzia. Tarrinzeau Field was worse than a desert; it had been scoured, and every corner of it scratched up, as it were, by pitiless claws. The pocket of the unfortunate fair-green had been turned inside out, and completely emptied.

Gwynplaine, after having searched every yard of ground, left the green, struck into the crooked streets abutting on the site called East Point, and directed his steps towards the Thames. He had threaded his way through a network of lanes, bounded only by walls and hedges, when he felt the fresh breeze from the water, heard the dull lapping of the river, and suddenly saw a parapet in front of him. It was the parapet of the Effroc stone.

This parapet bounded a block of the quay, which was very short and very narrow. Under it the high wall, the Effroc stone, buried itself perpendicularly in the dark water below.

Gwynplaine stopped at the parapet, and, leaning his elbows on it, laid his head in his hands and set to thinking, with the water beneath him.

Did he look at the water? No. At what then? At the shadow; not the shadow without, but within him. In the melancholy night-bound landscape, which he scarcely marked,—in the outer depths, which his eyes did not pierce, were the blurred sketches of masts and spars. Below the Effroc stone there was nothing on the river; but the quay sloped insensibly downwards till, some distance off, it met a pier, at which several vessels were lying, some of which had just arrived, others which were on the point of departure. These vessels communicated with the shore by little jetties, constructed for the purpose, some of stone, some of wood, or by moveable gangways. All of them, whether moored to the jetties, or at anchor, were wrapped in silence. There was neither voice nor movement on board, it being a good habit of sailors to sleep when they can, and awake only when wanted. If any of them were to sail during the night at the high tide, the crews were not yet awake. The hulls, like large black bubbles, and the rigging, like threads, mingled with ladders, were barely visible. All was livid and confused. Here and there a red cresset pierced the haze.

Gwynplaine saw nothing of all this. What he was musing on was destiny.

He was in a dream—a vision—giddy in presence of an inexorable  
ality.

He fancied that he heard behind him something like an earthquake. It was the laughter of the Lords.

From that laughter he had just emerged. He had come out of it, having received a blow, and from whom?

From his own brother!

Flying from the laughter, carrying with him the blow, seeking refuge, a wounded bird, in his nest, rushing from hate and seeking love, what had he found?

Darkness.

No one.

Everything gone.

He compared that darkness to the dream he had indulged in.

What a crumbling away!

Gwynplaine had just reached that sinister bound—the void. The Green Box gone, was his universe vanished.

His soul had been closed up.

He reflected.

What could have happened? Where were they? They had evidently been carried away. Destiny had given him, Gwynplaine, a blow, which was greatness; its reaction had struck them another, which was annihilation. It was clear that he would never see them again. Precautions had been taken against that. They had scoured the fair-green, beginning by Nicless and Govicum, so that he should gain no clue through them. Inexorable dispersion! That fearful social system, at the same time that it had pulverised him in the House of Lords, had crushed them in their little cabin. They were lost; Dea was lost—lost to him for ever. Powers of heaven! where was she? And he had not been there to defend her!

To have to make guesses as to the absent whom we love, is to put oneself to the torture. He inflicted this torture on himself. At every thought that he fathomed, at every supposition which he made, he felt within him a moan of agony.

Through a succession of bitter reflections he remembered a man who was evidently fatal to him, and who had called himself Barkilphedro. That man had inscribed on his brain a dark sentence which reappeared now, he had written it in such terrible ink that every letter had turned to fire; and Gwynplaine saw flaming at the bottom of his thought the enigmatical words, the meaning of which was at length solved: "Destiny never opens one door, without closing another."

All was over. The final shadows had gathered about him. In every man's fate there may be an end of the world for himself alone. *It is called despair.* The soul is full of falling stars.

.. This, then, was what he had come to.

A vapour had passed. He had been mingled with it. It had lain heavily on his eyes, it had disordered his brain. He had been outwardly blinded, intoxicated within. This had lasted the time of a passing vapour. Then everything melted away, the vapour and his life. Awaking from the dream, he found himself alone.

All vanished, all gone, all lost. Night. Nothingness. Such was his horizon.

He was alone.

Alone has a synonyme, which is Dead. Despair is an accountant. It sets itself to find its total; it adds up everything, even to the farthings. It reproaches Heaven with its thunderbolts and its pin-pricks. It seeks to find what it has to expect from fate. It argues, weighs, and calculates, outwardly cool, while the burning lava is still flowing on within.

Gwynplaine examined himself, and examined his fate.

The backward glance of thought; terrible recapitulation!

When at the top of a mountain, we look down the precipice: when at the bottom, we look up at heaven. And we say, I was there.

Gwynplaine was at the very bottom of misfortune. How sudden, too, had been his fall!

Such is the hideous swiftness of misfortune, although it is so heavy that we might fancy it slow. But no! It would likewise appear that snow, from its coldness, ought to be the paralysis of winter, and, from its whiteness, the immobility of the winding-sheet. Yet this is contradicted by the avalanche.

The avalanche is snow become a furnace. It remains frozen, but it devours. The avalanche had enveloped Gwynplaine. He had been torn like a rag, uprooted like a tree, precipitated like a stone. He recalled all the circumstances of his fall. He put himself questions, and returned answers. Grief is an examination. There is no judge so searching as conscience conducting its own trial.

What amount of remorse was there in his despair? This he wished to find out, and dissected his conscience. Excruciating vivisection!

His absence had caused a catastrophe. Had this absence depended on him? In all that had happened, had he been a free agent? No! He had felt himself captive. What was that which had arrested and detained him—a prison? No. A chain? No. What then? Sticky slime! He had sunk into the slough of greatness.

To whom has it not happened to be free in appearance, yet to feel that his wings are hampered?

There had been something like a snare spread for him. What is at first temptation, ends by captivity.

Nevertheless (and his conscience pressed him on this point)—had he merely submitted to what had been offered him? No; he had accepted it.

Violence and surprise had been used with him, in a certain measure, it was true; but he, in a certain measure, had given in. To have allowed himself to be carried off, was not his fault; but to have allowed himself to be inebriated, was his weakness. There had been a moment—a decisive moment—when the question was proposed. This Barkilphedro had placed a dilemma before Gwynplaine, and had given him clear power to decide his fate by a word. Gwynplaine might have said, "No." He had said, "Yes."

From that "Yes," uttered in a moment of dizziness, everything had sprung. Gwynplaine realised this now in the bitter aftertaste of that consent.

Nevertheless—for he debated with himself—was it then so great a wrong to take possession of his right, of his patrimony, of his heritage, of his house; and, as a patrician, of the rank of his ancestors; as an orphan, of the name of his father? What had he accepted? A restitution. Made by whom? By Providence.

Then his mind revolted. Senseless acceptance! What a bargain had he struck! what a foolish exchange! He had trafficked with Providence at a loss. How now! For an income of 80,000*l.* a year; for seven or eight titles; for ten or twelve palaces; for houses in town, and castles in the country; for a hundred lacqueys; for packs of hounds, and carriages, and armorial bearings; to be a judge and legislator; for a coronet and purple robes, like a king; to be a baron and a marquis; to be a peer of England, he had given the hut of Ursus and the smile of Dea. For shipwreck and destruction in the surging immensity of greatness, he had bartered happiness. For the ocean, he had given the pearl. O madman! O fool! O dupe!

Yet, nevertheless,—and here the objection reappeared on firmer ground,—in this fever of high fortune which had seized him, all had not been unwholesome. Perhaps there would have been selfishness in renunciation; perhaps he had done his duty in the acceptance. Suddenly transformed into a lord, what ought he to have done? The complication of events produces perplexity of mind. This had happened to him. Duty gave contrary orders. Duty on all sides at once, duty multiple and contradictory; this was the bewilderment which he *had suffered*. It was this that had paralysed him, especially when he

had not refused to take the journey from Corleone Lodge to the House of Lords. What we call rising in life is leaving the safe for the dangerous path. Which is, thenceforth, the straight line? Towards whom is our first duty? Is it towards those nearest to ourselves, or is it towards mankind generally? Do we not cease to belong to our own circumscribed circle, and become part of the great family of all? As we ascend, we feel an increased pressure on our virtue. The higher we rise, the greater is the strain. The increase of right is an increase of duty. We come to many cross-ways, phantom roads perchance, and we imagine that we see the finger of conscience pointing each one of them out to us. Which shall we take? Change our direction, remain where we are, advance, go back? What are we to do? That there should be cross-roads in conscience is strange enough; but responsibility may be a labyrinth. And when a man contains an idea, when he is the incarnation of a fact,—when he is a symbolical man, at the same time that he is a man of flesh and blood,—is not the responsibility still more oppressive? Thence the care-laden docility and the dumb anxiety of Gwynplaine; thence his obedience when summoned to take his seat. A pensive man is often a passive man. He had heard what he fancied was the command of duty itself. Was not that entrance into a place where oppression could be discussed and resisted, the realisation of one of his deepest aspirations? When he had been called upon to speak, he, the fearful human scantling, he, the living specimen of the despotic whims under which, for six thousand years, mankind has groaned in agony,—had he the right to refuse? Had he the right to withdraw his head from under the tongue of fire descending from on high to rest upon him?

In the obscure and giddy debate of conscience, what had he said to himself? This: "The people are a silence. I will be the mighty advocate of that silence; I will speak for the dumb; I will speak of the little to the great,—of the weak to the powerful. This is the purpose of my fate. God wills what he wills, and does it. It was a very wonder that Hardquanonne's flask, in which was the metamorphosis of Gwynplaine into Lord Clancharlie, should have floated for fifteen years on the ocean, on the billows, in the surf, through the storms, and that all the raging of the sea did it no harm. But I can see the reason. There are destinies with secret springs. I have the key of mine, and know its enigma. I am predestined; I have a mission; I will be the poor man's lord; I will speak for the speechless with despair; I will translate inarticulate remonstrance; I will translate the mutterings, the groans, the murmurs,

the voices of the crowd, their ill-spoken complaints, their unintelligible words, and those animal-like cries which ignorance and suffering put into men's mouths. The clamour of men is as inarticulate as the howling of the wind. They cry out, but they are not understood; so that cries become equivalent to silence, and silence with them means throwing down their arms. This forced disarmament calls for help. I will be their help; I will be the Denunciation; I will be the Word of the people. Thanks to me, they shall be understood. I will be the bleeding mouth from which the gag has been torn. I will tell everything. This will be great indeed."

Yes; it is fine to speak for the dumb; but to speak to the deaf is sad. And that was his second part in the drama.

Alas! he had failed irremediably. The elevation in which he had believed, the high fortune, had melted away like a mirage. And what a fall! To be drowned in a surge of laughter!

He had believed himself strong, he, who during so many years, had floated with observant mind on the wide sea of suffering; he who had brought back out of the great shadow so touching a cry. He had been flung against that huge rock, the frivolity of the fortunate. He believed himself an avenger; he was but a clown. He thought that he wielded the thunderbolt; he did but tickle. In place of emotion, he met with mockery. He sobbed; they burst into gaiety; and, under that gaiety, he had sunk fatally submerged.

And what had they laughed at? At his laugh. So, that trace of a hateful act, of which he must keep the mark for ever;—mutilation carved in everlasting gaiety; the stigmata of laughter, image of the sham contentment of nations under their oppressors; that mask of joy produced by torture; that abyss of grimace which he carried on his features; the scar which signified *Jussu regis*, the attestation of a crime committed by the king towards him, and the symbol of crime committed by royalty towards the people;—that it was which had triumphed over him—that it was which had overwhelmed him; so that the accusation against the executioner turned into sentence upon the victim. What a prodigious denial of justice! Royalty, having had satisfaction of his father, had had satisfaction of him! The evil that had been done had served as pretext and as motive for the evil which remained to be done. Against whom were the lords angered? Against the torturer? No. Against the tortured. Here is the throne; there, the people. Here, James II.; there, Gwynplaine. That confrontation, indeed, brought to light an outrage and a crime. *What was the outrage?* Complaint. *What was the crime?* Suffer-

ing. Let misery hide itself in silence, otherwise it becomes treason. And those men who had dragged Gwynplaine on the hurdle of sarcasm, were they wicked? No; but they, too, had their fatality: they were happy. They were executioners, ignorant of the fact. They were good-humoured; they saw no use in Gwynplaine. He opened himself to them. He tore out his heart to show them, and they cried, "Go on with your play!" But, sharpest sting! he had laughed himself. The frightful chain which tied down his soul hindered his thoughts from rising to his face. His disfigurement reached even his senses; and, while his conscience was indignant, his face gave it the lie, and jested. Then all was over. He was the laughing man, the caryatid of the weeping world. He was an agony petrified in hilarity, carrying the weight of a universe of calamity, and walled up for ever with the gaiety, the ridicule, and the amusement of others; of all the Oppressed, of whom he was the Incarnation, he partook the hateful fate, to be a desolation not believed in; they jeered at his distress; to them he was but an extraordinary buffoon lifted out of some frightful condensation of misery, escaped from his prison, changed to a deity, risen from the dregs of the people to the foot of the throne, mingling with the stars, and who, having once amused the damned, now amused the elect. All that was in him of generosity, of enthusiasm, of eloquence, of heart, of soul, of fury, of anger, of love, of inexpressible grief, ended in—a burst of laughter! And he proved, as he had told the lords, that this was not the exception; but that it was the normal, ordinary, universal, unlimited, sovereign fact, so amalgamated with the routine of life, that they took no account of it. The hungry pauper laughs, the beggar laughs, the felon laughs, the prostitute laughs, the orphan laughs to gain his bread; the slave laughs, the soldier laughs, the people laugh. Society is so constituted, that every perdition, every indigence, every catastrophe, every fever, every ulcer, every agony, is resolved on the surface of the abyss into one frightful grin of joy. Now, he was that universal grin, and that grin was himself. The law of heaven, the unknown power which governs, had willed that a spectre visible and palpable, a spectre of flesh and bone, should be the synopsis of the monstrous parody which we call the world; and he was that spectre. Immutabile fate!

He had cried: "Pity for those who suffer." In vain! He had striven to awake pity—he had awakened horror. Such is the law of apparitions.

But while he was a spectre, he was also a man; here was the



heartrending complication. A spectre without, a man within. A man more than any other, perhaps, since his double fate was the synopsis of all humanity. And he felt that humanity was at once present in him, and absent from him. There was in his existence something insurmountable. What was he? A disinherited heir? No; for he was a lord. Was he a lord? No; for he was a rebel. He was the light-bearer; a terrible spoil-sport. He was not Satan, certainly; but he was Lucifer. His entrance, with his torch in his hand, was sinister.

Sinister for whom? for the sinister. Terrible to whom? to the terrible. Therefore, they rejected him. Enter their order? be accepted by them? Never. The obstacle which he carried in his face was frightful; but the obstacle which he carried in his ideas was still more insurmountable. His speech was to them more deformed than his face. He had no possible thought in common with the world of the great and powerful, in which he had by a freak of fate been born, and from which another freak of fate had driven him out. There was between men and his face a mask, and between society and his mind, a wall. In mixing, from infancy, a wandering mountebank, with that vast and tough substance which is called the crowd, in saturating himself with the attraction of the multitude, and impregnating himself with the great soul of mankind, he had lost in the common sense of the whole of mankind, the particular sense of the reigning classes. On their heights, he was impossible. He had reached them wet with water from the well of Truth; the odour of the abyss was on him. He was repugnant to those princes perfumed with lies. To those who live on fiction, truth is disgusting; and he who thirsts for flattery vomits the real, when he has happened to drink it by mistake. That which Gwynplaine brought was not fit for their table. For what was it? Reason, wisdom, justice; and they rejected them with disgust.

There were bishops there. He brought God into their presence. Who was this intruder?

The two poles repel each other. They can never amalgamate, for transition is wanting. Hence the result—a cry of anger—when they were brought together in terrible juxtaposition: all misery concentrated in a man, face to face with all pride concentrated in a caste.

To accuse is useless. To state is sufficient. Gwynplaine, meditating on the limits of his destiny, proved the total uselessness of his effort. He proved the deafness of high places. The privileged have no hearing on the side next the disinherited. Is it their fault? *Alas! no. It is their law! Forgive them! To be moved would*

be to abdicate. Of lords and princes expect nothing. He who is satisfied is inexorable. For those that have their fill, the hungry do not exist. The happy ignore, and isolate themselves. On the threshold of their paradise, as on the threshold of hell, must be written, "Leave all hope behind."

Gwynplaine had met with the reception of a spectre entering the dwelling of the gods.

Here all that was within him rose in rebellion. No, he was no spectre, he was a man. He told them, he shouted to them, that he was Man.

He was not a phantom. He was palpitating flesh. He had a brain, and he thought; he had a heart, and he loved; he had a soul, and he hoped. Indeed, to have hoped overmuch was his whole crime.

Alas! he had exaggerated hope into believing in that thing at once so brilliant and so dark, which is called Society. He, who was without, had re-entered it. It had at once, and at first sight, made him its three offers, and given him its three gifts—marriage, family, and caste. Marriage? He had seen prostitution on the threshold. Family? His brother had struck him, and was awaiting him the next day, sword in hand. Caste? It had burst into laughter in his face, at him, the patrician, at him, the wretch. It had rejected, almost before it had admitted, him. So that his first three steps into the dense shadow of society, had opened three gulfs beneath him.

And it was by a treacherous transfiguration that his disaster had begun; and catastrophe had approached him with the aspect of apotheosis!

Ascend! had signified Descend!

His fate was the reverse of Job's. It was through prosperity that adversity had reached him.

O tragical enigma of life! Behold what pitfalls! A child, he had wrestled against the night, and had been stronger than it; a man, he had wrestled against destiny, and had overcome it. Out of disfigurement he had created success; and out of misery, happiness. Of his exile he had made an asylum. A vagabond, he had wrestled against space; and, like the birds of the air, he had found his crumb of bread. Wild and solitary, he had wrestled against the crowd, and had made it his friend. An athlete, he had wrestled against that lion, the people; and he had tamed it. Indigent, he had wrestled against distress, he had faced the dull necessity of living, and from amalgamating with misery every joy of his heart, he had at length made riches out of poverty. He had believed himself the conqueror of life. Of a sudden he was attacked

by fresh forces, reaching him from unknown depths ; this time, with menaces no longer, but with smiles and caresses. Love, serpent-like and sensual, had appeared to him, who was filled with angelic love. The flesh had tempted him, who had lived on the ideal. He had heard words of voluptuousness like cries of rage ; he had felt the clasp of a woman's arms, like the convolutions of a snake ; to the illumination of truth had succeeded the fascination of falsehood ; for it is not the flesh that is real, but the soul. The flesh is ashes, the soul is flame. For the little circle allied to him by the relationship of poverty and toil, which was his true and natural family, had been substituted the social family—his family in blood, but of tainted blood ; and even before he had entered it, he found himself face to face with an intended fratricide. Alas ! he had allowed himself to be thrown back into that society, of which Brantôme, whom he had not read, wrote : *the son has a right to challenge his father !* A fatal fortune had cried to him, "Thou art not of the crowd, thou art of the chosen !" and had opened the ceiling above his head like a trap in the sky, and had shot him up through this opening, causing him to appear, wild, and unexpected, in the midst of princes and masters. Then suddenly he saw around him, instead of the people who applauded him, the lords who cursed him. Mournful metamorphosis ! Ignominious ennobling ! Rude spoliation of all that had been his happiness ! Pillage of his life by derision ; Gwynplaine, Clancharlie, the lord, the mountebank, torn out of his old lot, out of his new lot, by the beaks of all those eagles.

What availed it that he had commenced life by immediate victory over obstacle ? Of what good had been his early triumphs ? Alas ! the fall must come, ere destiny be complete.

So, half against his will, half of it—because after he had done with the wapentake he had had to do with Barkilphedro, and he had given a certain amount of consent to his abduction—he had left the real for the chimerical ; the true for the false ; Dea for Josiana ; love for pride ; liberty for power ; labour proud and poor, for opulence full of unknown responsibilities ; the shade in which is God, for the lurid flames in which the devils dwell ; Paradise for Olympus !

He had tasted the golden fruit. He was now spitting out the ashes, to which it turned.

Lamentable result ! Defeat, failure, fall into ruin, insolent expulsion of all his hopes, frustrated by ridicule. Immeasurable disillusion ! And what was there for him in the future ? If he looked forward to the morrow, what did he see ? A drawn sword, the point

of which was against his breast, and the hilt in the hand of his brother. He could see nothing but the hideous flash of that sword. Josiana and the House of Lords made up the background in a monstrous chiar' oscuro full of tragic shadows.

And that brother seemed so brave and chivalrous! Alas! he had hardly seen the Tom-Jim-Jack, who had defended Gwynplaine, the Lord David, who had defended Lord Clancharlie; but he had had time to receive a blow from him, and to love him.

He was crushed.

He felt it impossible to proceed further. Everything had crumbled about him. Besides, what was the good of it? All weariness dwells in the depths of despair.

The trial had been made. It could not be renewed.

Gwynplaine was like a gamester who has played all his trumps away, one after the other. He had allowed himself to be drawn to a fearful gambling table, without thinking of what he was about; for, so subtle is the poison of illusion! he had staked Dea against Josiana, and had gained a monster; he had staked Ursus against a family, and had gained an insult; he had played his mountebank platform against his seat in the Lords; for the applause which was his, he had gained insult. His last card had fallen on that fatal green cloth, the deserted bowling green. Gwynplaine had lost. Nothing remained but to pay. Pay up, wretched man!

The thunder-stricken lie still. Gwynplaine remained motionless. Anybody perceiving him from afar, in the shadow, stiff and without movement, might have fancied that he saw an upright stone.

Hell, the serpent, and reverie are tortuous. Gwynplaine was descending the sepulchral spirals of the deepest thought.

He reflected on that world of which he had just caught a glimpse, with the icy contemplation of a last look. Marriage, but no love; family, but no brotherly affection; riches, but no conscience; beauty, but no modesty; justice, but no equity; order, but no equilibrium; authority, but no right; power, but no intelligence; splendour, but no light. Inexorable balance-sheet! He went throughout the supreme vision in which his mind had been plunged. He examined successively destiny, situation, society, and himself. What was destiny? A snare. Situation? Despair. Society? Hatred. And himself? A defeated man. In the depths of his soul he cried. Society is the stepmother, Nature is the mother. Society is the world of the body, Nature is the world of the soul. The one tends to the coffin, to the deal box in the grave, to the earth-worms, and ends there. The other tends to expanded wings,

to transformation into the morning light, to ascent into the firmament, and there revives into new life.

By degrees a paroxysm came over him, like a sweeping surge. At the close of events there is always a last flash, in which all stands revealed once more.

He who judges meets the accused face to face. Gwynplaine reviewed all that society and all that nature had done for him. How kind had nature been to him! How she, who is the soul, had succoured him! All had been taken from him, even his features. The soul had given him all back—all, even his features; because there was on earth a heavenly blind girl made expressly for him, who saw not his ugliness, and who saw his beauty.

And it was from this that he had allowed himself to be separated; from that adorable girl, from his own adopted one, from her tenderness, from her divine blind gaze, the only gaze on earth that saw him, that he had strayed! Dea was his sister, because he felt between them the grand fraternity of above—the mystery which contains the whole of heaven. Dea, when he was a little child, was his virgin; because every child has his virgin, and at the commencement of life a marriage of souls is always consummated in the plenitude of innocence. Dea was his wife, for theirs was the same nest on the highest branch of the deep-rooted tree of Hymen. Dea was still more—she was his light, for without her all was void, and nothingness; and for him her head was crowned with rays. What would become of him without Dea? What could he do with all that was himself? Nothing in him could live without her. How, then, could he have lost sight of her for a moment? Oh, unfortunate man! He allowed distance to intervene between himself and his star; and, by the unknown and terrible laws of gravitation in such things, distance is immediate loss.

Where was she, the star? Dea! Dea! Dea! Dea! Alas! he had lost her light. Take away the star, and what is the sky? A black mass. But why, then, had all this befallen him? Oh, what happiness had been his! For him God had remade Eden. Too close was the resemblance, alas! even to allowing the serpent to enter; but this time it was the man who had been tempted. He had been drawn without, and then, by a frightful snare, had fallen into a chaos of murky laughter, which was hell. Oh, grief! Oh, grief! How frightful seemed all that had fascinated him! That Josiana, fearful creature!—half beast, half goddess! Gwynplaine was now on the reverse side of his elevation, and he saw the other aspect of that which had dazzled him. *It was baleful! His peerage was deformed; his coronet was hideous;*

his purple robe, a funeral garment ; those palaces, infected ; those trophies, those statues, those armorial bearings, sinister ; the unwholesome and treacherous air poisoned those who breathed it, and turned them mad. How brilliant the rags of the mountebank, Gwynplaine, appeared to him now ! Alas ! where was the Green Box, poverty, joy, the sweet wandering life—wandering together, like the swallows ? They never left each other then ; he saw her every minute, morning, evening. At table their knees, their elbows touched ; they drank from the same cup ; the sun shone through the pane, but it was only the sun, and Dea was Love. At night they slept not far from each other ; and the dream of Dea came and hovered over Gwynplaine, and the dream of Gwynplaine spread itself mysteriously above the head of Dea. When they awoke they could be never quite sure that they had not exchanged kisses in the azure mists of dreams. Dea was all innocence ; Ursus, all wisdom. They wandered from town to town ; and they had for provision and for stimulant the frank, loving gaiety of the people. They were angel vagabonds, with enough of humanity to walk the earth and not enough of wings to fly away ; and now all had disappeared ! Where was it gone ? Was it possible that it was all effaced ? What wind from the tomb had swept over them ? All was eclipsed ! All was lost ! Alas ! power, irresistible and deaf to appeal, which weighs down the poor, flings its shadow over all, and is capable of anything. What had been done to them ? And he had not been there to protect them, to fling himself in front of them, to defend them, as a lord, with his title, his peerage, and his sword ; as a mountebank, with his fists and his nails !

And here arose a bitter reflection, perhaps the most bitter of all. Well ! no ; he could not have defended them. It was he himself who had destroyed them ; it was to save him, Lord Clancharlie, from them ; it was to isolate his dignity from contact with them, that the infamous omnipotence of society had crushed them. The best way in which he could protect them would be to disappear, and then the cause of their persecution would cease. He out of the way, they would be allowed to remain in peace. Into what icy channel was his thought beginning to run ! Oh ! why had he allowed himself to be separated from Dea ? Was not his first duty towards her ? To serve and to defend the people ? But Dea was the people. Dea was an orphan. She was blind ; she represented humanity. Oh ! what had they done to them ? Cruel smart of regret ! His absence had left the field free for the catastrophe. He would have shared their fate ; either they would have been taken and carried away with him, or he would have

been swallowed up with them. And, now, what would become of him without them? Gwynplaine without Dea. Was it possible? Without Dea was to be without everything. It was all over now. The beloved group was for ever buried in irreparable disappearance. All was spent. Besides, condemned and damned as Gwynplaine was, what was the good of further struggle? He had nothing more to expect either of men or of heaven. Dea! Dea! Where is Dea? Lost! What! lost? He who has lost his soul can regain it but through one outlet—death.

Gwynplaine, tragically distraught, placed his hand firmly on the parapet, as on a solution, and looked at the river.

It was his third night without sleep. Fever had come over him. His thoughts, which he believed to be clear, were blurred. He felt an imperative need of sleep. He remained for a few instants leaning over the water. Its darkness offered him a bed of boundless tranquillity in the infinity of shadow. Sinister temptation!

He took off his coat, which he folded and placed on the parapet; then, he unbuttoned his waistcoat. As he was about to take it off, his hand struck against something in the pocket. It was the red book which had been given him by the librarian of the House of Lords: he drew it from the pocket, examined it in the vague light of the night, and found a pencil in it, with which he wrote on the first blank that he found these two lines:—

“I depart. Let my brother David take my place, and may he be happy!”

This he signed, “Fermain Clancharlie, peer of England.”

He took off his waistcoat and placed it upon the coat; then his hat, which he placed upon the waistcoat. In the hat he laid the red book open at the page on which he had written. Seeing a stone lying on the ground, he picked it up and placed it in the hat. Having done all this, he looked up into the deep shadow above him. Then his head sank slowly, as if drawn by an invisible thread towards the abyss.

There was a hole in the masonry near the base of the parapet; he placed his foot in it, so that his knee stood higher than the top, and scarcely an effort was necessary to spring over it. He clasped his hands behind his back, and leaned over. “So be it,” said he.

And he fixed his eyes on the deep waters. Just then he felt a tongue licking his hands.

He shuddered, and turned round.

Homo was behind him.

## CONCLUSION.

*The Night and the Sea.*

## CHAPTER I.

## A WATCH-DOG MAY BE A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

GWYNPLAINE uttered a cry.

"Is that you, wolf!"

Homo wagged his tail. His eyes sparkled in the darkness. He was looking earnestly at Gwynplaine.

Then he began to lick his hands again. For a moment Gwynplaine was like a drunken man, so great is the shock of Hope's mighty return.

Homo! What an apparition! During the last forty-eight hours he had exhausted what might be termed every variety of the thunder-bolt. But one was left to strike him—the thunderbolt of joy. And it had just fallen upon him. Certainty, or at least the light which leads to it, regained; the sudden intervention of some mysterious clemency possessed, perhaps, by destiny; life saying, "Behold me!" in the darkest recess of the grave; the very moment in which all expectation has ceased bringing back health and deliverance; a place of safety discovered at the most critical instant in the midst of crumbling ruins; Homo was all this to Gwynplaine. The wolf appeared to him in a halo of light.

Meanwhile, Homo had turned round. He advanced a few steps, and then looked back to see if Gwynplaine was following him.

Gwynplaine was doing so. Homo wagged his tail, and went on.

The road taken by the wolf was the slope of the quay of the Effrocstone. This slope shelved down to the Thames; and Gwynplaine, guided by Homo, descended it.

Homo turned his head now and then, to make sure that Gwynplaine was behind him.

In some situations of supreme importance nothing approaches so near an omniscient intelligence as the simple instinct of a faithful animal. An animal is a lucid somnambulist.

There are cases in which the dog feels that he should follow his master; others, in which he should precede him. Then the animal takes the direction of sense. His imperturbable scent is a confused



power of vision in what is twilight to us. He feels a vague obligation to become a guide. Does he know that there is a dangerous pass, and that he can help his master to surmount it? Probably not. Perhaps he does. In any case, someone knows it for him. As we have already said, it often happens in life, that some mighty help which we have held to have come from below has, in reality, come from above. Who knows all the mysterious forms assumed by God?

What was this animal? Providence.

Having reached the river, the wolf led down the narrow tongue of land which bordered the Thames.

Without noise or bark he pushed forward on his silent way. Homo always followed his instinct, and did his duty; but with the pensive reserve of an outlaw.

Some fifty paces more, and he stopped. A wooden platform appeared on the right. At the bottom of this platform, which was a kind of wharf on piles, a black mass could be made out, which was a tolerably large vessel. On the deck of the vessel, near the prow, was a glimmer, like the last flicker of a night-light.

The wolf, having finally assured himself that Gwynplaine was there, bounded on to the wharf. It was a long platform, floored and tarred, supported by a network of joists, and under which flowed the river. Homo and Gwynplaine shortly reached the brink.

The ship moored to the wharf was a Dutch vessel, of the Japanese build, with two decks, fore and aft, and between them an open hold, reached by an upright ladder, in which the cargo was laden. There was thus a forecastle and an afterdeck, as in our old river boats, and a space between them ballasted by the freight. The paper boats made by children are of a somewhat similar shape. Under the decks were the cabins, the doors of which opened into the hold and were lighted by glazed portholes. In stowing the cargo a passage was left between the packages of which it consisted. These vessels had a mast on each deck. The foremast was called Paul, the mainmast Peter; the ship being sailed by these two masts, as the Church was guided by her two apostles. A gangway was thrown, like a Chinese bridge, from one deck to the other, over the centre of the hold. In bad weather, both flaps of the gangway were lowered, on the right and left, on hinges, thus making a roof over the hold; so that the ship, in heavy seas, was hermetically closed. These sloops, being of very massive construction, had a beam for a tiller, the strength of the rudder being necessarily proportioned to the height of the vessel. Three men, the skipper and two sailors, with a *cabin-boy*, sufficed to navigate these ponderous sea-going machines.

The decks, fore and aft, were, as we have already said, without bulwarks. The great lumbering hull of this particular vessel was painted black, and on it, visible even in the night, stood out, in white letters, the words, *Vograat, Rotterdam.*

About that time many events had occurred at sea, and amongst others, the defeat of the Baron de Pointi's eight ships off Cape Carnero, which had driven the whole French fleet into refuge at Gibraltar; so that the Channel was swept of every man-of-war, and merchant vessels were able to sail backwards and forwards, between London and Rotterdam, without a convoy.

The vessel on which was to be read the word *Vograat*, and which Gwynplaine was now close to, lay with her main-deck almost level with the wharf. But one step to descend, and Homo in a bound, and Gwynplaine in a stride, were on board.

The deck was clear, and no stir was perceptible. The passengers, if, as was likely, there were any, were already on board, the vessel being ready to sail, and the cargo stowed, as was apparent from the state of the hold, which was full of bales and cases. But they were, doubtless, lying asleep in the cabins below, as the passage was to take place during the night. In such cases the passengers do not appear on deck till they awake the following morning. As for the crew, they were probably having their supper in the men's cabin, whilst awaiting the hour fixed for sailing, which was now rapidly approaching. Hence the silence on the two decks connected by the gangway.

The wolf had almost run across the wharf; once on board, he slackened his pace into a discreet walk. He still wagged his tail—no longer joyfully, however; but with the sad and feeble wag of a dog troubled in his mind. Still preceding Gwynplaine, he passed along the after-deck, and across the gangway.

Gwynplaine having reached the gangway, perceived a light in front of him. It was the same that he had seen from the shore. There was a lantern on the deck, close to the foremast, by the gleam of which was sketched in black, on the dim background of the night, what Gwynplaine recognised to be Ursus's old four-wheeled van.

This poor wooden tenement, cart and hut combined, in which his childhood had rolled along, was fastened to the bottom of the mast by thick ropes, of which the knots were visible at the wheels. Having been so long out of service, it had become dreadfully rickety; it leant over feebly on one side; it had become quite paralytic from disuse; and, moreover, it was suffering from that incurable malady—old age. Mouldy and out of shape, it tottered in decay. The materials

of which it was built were all rotten. The iron was rusty, the leather torn, the wood-work worm-eaten. There were lines of cracks across the window in front, through which shone a ray from the lantern. The wheels were warped. The lining, the floor, and the axletrees seemed worn out with fatigue. Altogether, it presented an indescribable appearance of beggary and prostration. The shafts, stuck up, looked like two arms raised to heaven. The whole thing was in a state of dislocation. Beneath it was hanging Homo's chain.

Does it not seem that the law and the will of nature would have dictated Gwynplaine's headlong rush to throw himself upon life, happiness, love regained? So they would, except in some case of deep terror such as his. But he who comes forth, shattered in nerve and uncertain of his way, from a series of catastrophes, each one like a fresh betrayal, is prudent even in his joy; hesitates, lest he should bear the fatality of which he has been the victim to those whom he loves; feels that some evil contagion may still hang about him, and advances towards happiness with wary steps. The gates of Paradise re-open; but before he enters he examines his ground.

Gwynplaine, staggering under the weight of his emotion, looked around him, while the wolf went and lay down silently by his chain.

## CHAPTER II.

BARKILPHEDRO, HAVING AIMED AT THE EAGLE, BRINGS DOWN  
THE DOVE.

THE step of the little van was down—the door ajar—there was no one inside. The faint light which broke through the pane in front, sketched the interior of the caravan vaguely in melancholy *chiar' oscuro*. The inscriptions of Ursus, glorifying the grandeur of Lords, showed distinctly on the worn out-boards, which were both the wall without and the wainscot within. On a nail, near the door, Gwynplaine saw his esclavine and his cape hung up, as they hang up the clothes of a corpse in a dead-house. Just then he had neither waistcoat nor coat on.

Behind the van something was laid out on the deck at the foot of the mast, which was lighted by the lantern. It was a mattress, of which he could make out one corner. On this mattress some one was probably lying, for he could see a shadow move.

Some one was speaking. Concealed by the van, Gwynplaine listened. It was Ursus's voice. That voice, so harsh in its upper, so *tender in its lower, pitch*; that voice, which had so often upbraided

Gwynplaine, and which had taught him so well, had lost the life and clearness of its tone. It was vague and low, and melted into a sigh at the end of every sentence. It bore but a confused resemblance to his natural and firm voice of old. It was the voice of one in whom happiness is dead. A voice may become a ghost.

He seemed to be engaged in monologue rather than in conversation. We are already aware, however, that soliloquy was a habit with him. It was for that reason that he passed for a madman.

Gwynplaine held his breath, so as not to lose a word of what Ursus said, and this was what he heard.

"This is a very dangerous kind of craft, because there are no bulwarks to it. If we were to slip, there is nothing to prevent our going overboard. If we have bad weather we shall have to take her below, and that will be dreadful. An awkward step, a fright, and we shall have a rupture of the aneurism. I have seen instances of it. O my God! what is to become of us? Is she asleep? Yes. She is asleep. Is she in a swoon? No. Her pulse is pretty strong. She is only asleep. Sleep is a reprieve. It is the happy blindness. What can I do to prevent people walking about here? Gentlemen, if there be anybody on deck, I beg of you to make no noise. Do not come near us, if you do not mind. You know a person in delicate health requires a little attention. She is feverish, you see. She is very young. 'Tis a little creature who is rather feverish. I put this mattress down here so that she may have a little air. I explain all this so that you should be careful. She fell down exhausted on the mattress as if she had fainted. But she is asleep. I do hope that no one will awake her. I address myself to the ladies, if there are any present. A young girl, it is pitiful! We are only poor mountebanks, but I beg a little kindness, and if there is anything to pay for not making a noise, I will pay it. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Is there any one there? No. I don't think there is. My talk is mere loss of breath. So much the better. Gentlemen, I thank you, if you are there; and I thank you still more if you are not. Her forehead is all in perspiration. Come, let us take our places in the galleys again. Put on the chain. Misery is come back. We are sinking again. A hand, the fearful hand which we cannot see, but the weight of which we feel ever upon us, has suddenly struck us back towards the dark point of our destiny. Be it so. We will bear up. Only I will not have her ill. I must seem a fool to talk aloud like this, when I am alone; but she must feel she has some one near her when she awakes. What shall I do if somebody awakes her suddenly! No noise, in the name of heaven! A

sudden shock which would awake her suddenly, would be of no use. It will be a pity if anybody comes by. I believe that every one on board is asleep. Thanks be to Providence for that mercy. Well, and Homo? where is he, I wonder? In all this confusion I forgot to tie him up. I do not know what I am doing. It is more than an hour since I have seen him, I suppose he has been to look for his supper somewhere ashore. I hope nothing has happened to him. Homo! Homo!"

Homo struck his tail softly on the planks of the deck.

"You are there. Oh! you are there! Thank God for that. If Homo had been lost, it would have been too much to bear. She has moved her arm. Perhaps she is going to awake. Quiet, Homo! The tide is turning. We shall sail directly. I think it will be a fine night. There is no wind: the flag droops. We shall have a good passage. I do not know what moon it is, but there is scarcely a stir in the clouds. There will be no swell; it will be a fine night. Her cheek is pale; it is only weakness! No, it is flushed; it is only the fever. Stay! It is rosy. She is well! I can no longer see clearly. My poor Homo, I no longer see distinctly. So we must begin life afresh. We must set to work again. There are only we two left, you see. We will work for her, both of us! She is our child. Ah! the vessel moves! We are off! Good-bye, London! Good evening! good night! To the devil with horrible London!"

He was right. He heard the dull sound of the unmooring as the vessel fell away from the wharf. Aft on the poop a man, the skipper, no doubt, just come from below, was standing. He had slipped the hawser, and was working the tiller. Looking only to the rudder, as befitted the combined phlegm of a Dutchman and a sailor, listening to nothing but the wind and the water, bending against the resistance of the tiller, as he worked it to port or starboard, he looked, in the gloom of the after-deck, like a phantom bearing a beam upon its shoulder. He was alone there. So long as they were in the river the other sailors were not required. In a few minutes the vessel was in the centre of the current, with which she drifted without rolling or pitching. The Thames, little disturbed by the ebb, was calm. Carried onwards by the tide, the vessel made rapid way. Behind her the black scenery of London was fading in the mist.

Ursus went on talking.

"Never mind, I will give her digitalis. I am afraid that delirium will supervene. She perspires in the palms of her hands. What *sin can we have committed in the sight of God? How quickly has*

all this misery come upon us! Hideous rapidity of evil! A stone falls. It has claws. It is the hawk swooping on the lark. It is destiny. There you lie, my sweet child! One comes to London. One says: What a fine city! What fine buildings! Southwark is a magnificent suburb. One settles there. But now they are horrid places. What would you have me do there? I am glad to leave. This is the 30th of April. I always distrusted the month of April. There are but two lucky days in April, the 5th and the 27th; and four unlucky ones—the 10th, the 20th, the 29th, and the 30th. This has been placed beyond doubt by the calculations of Cardan. I wish this day were over. Departure is a comfort. At dawn we shall be at Gravesend, and to-morrow evening at Rotterdam. Zounds! I will begin life again in the van. We will draw it, won't we Homo?"

A light tapping announced the wolf's consent.

Ursus continued:—

"If one could only get out of a grief, as one gets out of a city! Homo, we must yet be happy. Alas! there must always be the one who is no more. A shadow remains on those who survive. You know who I mean, Homo. We were four, and now we are but three. Life is but a long loss of those whom we love. They leave behind them a train of sorrows. Destiny amazes us by a prolixity of unbearable suffering; who then can wonder that the old are garrulous? It is despair that makes the dotard, old fellow! Homo, the wind continues favourable. We can no longer see the dome of St. Paul's. We shall pass Greenwich presently. That will be six good miles over. Oh! I turn my back for ever on those odious capitals, full of priests, of magistrates, and of people. I prefer looking at the leaves rustling in the woods. Her forehead is still in perspiration. I don't like those great violet veins in her arm. There is fever in them. Oh! all this is killing me. Sleep, my child. Yes; she sleeps."

Here a voice spoke: an ineffable voice, which seemed from afar, and appeared to come at once from the heights and the depths—a voice divinely fearful, the voice of Dea.

All that Gwynplaine had hitherto felt seemed nothing. His angel spoke. It seemed as though he heard words spoken from another world in a heaven-like trance.

The voice said:—

"He did well to go. This world was not worthy of him. Only I must go with him. Father! I am not ill; I heard you speak just now. I am very well, quite well. I was asleep. Father, I am going to be happy."

"My child," said Ursus, in a voice of anguish; "what do you mean by that?"

The answer was,—

"Father, do not be unhappy."

There was a pause, as if to take breath, and then these few words, pronounced slowly, reached Gwynplaine.

"Gwynplaine is no longer here. It is now that I am blind. I knew not what night was. Night is absence."

The voice stopped once more, and then continued,—

"I always feared that he would fly away. I felt that he belonged to Heaven. He has taken flight suddenly. It was natural that it should end thus. The soul flies away like a bird. But the nest of the soul is in the heights, where dwells the Great Loadstone, who draws all towards Him. I know where to find Gwynplaine. I have no doubt about the way. Father, it is yonder. Later on you will rejoin us, and Homo, too."

Homo, hearing his name pronounced, wagged his tail softly against the deck.

"Father!" resumed the voice, "you understand that once Gwynplaine is no longer here, all is over. Even if I would remain, I could not, because one must breathe. We must not ask for that which is impossible. I was with Gwynplaine. It was quite natural, I lived. Now Gwynplaine is no more, I die. The two things are alike: either he must come, or I must go. Since he cannot come back, I am going to him. It is good to die. It is not at all difficult. Father, that which is extinguished here, shall be rekindled elsewhere. It is a heartache to live in this world. It cannot be that we shall always be unhappy. When we go to what you call the stars, we shall marry, we shall never part again, and we shall love, love, love; and that is what is God."

"There, there, do not agitate yourself," said Ursus.

The voice continued,—

"Well, for instance; last year. In the spring of last year we were together, and we were happy. How different it is now! I forget what little village we were in, but there were trees, and I heard the linnets singing. We came to London; all was changed. This is no reproach, mind. When one comes to a fresh place, how is one to know anything about it? Father, do you remember that one day there was a woman in the great box; you said: 'It is a duchess.' I felt sad. I think it might have been better had we kept to the little towns. Gwynplaine has done right, withal. Now my turn has come. Besides, you have told me yourself, that when I was very little, my

mother died, and that I was lying on the ground with the snow falling upon me, and that he, who was also very little then, and alone, like myself, picked me up, and that it was thus that I came to be alive; so you cannot wonder that now I should feel it absolutely necessary to go and search the grave to see if Gwynplaine be in it. Because the only thing which exists in life, is the heart; and after life, the soul. You take notice of what I say, father, do you not? What is moving? It seems as if we are in something that is moving, yet I do not hear the sound of the wheels."

After a pause the voice added,—

"I cannot exactly make out the difference between yesterday and to-day. I do not complain. I do not know what has occurred; but something must have happened."

These words, uttered with deep and inconsolable sweetness, and with a sigh which Gwynplaine heard, wound up thus,—

"I must go, unless he should return."

Ursus muttered, gloomily; "I do not believe in ghosts."

He went on,—

"This is a ship. You ask why the house moves, it is because we are on board a vessel. Be calm; you must not talk so much. Daughter, if you have any love for me, do not agitate yourself, it will make you feverish. I am so old, I could not bear it if you were to have an illness. Spare me! do not be ill!"

Again the voice spoke,—

"What is the use of searching the earth, when we can only find in Heaven?"

Ursus replied, with a half-attempt at authority,—

"Be calm. There are times when you have no sense at all. I order you to rest. After all, you cannot be expected to know what it is to rupture a blood vessel. I should be easy if you were easy. My child, do something for me as well. If he picked you up, I took you in. You will make me ill. That is wrong. You must calm yourself, and go to sleep. All will come right. I give you my word of honour, all will come right. Besides, it is very fine weather. The night might have been made on purpose. To-morrow we shall be at Rotterdam, which is a city in Holland, at the mouth of the Meuse."

"Father," said the voice, "look here; when two beings have always been together from infancy, their state should not be disturbed, or death must come, and it cannot be otherwise. I love you all the same, but I feel that I am no longer altogether with you, although I  
n as yet not altogether with him."



"Come! try to sleep," repeated Ursus.

The voice answered,—

"I shall have sleep enough soon."

Ursus replied, in trembling tones,—

"I tell you that we are going to Holland, to Rotterdam, which is a city."

"Father," continued the voice, "I am not ill; if you are anxious about that, you may rest easy. I have no fever. I am rather hot; it is nothing more."

Ursus stammered out,—

"At the mouth of the Meuse——"

"I am quite well, father; but look here! I feel that I am going to die!"

"Do nothing so foolish," said Ursus. And he added, "Above all, God forbid she should have a shock!"

There was a silence. Suddenly Ursus cried out,—

"What are you doing? Why are you getting up? Lie down again, I implore of you."

Gwynplaine shivered, and stretched out his head.

### CHAPTER III.

#### PARADISE REGAINED BELOW.

HE saw Dea. She had just raised herself up on the mattress. She had on a long white dress, carefully closed, and showing only the delicate form of her neck. The sleeves covered her arms, the folds, her feet. The branch-like tracery of blue veins, hot and swollen with fever, were visible on her hands. She was shivering and rocking, rather than reeling, to and fro, like a reed. The lantern threw up its glancing light on her beautiful face. Her loosened hair floated over her shoulders. No tears fell on her cheeks. In her eyes there was fire, and darkness. She was pale, with that paleness which is like the transparency of a divine life in an earthly face. Her fragile and exquisite form was, as it were, blended and interfused with the folds of her robe. She wavered like the flicker of a flame, while, at the same time, she was dwindling into shadow. Her eyes, opened wide, were resplendent. She was as one just freed from the sepulchre; a soul standing in the dawn.

Ursus, whose back only was visible to Gwynplaine, raised his arms in terror. "Oh! my child! Oh! heavens! She is delirious. Delirium is what I feared worst of all. She must have no shock, for that

might kill her ; yet nothing but a shock can prevent her going mad. Dead or mad ! what a situation. O God ! what can I do ? My child, lie down again."

Meanwhile, Dea spoke. Her voice was almost indistinct, as if a cloud already interposed between her and earth.

"Father, you are wrong. I am not in the least delirious. I hear all you say to me, distinctly. You tell me that there is a great crowd of people, that they are waiting, and that I must play to-night. I am quite willing. You see that I have my reason ; but I do not know what to do, since I am dead, and Gwynplaine is dead. I am coming all the same. I am ready to play. Here I am ; but Gwynplaine is no longer here."

"Come, my child," said Ursus, "do as I bid you. Lie down again."

"He is no longer here, no longer here. Oh ! how dark it is !"

"Dark," muttered Ursus. "This is the first time she has ever uttered that word !"

Gwynplaine, with as little noise as he could help making as he crept, mounted the step of the caravan, entered it, took from the nail the cape and the esclavine, put the esclavine round his neck, and redescended from the van, still concealed by the projection of the cabin, the rigging, and the mast.

Dea continued murmuring. She moved her lips, and by degrees the murmur became a melody. In broken pauses, and with the interrupted cadences of delirium, her voice broke into the mysterious appeal she had so often addressed to Gwynplaine in *Chaos Vanquished*. She sang, and her voice was low and uncertain as the murmur of the bee,

"Noche, quita te de alli,  
El alba canta . . . ."

She stopped. "No, it is not true. I am not dead. What was I saying ? Alas ! I am alive. I am alive. He is dead. I am below. He is above. He is gone. I remain. I shall hear his voice no more, nor his footstep. God, who had given us a little Paradise on earth, has taken it away. Gwynplaine, it is over. I shall never feel thee near me again. Never ! And his voice ! I shall never hear his voice again. And she sang :—

"Es menester a cielos ir—  
Deja, quiero,  
A tu negro  
Caparazon."

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\* "Depart, O night ! sings the dawn."

"We must go to heaven.  
Take off, I entreat thee,  
Thy black cloak."

She stretched out her hand, as if she sought something in space on which she might rest.

Gwynplaine, rising by the side of Ursus, who had suddenly become as though petrified, knelt down before her.

"Never," said Dea, "never shall I hear him again."

She began, wandering, to sing again,—

"Deja quiero  
A tu negro  
Caparazon."

Then he heard a voice—even the beloved voice—answering,—

"O ven ! ama !  
Eres alma,  
Soy corazon."  
"O come and love !  
Thou art the soul,  
I am the heart."

And at the same instant Dea felt under her hand the head of Gwynplaine. She uttered an indescribable cry.

"Gwynplaine !"

A light, as of a star shone over her pale face, and she tottered. Gwynplaine received her in his arms.

"Alive !" cried Ursus.

Dea repeated "Gwynplaine ;" and with her head bowed against Gwynplaine's cheek, she whispered faintly,—

"You have come down to me again ; I thank you, Gwynplaine."

And seated on his knee, she lifted up her head. Wrapt in his embrace, she turned her sweet face towards him, and fixed on him those eyes so full of light and shadow, as though she could see him.

"It is you," she said.

Gwynplaine covered her sobs with kisses. There are words which are at once words, cries, and sobs, in which all ecstasy and all grief are mingled and burst forth together. They have no meaning, and yet tell all.

"Yes ! it is ! It is I, Gwynplaine, of whom you are the soul. Do you hear me ? I, of whom you are the child, the wife, the star, the breath of life. I, to whom you are eternity. It is I. I am here. I hold you in my arms. I am alive. I am yours. Oh ! when I think that in a moment all would have been over—one

minute more, but for Homo! I will tell you everything. How near is despair to joy! Dea, we live! Dea, forgive me. Yes. Yours for ever. You are right. Touch my forehead. Make sure that it is I. If you only knew—but nothing can separate us now. I rise out of hell, and ascend to heaven. Am I not with you? You said that I descended. Not so; I reascend. Once more with you! For ever! I tell you for ever. Together! We are together! Who would have believed it? We have found each other again. All our troubles are past. Before us now there is nothing but enchantment. We will renew our happy life, and we will shut the door so fast that misfortune shall never enter again. I will tell you all. You will be astonished. The vessel has sailed. No one can prevent that now. We are on our voyage, and at liberty. We are going to Holland. We will marry. I have no fear about gaining a livelihood. What can hinder it? There is nothing to fear. I adore you?"

"Not so quick!" stammered Ursus.

Dea, trembling, and with the rapture of an angelic touch, passed her hand over Gwynplaine's profile. He overheard her say to herself, "It is like this that gods are made."

Then she touched his clothes.

"The esclavine," she said, "the cape. Nothing changed. All as it was before."

Ursus, stupified, delighted, smiling, drowned in tears, looked at them, and addressed an aside to himself.

"I don't understand it in the least. I am a stupid idiot—I, who saw him carried to the grave! I cry, and I laugh. That is all I know. I am as great a fool as if I were in love myself. But that is just what I am. I am in love with them both. Old fool! Too much emotion. Too much emotion. It is what I was afraid of. No, it is that I wished for. Gwynplaine, be careful of her. Yes, let them kiss! It is no affair of mine. I am but a spectator. What I feel is droll. I am the parasite of their happiness, and am nourished by it."

Whilst Ursus was talking to himself, Gwynplaine exclaimed,—

"Dea, you are too beautiful! I don't know where my wits were gone these last few days. Truly, there is but you on earth. I see you again, but as yet I can hardly believe it. In this ship! But tell me, how did it all happen? To what a state have they reduced you. But where is the green box? They have robbed you. They have driven you away. It is infamous. Oh! I will avenge you. I will avenge you, Dea. They shall answer for it. I am a peer of land."

Ursus, as if stricken by a planet full in his breast, drew back, and looked at Gwynplaine attentively.

"It is clear that he is not dead; but can he have gone mad?" and he listened to him doubtfully.

Gwynplaine resumed.

"Be easy, Dea; I will carry my complaint to the House of Lords."

Ursus looked at him again, and struck his forehead with the tip of his fore-finger. Then making up his mind,—

"It is all one to me," he said. "It will be all right, all the same. Be as mad as you like, my Gwynplaine. It is one of the rights of man. As for me, I am happy; but how came all this about?"

The vessel continued to sail smoothly and fast. The night grew darker and darker. The mists, which came inland from the ocean, were invading the zenith, from which no wind blew them away. Only a few large stars were visible, and they disappeared one after another, so that soon there were none at all, and the whole sky was dark, infinite, and soft. The river broadened until the banks on each side were nothing but two thin brown lines mingling with the gloom. Out of all this shadow rose a profound peace. Gwynplaine, half seated, held Dea in his embrace. They spoke, they cried, they babbled, they murmured in a mad dialogue of joy! How are we to paint thee, O joy!

"My life!"

"My heaven!"

"My love!"

"My whole happiness!"

"Gwynplaine!"

"Dea, I am drunk. Let me kiss your feet."

"Is it you, then, for certain!"

"I have so much to say to you now that I do not know where to begin."

"One kiss!"

"O, my wife!"

"Gwynplaine, do not tell me that I am beautiful. It is you who are handsome."

"I have found you again. I hold you to my heart. This is true. You are mine. I do not dream. Is it possible? Yes, it is. I recover possession of life. If you only knew! I have met with all sorts of adventures. Dea!"

"Gwynplaine, I love you!"

*And Ursus murmured,—*

"Mine is the joy of a grandfather."

Homo, having come from under the van, was going from one to the other discreetly, exacting no attention, licking them left and right—now Ursus's thick shoes, now Gwynplaine's cape, now Dea's dress, now the mattress. This was his way of giving his blessing.

They had passed Chatham and the mouth of the Medway. They were approaching the sea. The shadowy serenity of the atmosphere was such that the passage down the Thames was being made without trouble: no manœuvre was needful, nor was any sailor called on deck. At the other end of the vessel the skipper, still alone, was steering. There was only this man aft. At the bow the lantern lighted up the happy group of beings who, from the depths of misery, had suddenly been raised to happiness by a meeting so unhopèd-for.

#### CHAPTER IV.

NAY; ON HIGH!

SUDDENLY Dea, disengaging herself from Gwynplaine's embrace, arose. She pressed both her hands against her heart, as if to still its throbbings.

"What is wrong with me?" said she. "There is something the matter. Joy is suffocating. No, it is nothing! That is lucky. Your re-appearance, O my Gwynplaine, has given me a blow—a blow of happiness. All this heaven of joy which you have put into my heart has intoxicated me. You being absent, I felt myself dying. The true life which was leaving me you have brought back. I felt as if something was being torn away within me. It is the shadows that have been torn away, and I feel life dawn in my brain—a glowing life, a life of fever and delight. This life which you have just given me is wonderful. It is so heavenly, that it makes me suffer somewhat. It seems as though my soul is enlarged, and can scarcely be contained in my body. This life of seraphim, this plenitude, flows into my brain, and penetrates it. I feel like a beating of wings within my breast. I feel strangely, but happy. Gwynplaine, you have been my resurrection."

She flushed, became pale, then flushed again, and fell.

"Alas!" said Ursus, "you have killed her."

Gwynplaine stretched his arms towards Dea. Extreme of anguish coming upon extreme of ecstasy, what a shock! He would have fallen, himself, had he not had to support her.

"Dea!" he cried, shuddering; "what is the matter?"

"Nothing," said she. "I love you!"

She lay in his arms, lifeless, like a piece of linen; her hands were hanging down helplessly.

Gwynplaine and Ursus placed Dea on the mattress. She said, feebly,—

"I cannot breathe lying down."

They lifted her up.

Ursus said,—

"Fetch a pillow."

She replied,—

"What for? I have Gwynplaine!"

She laid her head on Gwynplaine's shoulder, who was sitting behind and supporting her, his eyes wild with misfortune.

"Oh," said she, "how happy I am!"

Ursus took her wrist, and counted the pulsation of the artery. He did not shake his head. He said nothing, nor expressed his thought, except by the rapid movement of his eyelids, which were opening and closing convulsively, as if to prevent a flood of tears from bursting out.

"What is the matter?" asked Gwynplaine.

Ursus placed his ear against Dea's left side.

Gwynplaine repeated his question eagerly, fearful of the answer.

Ursus looked at Gwynplaine, then at Dea. He was livid. He said,—

"We ought to be parallel with Canterbury. The distance from here to Gravesend cannot be very great. We shall have fine weather all night. We need fear no attack at sea, because the fleets are all on the coast of Spain. We shall have a good passage."

Dea, bent and growing paler and paler, clutched her robe convulsively. She heaved a sigh of inexpressible sadness, and murmured,—

"I know what this is; I am dying!"

Gwynplaine rose, in terror. Ursus held Dea.

"Die! You die! No; that shall not be! You cannot die! Die now! Die at once! It is impossible! God is not ferociously cruel—to give you and to take you back in the same moment. No; such a thing cannot be. It would make one doubt in Him. Then, indeed, would everything be a snare—the earth, the sky, the cradles of infants, the human heart, love, the stars. God would be a traitor, and man a dupe. There would be nothing in which to believe. It would be an insult to the creation. All would be an abyss. You know not what you say, Dea. You shall live! I command you to live! You must obey me! I am your husband and

your master—I forbid you to leave me ! Oh, heavens ! Oh, wretched Man ! No, it cannot be ; and I remain in the world after you ! Why, it is as monstrous as that there should be no sun ! Dea ! Dea ! recover ! It is but a moment of passing pain. One feels a shudder at times, and thinks no more about it. It is absolutely necessary that you should get well, and cease to suffer. *You die !* What have I done to you ? The very thought of it drives me mad. We belong to each other, and we love each other. You have no reason for going ! It would be unjust ! Have I committed crimes ? Besides, you have forgiven me. Oh, you would not make me desperate—have me become a villain, a madman, drive me to perdition ? Dea, I entreat you ! I conjure you ! I supplicate you ! Do not die !”

And clenching his hands in his hair, agonised with fear, stifled with tears, he threw himself at her feet.

“My Gwynplaine,” said Dea, “it is no fault of mine.”

There rose to her lips a red froth, which Ursus wiped away with the fold of her robe, before Gwynplaine, who was prostrate at her feet, could see it.

Gwynplaine took her feet in his hands, and implored her in all kind of confused words.

“I tell you, I will not have it ! *You die ?* I have no strength left to bear it. Die ? Yes ; but both of us together—not otherwise. *You die, my Dea ?* I will never consent to it ! My divinity ! my love ! Do you understand that I am with you ? I swear that you shall live ! Oh, but you cannot have thought what would become of me after you were gone. If you had an idea of the necessity which you are to me, you would see that it is absolutely impossible ! Dea ! you see I have but you ! The most extraordinary things have happened to me. You will hardly believe that I have just explored the whole of life in a few hours ! I have found out one thing—that there is nothing in it ! You exist ; if you did not, the universe would have no meaning. Stay with me ! Have pity on me ! Since you love me, live on ! If I have just found you again, it is to keep you. Wait a little longer ; you cannot leave me like this, now that we have been together but a few minutes ! Do not be impatient ! Oh, Heaven, how I suffer ! You are not angry with me, are you ? You know that I could not help going when the wapentake came for me. You will breathe more easily presently, you will see. Dea, all has been put right. We are going to be happy. Do not drive me to despair, Dea ! I have done nothing to you !”

These words were not spoken, but sobbed out. They rose from



his breast—now in a lamentation which might have attracted the dove, now in a roar which might have made lions recoil.

Dea answered him in a voice growing weaker and weaker, and pausing at nearly every word.

“Alas! it is of no use, my beloved! I see that you are doing all you can. An hour ago I wanted to die; now I do not. Gwynplaine—my adored Gwynplaine! how happy we have been! God placed you in my life, and He takes me out of yours. You see I am going. You will remember the Green Box, won't you; and poor blind little Dea? You will remember my song? Do not forget the sound of my voice, and the way in which I said, I love you! I will come back and tell it to you again, in the night while you sleep. Yes, we found each other again; but it was too much joy. It was to end at once. It is decreed that I am to go first. I love my father, Ursus; and my brother, Homo, very dearly. You are all so good. There is no air in here. Open the window. My Gwynplaine, I did not tell you, but I was jealous because of a woman who came one day. You do not even know who it is of whom I speak. Is it not so? Cover my arms, I am rather cold. And Fibi and Vinos, where are they? One comes to love everybody. One feels a friendship for all those who have been mixed up in one's happiness. We have a kind feeling towards them for having been present in our joys. Why has it all passed away? I have not clearly understood what has happened during the last two days. Now I am dying. Leave me in my dress. When I put it on I foresaw that it would be my shroud. I wish to keep it on. Gwynplaine's kisses are upon it. Oh, what would I not have given to have lived on! What a happy life we led in our poor caravan! How we sang! How I listened to the applause! What joy it was never to be separated from each other! It seemed to me that I was living in a cloud with you: I knew one day from another, although I was blind. I knew that it was morning, because I heard Gwynplaine; I felt that it was night, because I dreamed of Gwynplaine. I felt that I was wrapped up in something, which was his soul. We adored each other so sweetly. It is all fading away; and there will be no more songs. Alas! that I cannot live on! You will think of me, my beloved!”

Her voice was growing fainter. The ominous waning, which was death, was stealing away her breath. She folded her thumbs within her fingers, a sign that her last moments were approaching. It seemed as though the first uncertain words of an angel just created, were blended with the last failing accents of the dying girl.

*She murmured,—*

"You will think of me, won't you? It would be very sad to be dead, and to be remembered by no one. I have been wayward at times; I beg pardon of you all. I am sure that if God had so willed it, we might yet have been happy, my Gwynplaine; for we take up but very little room, and we might have earned our bread together in another land. But God has willed it otherwise. I cannot make out in the least why I am dying. I never complained of being blind, so that I cannot have offended anyone. I should never have asked for anything, but always to be blind as I was, by your side. Oh, how sad it is to have to part!"

Her words were more and more inarticulate, evaporating into each other, as if they were being blown away. She had become almost inaudible.

"Gwynplaine," she resumed, "you will think of me, won't you? I shall crave it when I am dead."

And she added,—

"Oh, keep me with you!"

Then, after a pause, she said,—

"Come to me as soon as you can. I shall be very unhappy without you, even in heaven. Do not leave me long alone, my sweet Gwynplaine! My Paradise was here. Above there is only heaven! Oh! I cannot breathe! My beloved! My beloved! My beloved!"

"Mercy!" cried Gwynplaine.

"Farewell," murmured Dea.

And he pressed his mouth to her beautiful icy hands. For a moment it seemed as if she had ceased to breathe. Then she raised herself on her elbows, and an intense splendour flashed across her eyes, and through an ineffable smile her voice rang out clearly,

"Light!" she cried. "I see!"

And she expired. She fell back rigid and immoveable on the mattress.

"Dead!" said Ursus.

And the poor old man, as if crushed by his despair, bowed his bald head and buried his swollen face in the folds of the gown which covered Dea's feet. He lay there in a swoon.

Then Gwynplaine became awful. He arose, lifted his eyes, and gazed into the vast gloom above him. Seen by none on earth, but looked down upon, perhaps, as he stood in the darkness, by some invisible presence, he stretched his hands on high, and said,—

"I come!"

And he strode across the deck, towards the side of the vessel, as if beckoned by a vision.

A few paces off was the abyss. He walked slowly, never casting down his eyes. A smile came upon his face, such as Dea's had just worn. He advanced straight before him, as if watching something. In his eyes was a light like the reflection of a soul perceived from afar off. He cried out, "Yes!" At every step he was approaching nearer to the side of the vessel. His gait was rigid, his arms were lifted up, his head was thrown back, his eye-balls were fixed. His movement was ghost-like. He advanced without haste and without hesitation, with fatal precision, as though there were before him no yawning gulf and open grave. He murmured:—"Be easy. I follow you. I understand the sign that you are making me." His eyes were fixed upon a certain spot in the sky, where the shadow was deepest. The smile was still upon his face. The sky was perfectly black; there was no star visible in it, and yet he evidently saw one. He crossed the deck. A few stiff and ominous steps, and he had reached the very edge.

"I come," said he; "Dea, behold, I come!"

One step more; there was no bulwark; the void was before him; he strode into it. He fell. The night was thick and dull, the water deep. It swallowed him up. He disappeared calmly and silently. None saw or heard him. The ship sailed on, and the river flowed.

Shortly afterwards, the ship gained the sea.

When Ursus returned to consciousness, he found that Gwynplaine was no longer with him, and he saw Homo by the edge of the deck, baying in the shadow and looking down upon the water.

## THE GENTLEMAN'S VERSION OF L'HOMME QUI RIT.



THE following correspondence will interest the readers of *The Gentleman's Magazine*:—

*Hauteville House,  
31 Mars, 1870.*

MONSIEUR,—Je ne sais pas l'Anglais, et je l'ai prouvé. Une faute d'impression puisée dans un Dictionnaire, *bug-pipe* pour *bag-pipe*, a fourni, il y a quatre ans, à une certaine presse anglaise, à peu près la seule critique sérieuse qu'elle ait élevée contre les *Travailleurs de la Mer*. Je ne puis donc juger de votre traduction de *L'Homme qui Rit*. Votre talent d'écrivain m'est hautement connu, et je suis convaincu que vous avez fait pour le mieux. Cependant je vous approuve de vouloir publier en librairie *une traduction absolument complète*. Mon livre n'est pas, à proprement parler, un roman; il veut instruire en même temps qu'intéresser, et il mêle au drame l'histoire et la philosophie. Les pages d'histoire et de philosophie sont donc très importantes, puisqu'elles expliquent le but de l'auteur, et je les recommande à votre excellent esprit. Plusieurs de vos estampes sont on ne peut mieux réussies.

Croyez, Monsieur, à ma vive cordialité.

VICTOR HUGO.

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*The Sycamores, Balsall Heath, near Birmingham,  
April 5, 1870.*

SIR,—Pray accept my best thanks for your kind and welcome letter.

I am anxious that you should understand my position, and that of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, in connection with your latest and most remarkable work. It was originally arranged between your Brussels publishers and Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, that "By Order of the King" (your first title of "The Grinning Man") should appear in *Once a Week*, to be succeeded in that publication by a work from the pen of our great English novelist, Anthony Trollope.

"L'Homme qui Rit" was not ready for the English printer until long after the date fixed for its appearance in this country. When the English translation had fairly commenced, it should have been nearly completed in *Once a Week*. The time, indeed, had arrived for the publication of Mr. Trollope's story, and the time had also arrived when Messrs. Bradbury & Evans had determined upon retiring from the publication of *Once a Week*.

Publishers of *The Gentleman's Magazine* as well as publishers of *Once a Week*, Messrs. Bradbury & Evans turned to me in their dilemma, and I gladly accepted "L'Homme qui Rit" for the former publication. Mr. E. S. Dallas (then Editor of *Once a Week*), who had made all the arrangements for the perfect translation of your work from the French, continued to take great personal interest in this English version, and, at my wish, charged himself with the duty of revising the translation, just as he would have done had the story been published, as originally arranged, under his auspices. My acquaintance with the work has been made through the proofs, as they have reached me from the translators and Mr. Dallas.

It had always been understood that the story was too long for a monthly publication, and that *The Gentleman's* translation would be a condensed version of it. In June last I explained this in a letter to the Editor of the *Athenæum*, which was reprinted in the second volume of the New Series of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. All the sins of the mere condensation must fall upon me. I have in no instance ventured to alter the translator's text, which, so far as I can judge, is marvellously truthful. I had too much respect for your great reputation to do more than accommodate your romance to the time which is thought sufficient for a serial tale in a magazine. In this revision, however, I have been occasionally influenced by a regard for the tastes of my own readers. Incidents and sayings, which look comparatively harmless in your subtle and delicate language, come out somewhat harsh and unfamiliar in the more inflexible words of our English tongue. On the whole, however, I have been simply guided by my original intention to give a condensed version of the work in *The Gentleman's Magazine*; the desirability of shortening the period necessary for its full publication in a serial form being enhanced by the general issue of the work in French, and by the original resolution of the English publishers to send forth their edition before *The Gentleman's* version could be completed.

You are right in noticing the exclusion of some of your purely historical and philosophical pages. I only ventured upon these

excisions where there was a profusion of riches, always leaving behind my presumptuous pen a trail of rhetorical fire, sparkling with epigrammatic meteors sufficient to illuminate the pages of a hundred books by ordinary writers. I take leave to think there is nothing finer in modern literature than Chapters V. and VI. of "L'Homme qui Rit."

The publication of a work of this kind in parts is a mistake. It is only as a whole that it should be read, only as a whole that it can be understood.

I rejoice to learn that you are pleased with the illustrations by Mr. Fildes. The same pencil which strove so successfully to realise the gaunt form of the kindly philosopher, the terrible image of Gwynplaine, and the sublime loveliness of Dea, is now engaged, for the first time, in giving pictorial life to the poetic creations of Charles Dickens.

Assuring you of my profound respect and esteem,  
I am your obedient servant,

JOSEPH HATTON,  
Editor of "The Gentleman's Magazine."

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## VICTOR HUGO AT HOME.

**I**N these days of steam and rapid locomotion, thousands of tourists pass hurriedly through the Channel Islands, and this year especially an hitherto unprecedented number of them has visited the island of Guernsey: there were few of these who did not toil up the steep and badly-paved thoroughfare of Hauteville, and few who, when half-way up the hill, did not turn and stop to read the name inscribed over the door of a large house to the left; the inscription is simply this, "Hauteville House," a name interesting to all readers of polite literature, as it is from here that the later productions of the great Victor Hugo have emanated. It is here that French poetry has taken refuge, indignant at being driven first from her native soil, and again from her first resting-place in Jersey. Surely Guernsey should be looked upon as an intellectual link between French and British literature.

It will be sufficient here to state that Hauteville House itself is externally an ordinary solid Guernsey-built house of three floors, and with conspicuous attics. It stands back from the street, a green wooden railing enclosing a thick-growing Ilex tree, and the broad flagged steps which lead up to the green door. This house, although in the street, is not of it, and is as much isolated from the Peter Port world when once the threshold is passed, as if it was miles away in the country.

Hauteville House, with its garden, belongs to Victor Hugo himself, as he purchased it for the sum of 1000*l.* The mere external shell of the house, however, remains as it was originally; the interior being thoroughly metamorphosed to suit the romantic and fantastic taste of the great master; although by many pronounced eccentric, without doubt the interior at present is a veritable *chef-d'œuvre*, composed of a collection of *chefs-d'œuvre*. The house was formerly Crown property, and the poet is pleased sometimes to amuse his visitors by telling them how he pays an annual tribute of two capons to Queen Victoria, protesting, notwithstanding, that this tribute does not make him acknowledge any vassalage to one who wears a crown.

It has been the good fortune of the writer of this article to make a prolonged stay within but a few paces of Hauteville

House, and to have ever met with the most neighbourly kindness and hospitality from its distinguished occupant. Guernsey, however, does not appreciate the honour she now possesses of the presence upon her soil of one, if not the greatest, still very nearly the greatest literary intellect in Europe, and leaves him to live in the solitude of profound oblivion, a species of second exile, professedly indifferent to his presence or absence, and ignorant that for ages to come the name of Victor Hugo will impart a portion of the halo of his glory to the small island that sheltered him.

On my first reaching Guernsey I was warned against my dangerous neighbour as a malignant Red-Republican, a vile conspirator, and the friend of assassins, and as likely to insult on the shortest notice any one who had the misfortune to call himself an Englishman.

What was the truth? Why, there is no place in the whole world, (and I have been over a great part of the globe), where I could find greater sympathy and thoughtful kindness, than I and my family have experienced at the hands of M. Victor Hugo and his wife's sister. In the dry season our tank would sometimes run dry: M. Hugo's inexhaustible spring was at our service. Did we want fruit or flowers? flowers and fruit were alike lavishly offered. Our garden was so small! Would not our children like to play amidst his larger *partovras*? The entrée of his garden was heartily afforded to us, with one Victor-Hugo-like reservation "that the children were not to play too near to the bassin and jet d'eau, lest they should tumble in," whilst we were made most agreeably welcome in the salons and at the table of our illustrious neighbour.

The greater part of the year Victor Hugo remains at Guernsey, allowing himself a brief holiday in the autumn, when he visits Belgium, Switzerland, &c. Regardless of the amnesty, however, his conscience will not permit him to return to his beloved France. "*When liberty returns, I will return.*" Nevertheless, he is one of the leading and active members, if not the head, of the revolutionary party in that country. At all seasons he is up at daylight, and, notwithstanding the accusation of a species of hydrophobia as regards baths, with which we English are wont to taunt our Gallic neighbours, Victor Hugo is a grand exception and example, for "*tubbing*" is with him an institution, and long before his neighbours are stirring, Victor Hugo has performed his ablutions by the light of the earliest dawn. From his glass *cabinet de travail*, he can see the sun rise at all seasons of the year. In mid-summer, from here the sun appears to rise behind Cape La Hogue; at the equinox, from behind the cliffs of Ark; in the depth of winter, from behind Jersey; from which last



island he was shamefully driven out by the unprincipled application of an old Star Chamber law, in 1855.

The earlier part of the morning the poet is generally to be seen promenading on the balustraded roof of his house, drinking in long draughts of health from the sea-breezes, and inspiration from the immensity of sea and skies around about him. With a red Garibaldi shirt, sometimes concealed under a blue-grey dressing-gown, he restlessly marches up and down, apparently in deep thought, every now and then entering his ærial studio to write down his thoughts in those heart-stirring words so dear to French readers; at other times he will tear up perhaps some lines not sufficiently forcible or polished, and the pieces of paper, like sibylline leaves, come fluttering into the garden, where my little children run to catch them, calling them butterflies; scraps which many would value as rare autographs. Intensely fond of children, M. Victor Hugo always takes the greatest interest in my little ones at play, one of whom is the same age as his little grandson away at Brussels; and when he sees them playing in the sun without their hats, will always call out to them to put their hats on. It is, indeed, most remarkable that this energetic, vigorous, and thoughtful poet, of the most powerful intellect in the nineteenth century, is not above composing the kindest and most pathetic nursery and fireside poetry, amongst which we find some of his most graceful masterpieces. Every Monday a large number of poor children—in fact, the poorest which Madame Chenay\* can find—are provided with a hearty meal. No distinction of creed is thought of in the selection of these children; *poverty* is the only passport required. Besides this, the children carry off all the remains and scraps to take home with them. Food and fuel are never refused to any one who really cannot afford such necessaries of life; whilst, similar to Mons. Bienvenu (his *beau-ideal* of what a bishop might and ought to be in "Les Misérables"), although several times things have been stolen and robberies committed at Hauteville House, the benevolent owner never will prosecute, or even attempt to have the depredators sought after.

Before going on, however, let M. de Pène, one of the editors of *Le Gaulois* newspaper, describe the High Priest of Literature, as he calls Victor Hugo, now in his sixty-eighth year:—"Victor Hugo, unique in all things, is stronger and more full of life, with his grey

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\* Since the death of the late Madame Victor Hugo, her sister, Madame Chenay, has continued the charities and the visiting of the poor in St. Peter Port and neighbourhood, in place of her sister.

hairs and white beard, than when he took his first flight at twenty years of age. It may be truly said that he is younger and more handsome. No one gives the hand as he does. One feels at once that there is a heart in it, and that that heart gives itself entire to the friend whom the hand invites. His look is as full of meaning as his words. It darts forth lightnings; it has sparklings and depths that I never saw in any other: a broad benevolence, an affable and patriarchal simplicity, an exquisite and smiling invitation to familiarity, compose this unaffected majesty of genius."

Methodical to a fault, our neighbour works incessantly, and nothing is suffered to interrupt his usual routine of labour. One idea pervades his mind, that his life is not long enough for him to perform his mission on this world; although he hopes for time to complete the great trilogy on which he is now engaged, the subjects of which are to be Aristocracy, Monarchy, and lastly Revolution. For instance, at this present moment the billiard room at Hauteville House is locked up, and in it are stored heaps of tapestry, many valuable paintings, engravings, and *objets de vertu*, which he will allow no one but himself to touch, and which are intended some day to be arranged in order; but although his friends are so anxious to have these treasures brought to light, he always repeats that he has no spare time to waste in looking them over.

One particular trait in Victor Hugo's character is remarkable, and that is his peculiar hatred or dread of dogs, as a rule. One dog only is an exception, and that is a fat Italian greyhound, which is a favoured companion to Madame Chenay. For some time this greyhound used to wear a brass collar, with the following distich engraved thereon, in which Sénat epitomizes his position in the Guernsey world thus:—

" Je voudrais que chez moi quelqu'un me ramenât.  
Mon état ? chien. Mon maître ? Hugo. Mon nom ? Sénat."

Unfortunately this collar was stolen, and replaced by a new one some half dozen times, till at last Victor Hugo forbade any more collars being expended; and thus it comes to pass that poor Sénat runs about collarless.

Noon is the breakfast hour at Hauteville House; and it is at this hour that the hard-working author receives such few personal friends as enjoy his intimacy, and any passing distinguished travellers, generally journalists, artists, &c.; for many disciples, devotees—in fact, Hugolatres—make pilgrimages hither from all parts of the civilized world. The guests are generally first shown through the ~~the~~

vestibule, enriched with quaint carvings, up the stairs, of which the very balustrades are carpeted, whilst the walls are hung with tapestry, lighted here and there with reflecting mirrors of antique form, on to the first floor, into the apartments of the late Madame Victor Hugo.

The drawing-room is a modern chamber, with light French paper, and windows overlooking the street, and furnished with piano, prie-dieu, cabinets, pictures, photographs, &c., and especially noticeable are three enormous arm-chairs, covered with crimson pile velvet. The table in the middle of the room is thickly piled with books. Handsome editions of all sorts and kinds, and in all languages, they are presentation copies from various authors in all parts of the globe.

A large oil painting, recently sent from abroad, at present occupies the greater portion of one wall. It is attributed to Salvator Rosa; but as it is a sea piece, I have great doubts as to the truth of this. The scene represents some gorgeous Venetian galleys and other vessels effecting a disembarkation in an agitated sea at the mouth of a harbour. The colouring of the picture is fine, and the rendering of the sky and water admirable. It is evidently a masterpiece of its kind; but it is thoroughly unique. On referring to Mr. Ruskin's "Modern Painters," I find that "there is one marine piece by Salvator Rosa in the Pitti Palace, a sunrise reflected in the sea; the only instance known of such a subject by that artist." He further adds, "the great Venetian painters have left no instance of any marine effects carefully studied." Among other curiosities in this drawing-room is a quaint and suggestive conceit, also a recent addition to Victor Hugo's rare collection. It consists of an oil painting on a small oak panel, apparently of Dutch workmanship. It represents the head of a noble youth, with curling locks of a decided red colour, and plumed hat set with jewels. On turning this picture upside-down, however, it appears as a grinning *Death's Head*, a skull enveloped in the flames of the lower regions. The pearls are metamorphosed into grinning teeth; the ear of the youth is transformed into the ghastly aperture where once a nose existed, whilst the ruddy locks become horrid sulphurous flames, and the sable plumes are lurid smoke. Around this picture is an inscription in antique Dutch characters, doubtless drawing an impressive moral; but, alas! ignorance has prevented any one I have yet met from deciphering its meaning. There is no date upon it.

Adjoining this drawing-room is the bed-room of the late Madame Victor Hugo, and this is looked upon quite as a *sanctum sanctorum*

by the poet. Each morning, on his way downstairs to breakfast, does the illustrious *littérateur* devote some minutes of solitary communion, to the thoughts of those dear ones who have passed away from this life; and as Victor Hugo, in common with Professor De Morgan, Mr. Varley, and others, firmly believes in *Spiritualism*, may we not fancy that he can imagine that he holds converse with the departed ones whom he loved so well? I have only once been in that room, and then it was with whispers, bated breath and soft footsteps, lest the great poet should be indignant at the desecration, that Madame Chenay admitted us for once to see the *souvenirs* which render this room so sad an association. Madame Victor Hugo seems to have collected here every relic of her eldest daughter, Leopoldine, who was so unfortunately drowned in the Seine, with her husband, Charles Vaquerie.

Under the canopy at the head of the bed is a good painting, representing the youthful Leopoldine receiving her first communion. A still more touching memento, however, is on the adjoining wall, viz., a coloured crayon drawing by Madame Victor Hugo, herself an accomplished artist: it is signed Adèle Hugo, 1837, and represents her favourite daughter Didine (the pet contraction of Leopoldine), when only seven years old, reclining carelessly on a sofa, reading a book. This charming sketch is but rudely framed, and under the glass is a piece of the material of which the little girl's dress had been made—a common red stuff, with little black spots. The drawing itself, and the little fragment which accompanies it, had probably been sent to Victor Hugo when away from his home; for the following words, in his handwriting, on a scrap of paper and evidently cut out of a letter, are attached by the fragment—

“ Oh ! la belle petite robe  
Qu'elle avait, vous rappelez-vous ! ”

What sacred emotion, what a depth of pathos is conveyed in these few simple words! Among the many other *souvenirs* preserved, showing the intense love of Madame Hugo towards her daughter, are the bridal-wreath and dress, and a picture of the nuptial chamber of M. and Madame Vaquerie in their house at Havre, besides an unfinished piece of work destined for a slipper, the needle and worsted still in it, on which Madame Vaquerie was engaged when sudden death prevented the completion. On the walls of this room are a portrait of François Victor, the translator of Shakspeare, by his mother; a photograph of his brother Charles; and, above the mantel-shelf,

an elaborate piece of art, consisting of a series of photographs, illustrating the life of the French "*proscrits*" in Jersey, surrounded with clever allegorical allusions.

One of the most interesting relics in the whole house, however, is to be found here, lying on a small table, over which hangs a large crucifix under a crimson canopy. It is a splendidly bound volume of "*Les Contemplations*," got up in a most superb style on purpose for Madame Victor Hugo, whose monogram it bears outside, thus. It is thickly interleaved, on which leaves are autographs from all the most famous literary characters in France, besides small paintings and illustrative photographs—a most unique album. Subjoined are copies of some of the autographs, kindly supplied through the courtesy of Madame Chenay—



À MADAME VICTOR HUGO.

"MADAME,—Il est resté en France une quantité d'honnêtes gens, qui sont les vrais exilés, et qui prononcent chaque jour, à l'heure de la prière, à l'heure où l'on espère, le nom glorieux que vous portez.

"Du fond de mon exil, Madame, et du plus profond de mon cœur, je vous envoie, à l'un et à l'autre, toute ma sympathie, et tout mon dévouement.

"Avec tous mes respects,

"Luxembourg Terrace, 1856.

"JULES JANIN."

"Sous la cendre honteuse et les souffles moqueurs,  
L'honneur—qu'on n'éteint pas—garde des étincelles.  
Je rapporte au trésor de l'exil ces parcelles  
De ce qui reste encore de France dans les cœurs.

"Août, 1857."

"PAUL MEURICE."

"MADAME,—Je suis bien heureux de cette occasion de vous dire de l'autre rivage que vous nous êtes tous (j'entends votre famille) plus présents, plus chers que jamais.

"La grande voix que vous savez, est de plus en plus la voix intérieure de la France.

"Je vous salue de cœur,

"J. MICHELET."

"Maître, votre beau livre est l'orgueil de la France ;  
C'est le remords du ciel pour ce temps lâche et vil !  
Nous sommes la douleur ; vous êtes l'Espérance !  
Vous êtes la Patrie, et nous sommes l'exil !

"20 Mai, 1856.

"LOUIS ULBACH."

“ Nous envions le sort où vous êtes monté,  
 Sur ce rocher, autour duquel l'océan gronde.  
 L'univers tient de loin son regard arrêté :  
 La patrie est à nous, mais vous avez le monde !

“MAXIME DUCAMP.”

Opposite to this suite of apartments are the state *salons*, called *rouge* and *bleu*, which, however, have been so well described in *One a Week*, that it is needless to more than mention them here. Exact to a minute, when any guests happen to be invited to breakfast, Victor Hugo appears as the clock is striking, and, the mutual salutations having been exchanged, the party speedily make their way downstairs to the dining-room, which is decorated in the most unique style in Hollando-China ware. One would willingly spend hours in this room, feeding the mind and eyes on the curiosities and suggestive emblems contained in it. In all parts are Dutch tiles, emblems, French and Latin mottoes, moral and hygienic maxims. A majestic Gothic arm-chair of oak, like everything else, is barred with a massive chain and formidable padlock : this is the seat of the *departed*. As in ancient days the philosophic Egyptians were wont to have a veiled and wreathed mummy present at their gayest festivals, as Nelson kept the coffin given him by Collingwood in his state cabin,—so Victor Hugo preserves at his table a seat for any of his ancestors who may choose to be present at his repast. This respect, however, for the ancestors does not prevent Marie or Susanne from putting down the plates and dishes, if necessary, on this seat ; nor does it prevent Sénat from jumping upon it, in order to lick the said plates ; but, then, “*It is one of monsieur's fancies,*” says Marie the Bretonne hand-maid.

Victor Hugo the poet and Victor Hugo the host are different characters. No longer Jupiter Tonans, but an amiable Amphitryon, a polite gentleman, and of courtesy so minute as to be almost excessive—a sure sign of his aristocratic breeding. *Spirituel*, in the most extended and true sense of the French term, he talks with a *verve* and gaiety altogether Parisian, with the greatest good nature, and without a tinge of malice. At the same time he does the honours of his cellar and cuisine admirably. His own meals are simple enough ; and to judge from his breakfast, of which he eats heartily after having seen his guests served plentifully, he seems to me to follow much the same dietary as that laid down for the prize-fighter described in “*L'Homme qui Rit,*” to wit, a slice of roast leg of mutton or a mutton chop (*sanglanté*), washed down with cold coffee and *vin-ordinaire*. Abstemious himself, he always provides handsomely for

his guests, to whom superior wines and liqueurs are handed. It is in such hours of relaxation that, as each fresh number of *The Gentleman's Magazine* comes out with the translation of his novel, I am wont to take it over to him, and he takes great interest, especially in the illustrations; for his ignorance of the English language prevents him from thoroughly appreciating the capital translation, as to the truthful rendering of which he is naturally desirous to learn something. He made the noteworthy avowal to M. de Pené, that although he professes to be the apostle of Shakespeare,<sup>b</sup> he had never thoroughly understood him till he read the noble translation made by his son. "When," said he, "I wrote the preface to 'Cromwell,' I admired Shakespeare on trust; now that I understand him, I admire him with all my soul."

One day, the subject discussed at table was the education of ladies, apropos of a series of lectures then being given by a young professor (present at table) to the young ladies of Guernsey. On some of those present objecting to the excessive love of novel-reading by young girls, Victor Hugo launched out a masterly defence of novelists, from Homer down to Dante and Cervantes; at the same time, he allowed the evil of young girls being allowed to read certain works by Dumas and Paul de Kock.

Another time, the inspiration of the Holy Bible was brought forward, and Victor Hugo was accused of not having sufficiently studied it, or else he could not doubt but that it was the revelation of God. M. Victor Hugo eulogised the Holy Scriptures as the most wonderful literary production of the world; at the same time, he said, "Permit me to have my own opinion; I will not say that I do not wish to be convinced, but I have read it and have not been convinced."

The philosophy of Auguste Comte was mentioned, and Victor Hugo related to us how, when in hiding in Paris, after the coup d'état in 1851, he amused himself during the hours of his concealment by reading the volumes of Comte's Philosophy, and went on to pull to pieces his principles of Positivism, using much the same line of argument as Professor Huxley uses on the same subject in the "Fortnightly Review."

On another occasion, when some children were present, a gentleman remarked that children were not agreeable playthings or companions before they were two years old; Victor Hugo totally

<sup>b</sup> Le Gaulois.

dissented from this proposition, and said that he had watched the gradual dawning of intelligence in each of his four children, with an ever-increasing interest ; each day he noted the gradual change, and, after all, he said, pointing to my little girl, who was playing and eating fruit on Madame Chenay's knee, there is the wisest amongst us, and happiest in her innocence.

Victor Hugo, in company with other illustrious authors, is pestered continually with letters asking for autographs or criticising his characters, and like the much maligned Lord Byron, is supposed to have committed all the crimes that his creations in his various novels are represented as committing. For instance, some time since he received a communication accusing him of infidelity on account of Gilliat's suicide ; but M. Victor Hugo, speaking of this scene, the final scene of the struggle between the individual and Nature, observed that instead of being a deliberate suicidal act, the death of Gilliat was simply caused by the despair and indifference to danger with which Gilliat watched the departure of the vessel which bore away from him all that rendered his life valuable. From that rock alone could he see the last of his beloved ; and the pitiless tide, and the natural elements against which he had striven so often and so nobly, were unable to prevent his long last gaze, although they finally took his life, as it were, in revenge.

After the breakfast hour the author works again until four o'clock in the afternoon, when he goes out for a constitutional drive or walk ; walking, wet or dry, throughout the winter, and driving, cold or warm, throughout the summer, like Gilliat, without reference to the weather. Madame Chenay and Sénat often accompanying him in his drives, and Susanne or Marie is generally on the box seat of the hired carriage. Sometimes he is so wrapped up in his contemplations that he never utters a word during the whole of the drive, which lasts, perhaps, two hours : he traverses the whole island in the course of these drives, seeking out the most remote corners, and is particularly fond of visiting and wandering about the various *cromlechs*, *menhirs*, and other strange Celtic remains of which there are so many good specimens in Guernsey. Whilst Victor Hugo is out for a drive, let the reader accompany me up stairs to the second floor, and into the oak gallery ; after admiring the quaint furniture, tapestry, maxims, and cabinets, two of which are from Russia, and covered with Russian leather, with elaborate designs thereon in brass studded nails, we will pass to the left of the huge bed and enter a small lavatory, fitted up in Asiatic style with palm-leaf fans, peacock



feathers, and Bombay work. One motto, which for a long time escaped my attention, is here over the entrance—it is,

## ERROR | ERROR

Which I take to be readable in two senses: first, that all terror is an error; next, that one's greatest terror should be that of committing an error. Perhaps one of my readers may offer another solution.

Close by here is a pile of portfolios, drawings, photographs, which will afford amusement, instruction, and delight for years to come. Although I have only looked through a quarter of the art-treasures here collected, I came upon countless treasures. Scarce *eaux-fortes* by good masters, such as Segé, Queroy, etc. One series, viz., "Les Rues et Maisons du Vieux Blois," forms a most suggestive study. Then we come across original sketches by famous artists, notably some designs for "Faust au Sabbat," by Eugène de la Croix; then again, further, we find a magnificent set of photographs from celebrated tableaux by Chiffart, who illustrated "Les Travailleurs de la Mer;" then, again, rare scraps of old engravings after Albert Durer, Rembrandt, &c., and innumerable old prints, caricatures, lithographs, &c., till one is bewildered.

Tearing ourselves away from this mass of precious art-treasures, let us ascend by a secret door (for secret doors, staircases, cachettes, abound everywhere here, and who may not some day require such modes of exit, considering that the owner is connected with the freemasonry of republicanism, and pulls half its wires in Europe?) to the attics above.

The whole roof of Hauteville House is occupied by large attics, from the northern one of which a glass room, not unlike the studio of a photographer, projects to the edge of the parapet. This forms the *cabinet de travail* of the author. A small wooden board, painted black, on hinges, so as to fold down when not in use, occupies the corner overlooking the street; and this forms the simple desk of the great composer. A large part of the boarded floor is occupied by a large oval clear plate-glass skylight, over which one at first treads with hesitation, although it is in reality very strong, and near it is a handsome stove, *en fayence*, from Malines. Turkish couches surround the sides, with books in piles everywhere about. In a corner, half hidden by the open door, is a sweet little baby face in oils. Didine again. Here, also, is one of Victor Hugo's most recent fantasies, a stand on which to place the various books, MSS., notes, &c., which

he may require to consult whilst at his desk. It looks at first sight like an ordinary pair of carpenter's steps; but is brilliantly illuminated with gilt lobsters, pieuvres, insects, flowers, &c., on a scarlet ground. This is the work of the poet-painter himself. I do not think that I have before mentioned Victor Hugo's passion for illuminating. Whilst thinking and composing, his hands are never idle; and hence his apartments are gradually being covered with bizarre figures, mostly allegorical, the most elaborate being those in the next chamber, which we now enter.

This room, of less size than the last, is covered throughout, ceiling, walls, and all, with amber silk damask, whilst the walls are full of secret cupboards and *cachettes*. Here are the latest of Victor Hugo's own mural decorations. They consist of two large triangular panels under the side windows, with a black ground, on which appear allegorical figures representing (I believe *Imperialism*?) an armed knight in bright gilt, mounted on a flying bird of blue plumage, engaged in fighting a many-headed and many-coloured hydra (*Anarchy*?); and again this same knight is presenting one of the heads of this hydra to a fair lady, who appears on the battlements of a city with a peacock feather in her hand (*Monarchy*?). Above her shines a bright star. But I confess I am at a loss to understand the covert satire which underlies these grotesque groups.

The innermost portion of the room is occupied by a low couch ornamented with elaborate tapestry, representing Lot entertaining the Angels, and the Last Supper; a rather incongruous selection. Over the couch is a white satin coverlid, whilst above is suspended an antique bronze, *Lucerna Cubicularis*. Two small Indian cabinets stand opposite one another; one lacquered, whose doors are fastened with a porcupine quill; the other, of carved wood, rises pyramidally, and is surmounted with an ivory elephant. Leaning against the wall, on a small table, is an original study by Laurens, entitled "Moyen Duq Blessé," and represents a long-eared owl (*Otus vulgaris*) in the act of falling, with one wing disabled. The ruffled plumage, grey, with its fawn-coloured splashes and dark-brown bars, with the sad, dull gleam of orange light in its eye, are remarkably natural and realistic. Next to this are piles of huge books. And one of the largest of these tomes, I notice, bears the title of *La Sainte Bible*.

I cannot leave this studio of the great French writer without noticing one small but interesting fact, which came lately under my observation. I happened one day to see within a half-opened *cachette* some empty ink-bottles, and out of sheer curiosity turned one of them round to see what ink M. Hugo used. What was my sur-

prise to find the name of an English manufacturer on the bottle (I will not mention the name, for fear the reader should suppose this to be an advertisement). Suffice it to say that this ink was manufactured not very far from the office of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and that on the label it was stated "*that it was used in the Government Offices.*" My national pride was aroused ; but at the same time I was much astonished. Could the celebrated *Cambronne* chapter in "*Les Misérables*" have been written with English ink ? So it certainly appeared. I again examined the bottle, and found it "*warranted made with galls.*" This quite reassured me ; and thus our ink-makers have won a second Waterloo, when the ablest French writer acknowledges their superiority, even when he is supposed to be an extreme Anglaphobist, which indeed he is not. But I have come now to the end of my gossip. Such gossip as it is, however, may I hope that it will have a certain value to those who are desirous of knowing something of the mode of life of the famous author of "*L'Homme qui Rit.*"

S. P. OLIVER.

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## CAMBRIDGE v. OXFORD, 1870.



PULL hard, pull strong, ye gallant youths,  
And stem the rough tide's struggling crest!  
Pull, Oxford, pull! On, Cambridge, on!  
Give way with nerve and manly zest.

Huzza! the light blue has the lead:—  
For glory and for vengeance now!  
Pull, Oxford, pull for fresher meed,—  
Ten thousand hopes dance round thy prow.

Ten thousand lips shout forth thy praise,  
And Beauty stands with 'witching smile  
Prepared the song of joy to raise,  
And crown thee conqueror awhile

With wreaths of water-lilies pure  
That shall enrich a well-earned fame,  
And make bright Isis' waves allure  
New glories to adorn her name.

But, see! brave "Cam" pulls on apace,  
And struggles hard the goal to win;  
Huzza! she yet will win the race!  
Shout, Cantabs, shout—ah! what a din!

Anon, the winning-post appears,  
And Cambridge strives with all her might  
To cast a halo o'er the years  
That lost her each successive fight.

On, on they skim o'er troubled wave,  
As wind and water bid them "hail!"  
And each man strains with bated breath,  
Nor heedeth he the passing gale.

Then comes a momentary lull ;—  
But once again Light Blue gives way,  
And with a strong and hearty pull  
Bears swiftly on and gains the day !

Three cheers for Oxford and her crew,  
And three times three for gentle Cam ;  
And may each bright and lovely hue  
Oft tint the waves of Father Thame.

JOHN ARTHUR ELLIOTT.

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# WILL HE ESCAPE?

## BOOK THE THIRD.

(Continued.)

### CHAPTER XI.

MR. HARDMAN WINS.

 CERTAIN natures of a weak order, and which by that nature are accustomed to restraint and direction, when they suddenly get beyond control, become metamorphosed, and take an exaggerated bend of self-will and independence. Our Beauty—who, but for certain untoward matters, might have lived all the rest of his life in quite a monastic submission, and gone down quietly into his grave, a placid, rather foolish old gentleman—now lashed himself, as he drove along, into a perfect fury of defiance and of self-assertion. Bearded in his own house!—a cipher—made little of—at home! flouted contemptuously! but fostered, cherished, flattered by those on whom he had no claim. It was scandalous (lash on the right hand pony); outrageous (lash on the left); and he would not put up with it (lash across both backs). In fact, it was not for argument. But what really hurt him—and, in truth, rather scared him—was the sudden desertion and attack of his daughter. One so weak, and foolish, and childish, to dare to turn on him! Never mind, let them bring things to a crisis; he had friends, too. Let them do their worst, and they should see who was strongest. Indeed, he hardly knew what to do—was beside himself with rage and mortification; and felt, moreover, how weak he was.

There was one to help him, whom he found almost as excited as he was: the colour in her cheeks, the flash from her eyes, made her look splendid and handsome.

“What!” she cried; “you have come to me! You, in your troubles; yet I have mine. They have made a league against me in this house; indirectly, it would seem, because I take your side. All the world seems to be going against me.”

"I am not," he said; "you may count upon me to the last. You have always been my friend from the beginning, and have held by me, and been so kind. Indeed, I never can forget it. But for you, I don't know what would have become of me."

"Where my sympathies are concerned," she answered, "and where I see injustice, I let nothing stand in the way. It is my destiny, it seems, for every one to judge me at the worst. I shall make no more attempts to set myself right in the eyes of your wife. What would you wish me to do now? They have been again unjust to you at home, I can see."

"You know everything. At home, indeed—my own home! where they try and keep me the merest cipher. But I'll not put up with it."

"They? Oh, has your daughter joined the league against you? A child made to turn against her father! This seems subverting the first laws of morality and of decency. I do, indeed, pity you; and would to heaven I could assist you in any way."

"Tell me what to do. You are so wise, so clever, so—charming." She smiled.

"Hush! Mrs. Talbot does not think me so."

"No; I know not whom she thinks to be so, nor care not. It is time all this should end. I have borne it too long."

Of a sudden enters Mr. Hardman, much heated, and talking violently. He was followed by his son.

"Things are coming to a pretty pass, indeed. This is your doing again. How dare you—you, Mrs. Labouchere—interfere with my plans? It is your advice that is setting this fellow against me. I am glad you are here to listen to this, Mr. Talbot. A pretty state of things, altogether."

"Father! I cannot stand it," said the young man. "I have behaved cruelly, infamously, to her—to Olivia; and I am tortured with remorse."

"I don't care, sir; you have taken a course, and must keep to it."

"He is right, father," said Mrs. Labouchere, calmly. "If he feels he has done wrong to the young lady——"

"That's not the point, ma'am," said he, in a fresh fury. "I'll not have you dictating to me in my own house. You have taken too much on yourself all through. You want to direct my affairs, and I won't have it. I want no one to stay in this house, and be supported by me and out of my means—after making a beggarly, pauperised marriage—and then——"

"For shame, father," she said, with dignity. "You forget yourself."

"You should remember," said the Beauty, "that you are speaking to a lady."

He felt a thrill as he thus came forward as her champion—a new feeling. They were both persecuted, both cruelly treated, in their own family.

Mr. Hardman was losing all restraint.

"Don't interfere, sir; I wish to have nothing to do with you, or your family. I have had to put up with enough from all concerned. That low, ill-bred insult I have received from your wife." (To his dying day he never forgot the returned picture.) "As for you, ma'am, I'll have no caballing and plotting against me in this house. I don't want you here, and never did. A nice return you make for all I have done for you, out of charity! You want to arrange everything for me, the three of you. Nice work, indeed! But it is time it should all finish—and it shall."

"Have you no heart, father?" said the son, passionately. "No feeling? I know for a time I was as cruel as you; but I see the wickedness of it now, and heartily repent, Mr. Talbot."

The Beauty answered, with dignity, that he was glad to hear him say so.

"He may say what he pleases, and you may be as glad as you like; but it shall come to this. Those that choose to stay in my house, and fatten on what I give them——"

"This is degrading, father," said she; "and before people, too."

"I don't wish to be indebted to you for anything," said the son, vehemently; "this life is growing unendurable."

"I don't care," the other said, arrogantly. "I shall be obeyed in future; and I give you your choice, you and this lady, who chooses to manage everything so well. If you want me to do anything for you in future, you must follow my wishes to the letter; you, and you, too, madam! If not, just take your own course: pack out and starve, both of you, which you will, without me; or you, master, live on *her*, if it seems good to you."

"I shall live on the work of my own hands, without being dependent on any one. Thank heaven, I have made friends."

"What folly you talk; you shall do as I wish. It is time that some one should think of what my wishes are. You can't live on your pay, my lad; and so you may as well spare yourself the humiliation of a farce of opposition, and of then returning to beg pardon. But as for you," turning to his daughter, "I'll have no opposition—"



no firebrands—in my house ; so I just give you warning. Just take yourself off.”

She drew herself up.

“You shall never repeat that warning,” she said. “If I was begging in the street, I would not stop you to ask for a halfpenny.”

She gave an appealing look over at the Beauty, which made his cheeks tingle.

At that moment they heard the sound of wheels ; one of the few visitors, no doubt, who came to the Towers.

In another moment the door was thrown open, and Livy—alone, fluttering, trembling with nervousness and excitement : it was her first appearance, *by herself*, on any stage—entered, and stood there, single-handed, alone, in a room full of enemies.

## CHAPTER XII.

### FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE Beauty coloured, and was confused.

“Now what do you want here?” he said.

Mr. Hardman’s face grew dark and insolent. She was come to get back his son from him. It was bold, forward, *impudent* even ; and he should deal with it as such.

“Now, Miss — Talbot”—as though he had forgotten her name —“what do you mean by all this ? It won’t do. I really don’t follow this. I have your letter, and shall hold you to it. A pretty pass we’re come to. But I have been speaking plainly, and I tell you, and your father here, and my excellent daughter—who chooses to join in these schemes for her own purposes—that I won’t have it. I’ve put up with it too long. Of course, if that fellow chooses to fly in my face, and take his own course, it must be on his own risk and yours. But, if you like a beggar, as sure as this house is mine, and everything in it paid for with my own hard money——”

Now our Livy interrupted him, with an inexpressible sweetness and dignity. This gentle creature had hitherto twined herself about the stronger stem of her mother. She was now about to meet the strong winds unsupported. She was to make her first protest—her first battle with the world, and against serious odds. Her own father was against her. Yet she only looked backwards, through the steel doors of this great Cruel Castle, with its ogre, and giant, and pitiless enchantress standing before her, to where her outraged,

suffering mother was, lying—as she knew she was—with all the world against her. The thought gave Livy courage; and, with a voice that trembled a little, she answered,—

“You need be under no alarms, Mr. Hardman. No power on earth would get me to marry your son; I have given him up, and shall not go back in what I have done. No, papa; no, Mrs. Labouchere!”

“Oh, Livy!” said the young man; “if you only knew how I have repented of my folly! How I was persuaded, I was made, to play other people’s game!”

Mrs. Labouchere looked at the Beauty, as who should say, “Do you allow this? Have you no spirit? Will you let me be insulted in this way, by a little, foolish girl?”

He interposed,—

“This is all absurd. I won’t have it. You must do as I wish. Do you hear?”

His daughter answered him, mournfully,—

“Yes, papa, I hear; and up to this day would have listened to anything you might desire. But I owe more to her. Oh, come back with me now. Be what you used to be, and I will do anything, make any sacrifice, go through any mortification, to please you.”

“You should accept this handsome offer,” Mrs. Labouchere said, turning to him. “All will be forgotten and forgiven, if you behave properly for the future. I really think you ought. You may not get such terms later.”

Mr. Hardman seemed to be master of the situation.

“I think Miss Olivia speaks very fairly, and has behaved like a lady. It is very creditable to you, Miss Talbot; and just what I expected from you. You would not force yourself on any family. Really you see the confusion and disorder all this has brought about—every one attempting to settle things without me. Quite unbearable!”

“There will be no confusion in future,” she said; “at least, that I shall be the cause of.”

Again Mrs. Labouchere, rather mortified, and really furious at this repulse by a simple child, interposed, looking at the Beauty,—

“Then you, her father, approve of all this?”

“What can I do?” he said, angrily; “this is all her bringing up. She has been taught to do as she likes, making a cipher of me in my own house. Then, I tell you what, I must be obeyed. The law gives me power, and I shall exert it. It’s too much, altogether. Just go home, I request of you. I am your father, recollect. I

have some little authority. Just leave this. You should not have come here at all."

"Oh, papa, do not speak in that way to me."

"Yes, I shall. It's growing intolerable, all this. Insulting the friends who mean me well. All that you, too, Mrs. Labouchere, have had to put up with on my account!"

"Oh, never mind me. If I was to count up my insults from your family, Mr. Talbot——"

With a trembling voice, Livy replied,—

"Insults! none from me—none from mamma. She knows that. If I was to count the injuries—the shocking, wicked, cruel injuries—she has done us—and, worse, what she has tried to do—no insult would be too much! But I have given none. But I am not so weak, after all. I find thoughts coming to me. Heaven helps those who are helpless. Even to-day I see that what I did has not failed."

"You have behaved very well—very well, indeed," said Mr. Hardman, patronisingly; "and we may now assume the matter to be settled. I suppose, sir, after this explicit declaration on the part of the young lady, you have sense enough to see you had better leave the matter where it is. Come with me. I wish to speak to you."

And the triumphant, rich man quitted the room, with his son and the Beauty, who, to say the truth, was not indisposed to escape.

It is impossible to describe the look with which Mrs. Labouchere regarded the young girl now that they were alone together. A curious, almost savage look came into her face as she looked at the daughter of one who was so hateful to her; and whom she saw, with a sort of horror, was entering on the struggle with her, now that her mother seemed to have been worsted. The lady's eyes flashed as she stepped forward and said, bitterly,—

"What do you do here? What brings you? Did she send you?"

"I came," said Livy, in her new character, and speaking very fast and tremulously, "I came to seek *you*."

"To seek me! Why?"

"Why? To stop this cruel, this *wicked* work of yours."

"Ah, you have been sent. She is afraid!"

"Are you a woman? Have you a woman's heart? She does not know this; but let us speak plainly now. Oh, I own it, you have succeeded—you have crushed down my poor, darling mother; she lies there at your feet. But now let it end here; and—oh, I blush for humiliation as I say the words—*let* him go, and come back to us."

The triumph in the other's face! she could not restrain it. Yet this was only her enemy's daughter.

"Let him go back to you! Do you, does she, mean to say that I hinder him? Why, he *comes* to me! Can I stop a large stone rolling down a hill, and send it back? Nonsense! You are a child, a young girl out of school. You do not know. You talk unreasonably—and, let me tell you, foolishly. I can do nothing for your father. As for your mother, who has sent you to beg of me——"

Livy's figure quivered and trembled, as if in an agony.

"That is false—*all* false, as you are. I ask no more of you; and never, as there is a God looking down to protect the innocent, shall I again trouble you. Now I know you; this test has shown me what you are, and that you are an enemy unworthy of her."

"So she has taught you to make speeches to me, Miss Olivia Talbot, or you picked up these fine things from listening to her declamations against me?"

"But I feel a greater strength every moment. She failed, because she loved him too much; I know I shall not fail, because I love her better than myself. I do not fear you now. I did, I own; but I despise you now. Oh! what a poor, mean, pitiful shape of spite!"

"Despise me, you child! You forget yourself when you talk to me in that way, you poor, weak, feeble thing. Do you suppose for a moment that you can measure your strength with me? Think of your mother."

"I do; but, after all, I have not shown myself so weak."

This went home. The other was for a moment confused, then recovered herself.

"What, lost your lover—deprived yourself of him! How many more such victories do you propose? But it is absurd talking in this way. I am ashamed of myself for going into such a matter at all."

Livy was still working out a consequence of the speech she had just made, claiming victory.

"And though," she went on, "I have given up my own happiness, it has brought about some defeat for you, has it not? Your father has turned you out of his house—not that I glory in that, or wish you evil; but, as a fact, it *is* so?"

The look of deadly rage and mortification the other gave almost frightened her.

"You do not know me," said Mrs. Labouchere. "On your own head be it then, as you choose to *take your mother's place.*"

"On my own head be it then," Livy repeated. "If I save *her*, I am content."

"Save her! Of course, by keeping him to you both! How probable! You don't know me. Why, I haven't half put out my strength; and, in return for what you think your little advantage of to-day, I'll crush you. I promise it. There!"

Livy could hardly restrain a cry: there was something so vindictive, so venomous in the woman who was speaking to her, and who now seemed to have quite thrown away all pretence at disguise.

"Yes," went she on, "now you know what you have to expect; and I go now to give you a lesson."

The young girl was left alone, miserable, distracted, and thinking that, after all, she had only done mischief to the persons she loved best upon earth. She had miscalculated her own strength, after all. What was she but a poor weak child, as described by that woman? She could only turn her soft eyes up to Heaven, and murmur a prayer for strength—something that would enable her to cope with the terrible force opposed to her.

Suddenly appears her father, much excited.

"How dare you go on in this way? What brings you to this house? What do you mean by going against me in this way, you and your *mother*?" He leant contemptuously on the word. "Just go home at once. D'ye hear?"

"Not without you—not without you, dearest father. I cannot. It will kill her. You don't know what you are doing!"

And she ran forward to meet him.

He drew back, with a pitiful look on his face.

"No more of that to me; I don't want it. Let you and her keep up your conspiracy together. Don't think I have forgotten your impertinence to me before her. I'll be master in my own house yet, never fear; and I'll show to the world I am beginning to see the game—the plottings that *you and your mother* have been carrying on all these years back. I was to be kept close, and shut up—to be a laughing-stock, as if I was a fool; while you and she had your own ends to carry out—for fear I should spend my own money, which you have been putting by to make a purse, I suppose, for the time when you and she go out together in London. Thank heaven, I see the whole of the thing now, and the disgusting slavery in which I have been living. Such a persecution! But that's all over now, and I see the truth at last."

Again was the poor girl all but crushed by this amazing change in *him who had been to her all that was perfect and loveable.* She

could not run to him now, something held her back. It seemed as though some impish spirit had entered into him. Possibly there had, as it might seem to those older and of more experience than Livy.

She could hardly bring herself to speak to him; these morbid changes seemed to her so utterly mean and contemptible. Yet he was her father—sacred name to her.

"Come back with me," she said again. "We shall do what you wish in future. But fly from this wicked woman. If you knew what she has threatened——"

The Beauty interposed,—

"Not a word against her. She is my true friend. I know why you both hate her, and I'll not hear her slandered. A noble, generous, persecuted woman: her kindness to me I shall never forget. Not a word. All your's and her calumnies shall not affect me in the least."

"But hear me, father."

"I'll not stay here and listen to you. Not a word about her. Never dare introduce the subject again."

Entered now Mrs. Labouchere, dressed in bonnet, shawl, &c., as if for travelling.

Mr. Talbot went up to her.

"What is this; are you going out?"

"I am going away, leaving this house where I am no longer welcome. My father has forgotten himself, not for the first time."

"And where are you going?" he asked, eagerly.

She shook her head.

"Out on the world, as they call it. I know not. I am always destined to be a wanderer. I really cannot say where I am to go. I have not thought of it even. But I have myself left; the old resources here"—and she touched her forehead—"which have never failed me yet."

"There is *my* house, where I ought to be able to offer you a temporary——"

Livy's eyes flashed.

"This is madness," she cried. "She may come; but we leave it that moment."

"As if I would accept such an offer!" Mrs. Labouchere said, smiling. "Though, if you had understood properly, Mr. Talbot did not make it. He knows the world; but it shows the folly of the whole situation, and the helplessness you would bring him to, when he dare not venture to give his friend shelter. But he can help me in other ways."

"Yes," said the Beauty, triumphantly; "you can count on me. And I am happy and proud to be able to assist you. Come, let us go!"

"What! then *you* are not deserting me, like all the world! You will help and advise me—an atom now to be cast upon great London!"

"I shall, at least, see you settled there. You shall not leave in discredit. I owe you too much, dear Mrs. Labouchere."

"How noble and generous of you!" she said, putting out her hand. "After all, there is a strange likeness in our lots! Come, then; I am too unfriended now to refuse such aid."

With a proud look on his foolish face, as if he was a knight going to do battle for a high and pure lady in the old days of chivalry, he followed her as she left the room.

Aghast, struck down by these gathering horrors, as they seemed to her, Livy stood there, motionless. Such villainy to be in the world was what she had never dreamed of. She heard the sound of wheels and went to the window, and there saw the pair seated in *her* carriage, the Beauty driving that woman away to the station.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A NEW HEROINE.

WHAT was Livy—what was any one—to do? Misery, ruin, degradation—what was there not before them? Death, indeed, would be sweet. And that dear one at home—how was it to fall on her? Heaven send her inspiration!

She fled from that ill-omened—nay, accursed—house, not daring to look back; and got home—how she knew not. Her miserable mother, lying on the bed, not expecting anything, had been expecting her—longing for her, hoping for *something*, her worldly soul having still a confidence in the power and strength of this young and unhackneyed creature, so simple and innocent. Her old training had all failed, her powers of acting were gone—it was worth scarcely the candle by which her long, long game had been played. What was life to her? And her very despair at being thus worsted made everything seem to her more miserable and humiliating than, perhaps, it was. There she lay on her sofa, the former *belle*, all hope fled. And it was there her daughter found her.

"Where is he?" were Mrs. Talbot's first words. "No, I see. What could you do, a child, weak and inexperienced?"

Mother and daughter were in a moment mingling tears and hysterical sobs.

"I shall bring him back yet, dearest," whispered Livy; "I feel a strange strength and confidence here. Something tells me I am not abandoned by all. Will you leave it to me? As yet I have done nothing. I have only met that cruel, wicked woman, who has openly threatened us. Oh, dearest, leave it all to me. She has roused a spirit in me that will save us all yet!"

"My darling, what can you do? This is sent to me as a chastisement for all my old follies, and my foolish life spent in the childish triumphs of fashion. No; it is useless struggling. I can only submit, and accept what is sent me. I am ill, too. They used to laugh at me when I talked of my nerves; but my whole body is wrung, and tortured, and quivering. Would to God I was out of it, and at rest!"

"Ill, dearest? You do not feel ill? We must have the doctor."

There was, indeed, a strange, worn, and fretted look in her face, that spoke of illness, and that scared the daughter. Still she knew that the true physician and the only cure, was to be found by her, and to be found in happiness and peace of mind.

"Trust in me," she said; "and for this once. I am weak, I know; but I am beginning to find out where my strength is. Just wait for a day. Let me leave you till evening, and then—we shall see!"

"Do what you will, dearest. What can I say or advise? For now I begin to see that my old elaborate wisdom is nothing but sheer folly, after all. I have little hope in anything now. But go, dearest!"

In a few minutes, Livy—our new heroine—had her bonnet on, her maid equipped, and they were driving to the station "to catch the train," she in a flutter, full of the grand designs that were before her. She was so engrossed with these, that she did not notice an acquaintance—a gentleman whom she had met before at *The Towers*, and whom the flush on her cheeks, the excited sparkle in her eyes, at once attracted. He had got out of the train which had crossed the other at that place, and he suddenly went and entered the one that was returning to town. The gentlemanly station-master had put her in a carriage with other ladies, and the gentleman came and required to have the door opened for him.

"Oh, I know this young lady," he said.

Livy recollected Colonel Fotheringham at once. He then began to talk, and in a very agreeable and seductive way; and, indeed, no one had such practice as he had in that art, or had so



improved with that practice. And he had a valuable way of inducing confidence, for he was a man of the world, and who knew the world, as Livy—half timorous, half reverential to such—soon found out and felt; and at that moment she felt so helpless, lone, and deserted, that any one, who had the air of being powerful enough to control and direct it to his own ends, seemed to her more than mortal. He had the art, too, of assuming an air of deep interest, with those to whom he spoke, in their future—a sort of indescribable, half timorous air, which had the best effect. Our Livy, so valiant against the open hostility of one of her own sex, and so shrewd to see the covert approaches of this crafty enemy, was quite simple in presence of this skilled adversary, and felt herself irresistibly drawn to him, especially when he began on that one subject, having come round to it by artful degrees.

“I don't know your father *very* well,” he said, smiling; “part of our acquaintance having been made under very awkward circumstances. But I found afterwards—and will ask you to tell him so—that the little quarrel we had was not altogether one to ourselves. It was ingeniously contrived by another. But to you I should not speak of this. By the way, what do you think of your future sister-in-law, Mrs. Labouchere?”

“No,” said Livy, vehemently, “never! That is not to be, I am glad to say; we shall never call her that.”

“I would not be too sure; she is so clever, and if she lays her mind to it, she could bring that about again. Forgive me, I know I am talking of very private family matters. And I declare to you, *she* keeps no secrecy in the matter, and speaks in the freest way, as you can guess. I never met so restless and artful—if that is not too unpolite a word—a woman.”

There was a great struggle going on in Livy. She felt that this man knew much, much more than she did. She would have given the world to talk to him, to ask him questions. But then her pride; it seemed degrading. Yet, after all, he had behaved handsomely to her father, he seemed “good-natured”—to a young girl the most recommendatory of gifts. And then there was so much at stake.

“But why should you caution me?” she went on, “have you heard anything?”

“God bless me, no;” he said, smiling. “But the world has. At clubs everything is talked, schemes and boasts of all kinds. I know what her boast is, but I would not tell you, Miss Talbot, for the world. I may tell you this, though; she does not think her work finished as yet.”

It was impossible to misunderstand this ominous speech, which he said so significantly.

"For a woman," he went on, "she has more power than any woman I ever met; that is, for carrying out whatever she plans. I should not like to make her an enemy myself; and if there was any one, old or young, in whom I took an interest, and whom I would not see injured or made unhappy, I would give them the same advice. You will not be angry with me, Miss Olivia, for saying this to you, for the matter is a little serious."

For a moment she felt indignant that this comparative stranger should take on himself the duty of giving her advice, and she answered,

"We do not fear anything of the kind, Colonel Fotheringham, and want no advice."

"I *do* beg your pardon," he said, hurriedly. "I see I *did* obtrude. You must forgive me, for I meant no harm." On this he took out a book and withdrew a little.

Livy was soon penitent and full of compunction. Worse, she felt that she had done a *stupid* thing. Here was one that might have been sent by Providence, though, indeed, this seemed paying it a bad compliment in its choice of messengers, to help her out of their difficulties.

"If you would let me advise you," he said, in what seemed to her a quiet tenderness. "I would be very much on my guard. I know that lady well, and all about her, and am as certain as that I stand here she means mischief, and mischief—forgive me saying so—that *you* cannot hinder. My friend, my *new* friend, Talbot, cannot either; and, I am afraid, is not inclined."

Livy felt there was truth in every word of those dark prophecies—the difficulties she saw, were crowding on her, and almost involuntarily she cried out, with the most piteous, tearful, and interesting expressions in the world.

"Oh, then, what *are* we to do?"

"Have you no grave and wise friend, no man of the world that you could consult? I do not offer myself, for I am the merest acquaintance, and I was snubbed when I got on dangerous ground a few moments ago. Perhaps you are going to town now; but I am too inquisitive."

Livy, reflecting that after all she did want help, and cruelly, and that there might be no harm in accepting it, even from this unexpected quarter—at all events, she could listen, and need not be bound by it after the train had reached the station—faltered out

an eager question, "What could she do? For, indeed, Colonel Fotheringham, we are all very unhappy."

He looked out of the window and smiled to himself. He was always successful—except with Mrs. Fotheringham.

"You see," he went on, "women of her class live always for amusement and excitement. They must have it. They think it a feather in their caps, as it is called, to make conquests, and, once they have begun, they must go through with it. Now, this lady's game, I am sorry to say,—indeed, you must have seen it yourself,—is to make a sort of trophy of your father, exhibit him in town, quite take him away from your mamma. It is something to boast of, and will add to her reputation. Excuse me for speaking so freely, but she does not care a straw for him."

Livy blushed as she listened to this plain way of putting the thing.

"Papa," she faltered, "does not believe that. Nothing could get him to believe it. He thinks she is his true friend, and is devoted to him, and this gives her a sort of influence. He is so grateful."

Again the same smile passed over his face, and a twinkle of triumph came into it, as a sudden thought occurred to him.

"I could open his eyes," he said, slowly. "I might have it in my power to show him her true opinion of him. But that, of course, would be out of the question. Here is the ticket-collector. How quickly the time has gone? You will not return, I suppose, until the last train."

"But," said Livy, with almost passionate earnestness, "you will tell me that, and prove it. Oh, I am sure you won't refuse me. If we could only open papa's eyes; he is so good."

Here she stopped. Again she felt all this was so humiliating, to be debating with a stranger—this humiliating attitude of her father, this justifying him, making him out not so bad, after all. She stopped, and hung down her head. The train had got into the station.

"Could I see you anywhere, you and your maid?" he asked. "Is there anything I could do; except what is disloyal, of course. She is a friend of mine, recollect, and though she has not treated me well, I cannot betray her. Where is he to drive to?"

"Half-moon Street," she said.

"Oh, I know," he said. "I often go there. Old Dick Lumley's bachelor's quarter. I hope I shall see you again soon, Miss Talbot."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE COUNCIL.

NEVER was girl in such a state of excitement as our Livy, while the cab was driving to Half-moon Street. She was, indeed, going to consult that old physician, Dick Lumley, possibly an ignorant practitioner, certainly a selfish one, who was not likely to give advice without fees; that is to say, who would not sacrifice any thing to help a fellow creature. Sacrificing *anything*, with him, was giving away a scrap of his life; because it involved a disappointment, or worry, or stupidity, and, therefore, *injured* the current of his life. For at his age any mental injury or wear was as dangerous as anything bodily. Poor Old Dick! People were fond of noticing now that he was changing, angry at having had so often to acknowledge that he had so long falsified all their declarations that "he was going," or "breaking up," or down. It was amazing, indeed, how he clung to what he called life; that is, to the series of visits, dinners, balls, and when these intermitted, how his pulse seemed to intermit also. Life had, of late, been going very pleasantly with him; as, indeed, his perseverance deserved some recompense. Such unwearied, laborious, pushing efforts, made at the beginning of his long life, and duly sustained, should have landed him in any office or station. But the fatal principle of the Sibylline books applies with its greatest force to what are votaries of fashion, to the children of the world—the world meaning dinner-parties, the knowing people of title, and being asked where "everybody" is asked. As the books of Old Dick Lumley were burned, one by one, what remained increased in value with alarming proportion; and, finally, it was come to this—that at the end of that long ill-paved road, which had been his life, a few yards were as precious to him as miles of the pleasant grass swards over which he had tripped so carelessly when he began to walk. He seemed to himself now, with the end of his life at hand, to be beginning. He had this refutation, at least, of the vulgar speech "he is so old!" within him; he felt strong, and a keener sense of enjoyment every day, and his will, and the necessity of "going out," helped him to do battle with, and keep in order, obstructive pains and aches.

As usual, he had, with an industry that never wearied, been harrowing and "stubbing" the fashionable ground; now writing notes, now calling, now telling his stories, now doing little trifles of service for old Lady Towler, or for Mrs. Mantower; contriving

to lay those persons under trifling social obligations, to be repaid only by "asking" him. He was content to accept the smallest eleemosynary scrap of civility, a meagre cup of tea at five, sooner than be left out or not asked. Now, a certain duchess had a great gathering at Kedgeburn, whither all his friends were hurrying, and, after infinite "stutting" he had received the invitation to join the august party, men and women of fashion—lords, dukes, a royal prince, in short a *battue*, the like of which he had never yet attended. It was elixir to his old frame, the very thought made his blood course more freely through those ancient conduits, his veins; and he was busy on this evening, furbishing up his old armour, looking where the joints had started, and wanted new riveting, amusing himself also by anticipation, burnishing his jokes and good things, and filing up and polishing a neat, unobtrusive speech, which should delicately attract the royal personage. When his servant came up to say that a young lady was below, and wished to see him, he assumed, in his eagerness and flutter, that this must be some high-born dame come to wait on him. "God bless me, who is it?" says Old Dick Lumley. "I'll go down to her—or would she step up? Is it Lady Cradock?"

It was amazing how Mr. Lumley could change and recover himself from the want of cohesion, and kind of tendency to fall to pieces. He was one man for the servant, another for the lady, who now entered, this frightened, fluttering, timorous Livy, who had come to throw herself at the feet of the only friend in town she could think of. She knew he was selfish; but still, to her he had always a sort of gallant good-nature, which might be worked into kindness, if no great pressure was put upon it.

He was a little disappointed when he saw her; he had put himself together for a lady of title.

"My dear Miss Livy, this is an honour to my poor bachelor hovel. Come to see me here!" But he added hastily, sharp enough to see that something would be required of him, "You see me all in a fuss; just setting off on one of those gay junketings. They will have me. The duchess wrote in the nicest, kindest way, herself."

"Oh, and you are going away now—and I was going to ask you—the only friend I could turn to!"

His first thought was that "this sort of thing" had been the introduction to a very favourite demand on him, and a look of alarm came into his face. Old Dick Lumley never gave money to anyone. There was something, he thought, very low in people, in *real distress*, coming to beg loans, and he could see little difference between them and people in the street. Of course it was a wholly different thing

when Lord A—— said "Lend me a fiver, Lumley," which was only a pleasant civility, and the payment certain as the Bank.

Livy soon reassured him. "Oh, dear Mr. Lumley, give me some advice; help us! We are in a miserable way at home. Save us!"

"Oh, I suspect," said Mr. Lumley. "I suppose our friend, the Beauty, is at his old tricks. Sit down, then, and take a chair, and tell me all about it. There."

"No, indeed, it's not his fault. But there are others who hate poor mamma, and do their best to draw him away from us."

"Oh, I know that, too. A very clever woman in her way—I really admire her. But now, tell me how things stand exactly."

He put aside his preparations, and set himself to listen. Livy began, told him all; coming down to the dreadful and perplexed state in which things were. It was, indeed, hard to resist Livy's "coaxing manner," which invited confidence and aid. As she went on he grew interested, and stopped his packing.

"Oh, Beauty," he would say, "fie for shame! And yet I don't blame him. It's all that scheming woman. I know well what she's at. It's just one of the tricks of the women of the day. Lord bless you, my dear child, it's their amusement—like dram-drinking to a man that's taken to cognac. You see what is open to women of this sort. What is there piquant but something of the kind? I declare, I know I shouldn't speak this way to you; but it's the fact, I assure you. The world's a very wicked place."

Livy was aghast.

"But why," she cried, "why should she think of this—such a cruel, base revenge? What can she gain? Poor papa is married——"

"*Raison de plus*," said Dick, gaily. "Married men are the best game, and give a *prestige*, you see. It is bringing down two birds; and, as you see, in this case, three."

Livy was beginning to see.

"Then what, in the name of heaven, are we to do? How can I go back to mamma? I told her I would bring her comfort, and now I see I have worse news."

Dick was really getting sympathetic. With the pretty he was always more or less good-natured. Beside, there were the elements of a capital story, which, with a little vamping and varnishing, would make his fortune at Kedgeburn. He was curious, too, to see the end. Anything dramatic for the old soul was like breathing fresh air. He thought a moment.

"I'd have supposed that Fotheringham was her admirer, and she his. And I daresay he is still."

"Oh, I know that he is not," she said, eagerly. "He came up in the train with me, and spoke very kindly indeed."

"Oh, you were consulting *him*, Miss Livy. A nice man to take into confidence. Well, I don't know but that you were sensible enough: all's fair in love, war, or filial affection. And now tell me, my dear, what did Fotheringham say to you? Don't be afraid. I assure you it is of great importance."

"Well, he was very kind and interested—I must say that."

"Of course he was; but was he friendly to her?"

"No; he seemed angry or displeased."

"Ah! a point for you. Now I tell you, as you have come to me, that man is the only chance you have. If you can make him your friend, you can do something. And your father has gone up to town with her? You don't know where they are quartered, do you?"

"Oh, no," she said, despairingly. "In this great London, how should one——"

"Well, I do. Starridge's is the place. Decent family hotel. Lord Mundy always stops there. Comfortable, but dear. I tell you what, I was going to Kedgeburn the first thing in the morning; but a few hours will not make much difference. I can go by the evening train. See, my dear. You might just wait here a little while, till I come back. There are plenty of books, and the evening paper."

Old Dick Lumley got his hat, and set off. It was a long time since he had done so generous and unselfish an act. But he felt a new eagerness, which contributed a sort of elixir vitæ to his veins. He tottered into a Hansom cab, with as much elasticity as he could assume, and drove away to his club—"Banks'"—where he was certain of finding Colonel Fotheringham.

That gentleman was there, as he had anticipated, standing in the bow window, entertaining a number of fast gentlemen with some piquant adventure. "Banks'" was a sort of fly-by-night house, where deep card-playing always went on, and which seemed to run eternally with soda and brandy, as other places are said to run with milk and honey. On these grounds, Old Dick belonged to it, as he never cast his net into its waters for gossip without a good haul, which he could carry to his favourite Lady This, or to "My dear Mrs. ——." This communion, too, with young and "fast" men, was one of the conduit pipes through which Mr. Lumley fancied he drank of the Fountain of Youth, and, indeed, of Life. This noisy party, then, he joined, after a way of his own: a conscious smile of anticipating enjoyment—sidling up until he was absorbed in the *group*.

Some of these men were officers, who had been quartered abroad; and one was apparently joking Colonel Fotheringham on that point where men of all kinds, degrees, and ages, it is to be suspected, enjoy being "rallied"—namely, what are called their "successes."

"I saw you," said this gentleman. "He was getting out of the carriage with as pretty a girl as you'd ask to meet. The man is lost to all shame. But it won't do."

"Won't do! How do you know?"

"Well, what about the pretty widow? She followed you from abroad. What account have you to give of her? God knows you boasted enough."

"All in good time," said the Adonis, complacently. "I wait always till the pear is ripe; then open my mouth, and it drops into it."

"Won't do shaking the tree," said Old Lumley, thus introducing himself. "But there is another reason, Foth. Why don't you tell them that she has a little game of her own to finish first? 'Pon my soul, as diverting a thing as you ever heard. Would do for a little French piece at the Palais Royal."

"Oh, I know," said Fotheringham. "That poor creature that they call, or who calls himself, the Beauty—an ass of the first water. I can call him so, now that we have made up our little quarrel."

"Ah, you are sore about that, Foth," said Mr. Lumley. "For a handsome fellow like you, with the scalps of so many wives, maids, and mothers dangling at your belt, it is mortifying to play second fiddle to a Gemmy Jessamy of that kind."

"I beg your pardon, Lumley," said the other, pettishly. "Excuse me, you are talking of what you know nothing about. It is notorious that she doesn't care two straws about the fellow. My good Old Lumley, you are not behind the scenes everywhere. You are not quite up to this business. She keeps me posted up in every stage of the affair. A woman of her sort only lives for excitement; and what is at the bottom of the whole affair is dislike to another person."

"Very good—very good, no doubt," said Old Dick, "so far as your statement goes. But I should like proofs."

"Proofs! A gentleman does not usually show a lady's letter. But," he added, taking one out of his pocket, "if I chose to exhibit *this*—which I should scorn to do—it would prove what I said. Why, she laughs at the fellow, and turns him into the greatest ridicule."

Now, clever as Mr. Lumley was, and well acquainted with the world as he was, and with the tricks of the world, it must be owned that this little episode was brought about by no contrivances on his



part. He had raised the argument unintentionally; perhaps with a sort of hope of "picking up" something out of it. When he heard this allusion to a letter, he was, of course, convinced; and said that made it quite a different thing. And Colonel Fotheringham was quite triumphant.

Gradually the group broke up; and Mr. Lumley was thinking of returning to his lodgings, when Colonel Fotheringham followed him, and seemed anxious to speak with him.

"You see," he said, "this artful woman is playing a game; and I am sorry for the poor little girl."

"But, really now," said Old Dick, "about the letter? I couldn't, of course, dispute what you said before those fellows."

"Oh, I could show it to you," said Colonel Fotheringham. "I assure you, she turns this half natural into perfect ridicule. A very clever woman; but I would not trust her *that* far. It is so amusing, the way she hates that poor, foolish woman. She'd see her in the workhouse with pleasure. And that pretty little girl, with her praying-sort of face! I never met such a confidential little nun of a thing. She told me all her sorrows; and I am to comfort her and the family. I intend going down to pay them a visit to-morrow. Eh, Lumley?"

Old Dick chuckled with sympathising enjoyment at whatever this speech seemed to convey: then went his way back to his lodgings. He thought the matter over with satisfaction as he drove along, and said to himself, "Not badly done." The story would work up very dramatically for my lord duke after dinner, and cause the whole attention of the company to be drawn to him. People would never think of "age" in connection with Dick.

## CHAPTER XV.

### CHANGE OF HAND.

WHEN he got back he found the devotional face, which Colonel Fotheringham had been so struck with, bent on him wistfully, with a despairing inquiry,—

"What have you done? Do you bring me hope?"

"What could be done in the time, my dear child? Things of this kind cannot be settled right off in that way. We must prepare the ground, my dear."

Her face fell.

"Oh, I know that, dear Mr. Lumley; but I had hoped you would have made out something. I have been so miserable."

"Well, I don't say but that I *have* made out something. But now, you must work a little for yourself, and build upon the little foundation I have laid. You are very clever in your own way, my dear. Now, Fotheringham is not a man whose intimacy is to be encouraged; in fact, he is a fellow who ought not to be let into a decent house. But don't be shocked; I think there would be no harm if you made a friend of him."

This strange advice Old Dick inculcated warmly,—

"He is going to see you to-morrow. Make yourself as bewitching as you can, and he will not refuse you anything."

"But I *could* not ask such a man. It was only an accident, my meeting him in the train."

"It would be the only way to open the Beauty's eyes. You see, my dear child, you must work for yourself. No one can ever do anything for any one so well as they can do it for themselves. I believe you to be very clever, Miss Livy; and, with a little training, you would hold your own against any of these scheming women. The only real way to meet them, is to face them on their own ground, and with their own weapons."

"I never could bring myself to *that*," said Livy, vehemently; "but papa is good at heart, I know he is; and if I knew how to reach his feelings! He loves us all, I know he does."

"Well, then, let us go to him. I'll do what I can with him, too. We are sure to find him at Starridge's, her place."

Livy shuddered as he said this; but she caught at the proposal eagerly: and, in a few moments, they were driving away to that fashionable family hotel, where invited foreign princes—in the dearth of accommodation at the palaces of the kingdom—have been often hospitably entertained.

Mr. Lumley knew "Starridge," whose real name was Motcombe, very well, having often dined there. Indeed, Mr. Lumley was one of those people who have a lucky art of becoming known to every one without exertion of their own—one of those who are recognised by policemen, allowed to pass into reserved places, &c., and yet from whom money is not looked for. With this proprietor Old Dick was presently in deep conversation, and learned that Mrs. Labouchere had arrived there with all her boxes, &c., but that she had gone out, and had not come in yet; but that the gentleman was waiting upstairs. Mr. Lumley and his charge then went up.

The Beauty started as he saw them, much as a school-boy would, detected by the master, in an orchard. But after a moment he grew nettish—then defiant.

"What do you want with me? What is the meaning of this pursuing me about in this way? How dare you come after me?"

This was to his daughter.

"Oh, papa, what are you doing? Why have you done this?"

"Oh, I say, Talbot, these are very queer pranks! It must be a joke, altogether. You can't have taken leave of your wits?"

"I don't understand you," said the Beauty.

"Oh, going about in this way. Here, be a sensible man, now. Go back with your daughter."

"I don't want my direction from any one. Neither do I require any orders from home. I have business that keeps me here."

"Indeed you have not, my dear Talbot," said Old Dick, sitting down in a comfortable sort of way. "I am an old friend, and don't at all mind what you say. You won't offend me easily."

"Oh, papa, if you knew the state I left mamma in! It will kill her, this way you are treating her."

"And how have I been treated all these years back? Tyrannised over—ground down—kept shut up——"

Mr. Lumley burst out laughing.

"What a description of yourself! No, my dear fellow; we can't accept *that* as a true picture; and I have too much respect for you to suppose that you would give out that you allowed yourself to have lived in such a 'degrading' state of hen-pecking."

The Beauty coloured.

"Oh, you are very sharp—uncommonly so. You know what I mean. I don't mean to be laughed at any longer by the world!"

A twinkle came into Mr. Lumley's eyes.

"I wouldn't be too sure of that. Our friends, unfortunately, are often those who laugh the loudest."

"Ah! but my friends don't do that. The friends *you* have been accustomed to, do so, no doubt. It is what I would quite expect."

"Perhaps you are right, though Mrs. Labouchere is not exactly one of the friends I have been much accustomed to."

The Beauty coloured.

"I'll not hear a word against that lady. I know well who sets these slanders on foot. I have heard enough of them already."

"Oh, papa," cried Livy; "you don't know all. Your kind, good heart has been worked on for the basest ends. There are those who are using you to forward the ends of their own hate and dislike; and all the time laughing at you behind your back."

This was a daring speech for our Livy, and she trembled when she had made it.

The Beauty was beside himself with anger and offended dignity.

"What a mean conspiracy! You, and the rest of you, can stoop to invent things about the noblest of women! I forbid you to speak to me on this subject again; I won't have it. And if you don't both of you leave this room, I'll leave it. You have no business to come here at all. It is Mrs. Labouchere's apartment."

"Here, my good friend," said Mr. Lumley, rising; "you are quite forgetting yourself, in this ardent championship. You used a very ugly word just now—something about 'conspiracy;' I don't allow expressions of this kind to be applied to me. I think it very impertinent of you," added Dick Lumley, in a real rage; "and very uncalled for. Now explain what you mean. Don't dare to repeat that word again, or any words like it. Why, you *are* a stupid, foolish creature, not to know your best friends, those who would save you from being made a cat's-paw of by a scheming woman, whose letters—where she is laughing at you to her friends—are being hawked about over the clubs!"

There was something so genuine in this tone of Dick Lumley, such an air of superior knowledge, that it did more in one second to convince the Beauty of the facts thus affirmed, than if affidavits had been sworn with all solemnity. He faltered, and repeated,—"*Balbutiéd*," as the French say; "Laugh at me in her letters?"

"Ah, you guess now," said Old Dick, still fuming. "Then you'll find out more by-and-by. Conspiracy, indeed! I'll just leave you there; make yourself as much a laughing-stock as you please. I'll never raise my finger to open your eyes. Come, Miss Livy; your father doesn't want you here, as he says plainly; and I'll see you safe to the train. And if you take my advice, I'd leave the matter all to time. It is really not worth any extra trouble; and you have done your best, as a daughter, to save this poor, infatuated father of yours from being a laughing-stock."

Our Livy saw that this angry speech of Dick Lumley's had, unintentionally, done her cause more good than any of his elaborate little worldly plots. She saw her father mortified, angry, doubtful, and full of fear lest there might be some truth, after all, in that statement. She took the cue at once, like a girl of *esprit*, as she really was.

"Then we must go, I suppose, Mr. Lumley," she said. "I have done my best, and so have you. We can do no more. We are to have this mortification, in addition to other trials—to be laughed at by the whole town. My poor mother did not deserve this."

Uncertain, colouring up fast, turning pale, angry as a child whose

only thought is to break up its toys to spite the parents who have bought them for it—the Beauty looked at them irresolutely. He felt his weakness. Weak minds, at such a crisis, can only find a temporary strength in repeating a foolish defiance. It gives them a *prestige* for the moment. And so he said again,—

“I don’t choose to be interfered with. I am not a child; and I’ll show you that I am not. I won’t hear a word against her.”

“You are a disinterested fellow,” said old Dick Lumley, laughing heartily. “You will deserve a crown.”

He took Livy’s arm in his, and they went down-stairs, she with her head bent low, and her heart very heavy. They got into the cab, and as Mr. Lumley was telling the cabman where to drive to, a lady who was going up the steps looked round curiously, and, seeing them, stopped for a moment, then came down the steps, and stood before them at the window.

It was Mrs. Labouchere.

“Oh, a visit!” she said. “Ha, I understand why! Another failure, even with such an ally as Mr. Lumley! There are great odds against poor me.”

“My dear Mrs. Labouchere,” said the old man of the world; “you alone are a match for the whole world. Miss Talbot had no escort, and——”

“Yes, I understand,” she said, with bitter contempt. “Well, I have no escort either, and shall want one for some time. You see it won’t do, Miss Olivia Talbot. Even in my absence, you can do nothing.”

She passed in. Old Dick looked after her admiringly. He was actually thinking he had been a great fool to mix himself up in this business. After all, it did not concern him; and all the result was to make an enemy of a woman that was sure to “do”—to get on.

“Monstrous clever creature that,” he said. “I admire her. You see, my dear, there’s no use in our trying anything. You’ve done what you could; and she’s a dangerous woman to meddle with. Let sleeping dogs lie. Our friend, the Beauty, will tire of this—er—fancy by-and-by, and then all will be right again. We must take men as we find them.”

With a soreness of heart Livy found, for the first time, that conventional “hollowness of the world” realised to her. This ancient, whose foot was in the grave, was cold, selfish, unfeeling, and thought only of himself now; and, at the same time, felt that she ought to consider herself under a serious obligation to him for these services.

*(To be concluded next month.)*

## NOTES & INCIDENTS.

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PEOPLE have been almost frightened by recent reports upon the sun's condition. The announcement that his face had broken out into spots, which, in all, covered some three thousand millions of square miles of it, set the nervous wondering whether so seemingly stupendous an outburst did not portend some solar catastrophe which would be felt on the earth. Let all such be reassured : there is nothing very remarkable going on. Spots are always to be seen, great or small : they appear in maximum and minimum quantities in periods of about eleven years : just now we are at a maximum epoch, and there are some extra large ones ; but we are by no means assured that the "spot-area" is greater than it has been for twenty years past, as one reputable authority has informed us. They who are scared by the enormous mileage forget the total area of the solar globe, which is about two and a half trillions of square miles : the spots now visible are to this total like three or four mustard seeds upon a large orange. Any untutored eye lately looking upon the whole disc through a telescope, would have merely said that there were a few black specks on it. As a cause for alarm there is none : indeed, it is not improbable that the periods of greatest spottiness, or, as they are termed, of "maximum solar activity" are those when the day-god sends us his beneficent influences in greatest abundance. This idea so forcibly struck the elder Herschel, that he instituted a comparison between the quantity of spots and the price of wheat ; and he thought he saw a relation between spot-plenitude and corn-plenitude ; while a great sun observer on the Continent has had reason to suspect that those years are most dry and fruitful when the spots are most abundant. We shall better be able to trace these apparent connexions when the solar portraits which they daily take at the Kew Observatory have accumulated for a complete spot-cycle : this will not be for several years yet. What the spots are, is rather too vast a question to be taken up in a note : we can only say for the present that they appear to be vast craters belching forth flames of burning gas. Imagine a fiery jet forty thousand miles high, and as many in diameter !

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LET him who wants evidence of our national taste for music betake himself to any place where the working and lower classes have gathered in large bodies for holiday enjoyment. He will be struck, as I was, on Good Friday last, while passing through a London suburb crowded with excursionists, not merely with the attraction possessed by any musical

performance, however humble—not merely with the heartiness with which everybody who had a voice joined in whatever could be construed into a chorus—but with the irresistible desire, or the involuntary effort, manifested on the part of all executants to sing in *harmony*. Upon an unmusical ear these attempts make no impression ; but they force themselves upon one that has been tutored, even imperfectly, in that neglected department of musical cultivation, part-singing. The first performance that arrested my attention on the day in question was that of a number of ragged urchins shouting, to some people above them, “Chuck us a mouldy copper.” They made a chant of their appeal, and, whether by intention or accident it was impossible to say, one section of the choir sang all the while in tones that were a musical “third” below those of their brethren. Then, as I passed one gin-palace after another, the gaping windows yawned forth music-hall melodies of various periods, the choruses of which, taken up *con molto spirito*, were all sung in rude harmony ; a number of voices taking what is familiarly known as the “seconds,” and a stentorian proportion maintaining a diapason bass which, however wildly it departed from the rules of counterpoint throughout the verse, was instinctively taken through the fifth to the key-note at the end. By-and-by I came upon a street preacher who had opened his service with a hymn, which, given out verse by verse, was sung to a familiar tune with a fulness of parts which would have put the milk-soppy unison of our church hymn lisplings to the blush ; and yet the preacher’s congregation were such as probably never heard of singing classes or sol-fa societies. Wherever a melody is seized by a body of people, the desire to harmonise it is spontaneously generated. What a source of innocent pleasure would be opened to those who are most in need of it if this harmonious tendency were only cultivated. But how to do it ? There is the rub. It could only be attempted in childhood, in the school ; and, with the poorer youth, only in the charity or national school. Is it too much to expect that in any future scheme of universal education the heavier training may be leavened with a little exercise in harmony singing ?

THE belief in charms and mystic cures, of which we have survivals in such remedies as that of a rub from a piece of stolen meat upon a wart to secure its disappearance, must have reached its culminating point when, three or four centuries ago, faith was placed in the “weapon salve” of Paracelsus, or Theophrastus, or whatever that arrant quack’s real name may have been. Mr. Rodwell, the chemist who now and then enlightens his fellow philosophers upon the archæology of his science, has been unearthing some particulars of the energy that was wasted in upholding and downthrowing the belief in this unguent’s efficacy. That it was a nostrum of the most worthless kind a child would now-a-days see : it was to be composed of moss from the skull of an unburied man, human blood, “the dried brain of a wilde bore,” and mummy mixed with oil : and its virtue was that it caused the healing of any wound by being

merely rubbed on the knife or weapon that made the wound, or even upon a fac-simile of the weapon. Before we laugh too loudly at this, let us remember a still common notion that a bite from a mad dog is rendered harmless by killing the animal. The weapon-salve had many staunch supporters among writers, and even physicians: but it seriously troubled the peace of mind of a churchman of Hedgeley, in Buckinghamshire, Foster by name, who believed the cure (if ever it was effectual) to be the work of the devil. He wrote a pamphlet, 56 pages long, entitled "Hoplocrisma Spongiæ; or a sponge to wipe away the Weapon-Salve," in which he was especially violent against a Doctor Fludd, who was a warm advocate of the specific. Evidently, Foster wanted Fludd to fight a paper war, but he could not draw him out: as a last taunt, he caused a copy of the title page of his book to be nailed to his reticent adversary's door-post. The move was successful: forthwith came a 212 page book from Fludd, sparkling with wisdom worthy of a better cause, and appositely entitled "The Squeezing of Parson Foster's Sponge, ordained by him for the wiping away of the Weapon-Salve." Whether the door-nailing compliment was returned we are not told: at all events, Foster appears to have been silenced, and the salve left to its own merits, which, no doubt, soon consigned it to oblivion. Yet the superstitious principle of it lived for many years in the "Sympathetic powder," which was used in the last century to cure wounds by being burnt on a piece of the rag that had bound them.

*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* replies to our article on Illustrated journals:—

"We have no objection to this honest criticism by *The Gentleman's Magazine*. That we do take, and reduce by photography (which, by the way, our illustrated contemporaries do not do), the most important pictures in foreign illustrated periodicals, is 'most true,' and we avow the fact by heading these pictures, 'Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.' We take these pictures on the same principle that the European newspapers copy out from American newspapers such American intelligence and criticisms on current affairs as, it is supposed by them, may interest their readers, and *vice versa*. . . . The only criticism which our monthly contemporary has made, to which we plead ourselves amenable, is that contained in the last sentence of our quotation. An honourable recognition of the sources whence our foreign pictures are drawn, is fairly due. After that is done, we shall be, by our contemporary's judgment, *sans reproche*."

We think the American paper entitled to this reproduction of his fair and manly response. His acknowledgment of "the sources whence his foreign pictures are drawn" will be an advance in illustrated and general journalism on the other side the Atlantic which we shall hail with the liveliest satisfaction. There is an American paper which does us the honour to reprint one of our papers every month. A very small act would make this unobjectionable to us and honest on the part of our American brother. Let him in future quote *The Gentleman's Magazine*.



## CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

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### AURORA POLARIS.

MR. URBAN,—There is not much in Mr. Rowell's last letter to call for comment from me. On the long list of papers he has cited there is but one that especially concerns the subject under consideration: that one I have read, but it does not appear that anything beyond an opinion concerning the height of auroral arches is conveyed in it. The opinion is reiterated in Mr. Rowell's letter; but it has no support beyond the criticism of a few old observations.

Without going at length into Professor Loomis' numerical height determinations, the following verbal summary which he gives ought to be sufficient to refute the strange notion that the aurora has no altitude, or is an optical phenomenon presenting itself differently to different eyes:—"At the most southern stations, the aurora rose only a few degrees above the northern horizon; at more northern stations, the aurora rose higher in the heavens; at certain stations it just attained the zenith; at stations further north, the aurora covered the entire northern heavens, as well as a portion of the southern; at places further north, the entire visible heavens, from the northern to the southern horizon, were overspread with the auroral light."

Mr. Rowell asks how I account for electrical effects on the telegraph wires from an auroral cloud forty-six miles high. I do not "account for" it. The rash disposition to "account for" natural accordances and discordances is a scientific vice. Leave facts alone and they will account for themselves in time. At present the subject of terrestrial galvanic currents is too young to be theorized upon. Nor do I attempt an explanation of "the elevation of vapour, and its electricity to 500 miles in height." Nothing is known about the atmosphere beyond five or six miles high; what is stated thereupon is but inference. There may be an atmosphere all the way to the moon: the necessity for supposing such a thing has actually arisen in connexion with the phenomena attending solar eclipses,—I remain, ever faithfully,

YOUR CONTRIBUTOR.

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### THE KEILDER DISTRICT IN THE LAST CENTURY.

MR. URBAN,—In your columns some correspondence lately appeared with reference to the Keilder district, as depicted in Macaulay's "*History of England.*" The description given by Macaulay was derived from Sir

Walter Scott, and by him from the Duke of Northumberland, whose father had visited this outskirt of his dominions about the middle of the last century. I have before me a manuscript book of accounts, which gives some light on the social condition of the adjacent district of Liddesdale at the same period. At this point the Duke of Northumberland's possessions come in contact with those of his peer, the Duke of Buccleuch, one of whose tenants at that period was Robert Elliot, of Broadlee, Millburnholm, Erntage, and other places. Robert Elliot lived on the Scotch side, eight miles from Keilder, and his holdings extended to some thousands of acres. The manuscript in my possession gives his farming and household accounts for the years 1748 to 1755; and it gives no indication of barbarity, though it does indicate a great scarcity of cash. The words are Scotch, and the spelling is curious; but most of your readers will probably understand the quotations, without difficulty. The price of horses appears from an entry in 1753, where, among "the goods and gear bought by me this year" there is "a mear and foll, at 5*l.* 9*s.*;" and, the same year, "sold to a Mers-man (a Berwickshire man) a black mear, at 5*l.* 1*s.*" The average price of cattle will appear from the following:—"From my good-father, a three-year old stott, 3*l.* 3*s.*" And, "From Adam Beattie, Erntage, 2 stirks and a cild cow, at 4*l.*" Among the transactions in 1748, I find, "Sold to Adam Slight 2 fat cows, at 2*l.* 10*s.*;" and "Bought from John Armstrong a four-year-old quey, at 2*l.*" Again, "Bought from John Elliot, two stotts, at 6*l.* 5*s.*; and he gave me six-pence again." The "stotts" may have been good; but the "luck-penny" was but small. Then, "Bought from Robert Hutton, at Hindhope, 2 stirks, at 2*l.*;" and "Bought from James Laidlaw, in Rickerton Mill, a stirk of the good wife's at the mill, at 1*l.* 3*s.*" The cattle of Scotland at that time were small and hardy, and generally black in colour. The prices of sheep were no better. In 1753, as I find from the manuscript, Robert Elliot bought "13 lams, 12 payable, at 3*s.* 2*d.* a peace." Thirteen to the dozen, and the whole lot for 38*s.*, would be a windfall to purchasers of lambs in our day; but, again, Robert Elliot gets "57 lams at 2*s.* 2½*d.* the peace." And, as if that were not low enough, he gave "to my mother 1 score, ten lams, no pris mad; it must be 3*l.* 15*s.*" That is, thirty lambs for 75*s.* I find, also, the wages paid to this Border farmer's servants, which are curious enough. In May, 1748, "Hyred Jean Nickle and Hana Little till Lady Day for a ston of wool a-pees, and 9*s.*" And, again, "Janay Nickle for a ston of wool till Martinmas, and 18*s.*;" and "Adam Scott till Martinmas, that is for the half year, for a pair of shoes and 1*l.*" The shoes of that period were of the kind made by the souters of Selkirk—single soled, and it was customary for the men to stitch on an additional sole, for which materials were provided by the master. The shoes cost little money, though not less than a lamb of good quality. One account is, "To Jean Tealfer a pair of shoes, cost 2*s.* 10*d.*;" and "to Will Mitchellhill to buy shoes, 1*s.*" There is no mention of stockings; and, except in the depth of winter, no such article would be worn. In the city of Edinburgh, in the year 1759, Charles Townshend visited the Lord President of the Court of Session, when he was ushered in by a servant without shoes or stockings. The men's

wages consisted of sheep, instead of money. For example, William Gladstone was hired for a year to "had (hold) the plough" for "five sheep's gress, and 3*l.* 10*s.*" Walter Hoom was "to herd the nolt for a lam and five sheep's gress;" and James Anderson was engaged for "a pair of shoes, and an ell of linsey, and 1*l.* 3*s.*" Among other curious entries is the following:—"Anne Heaslop gets her house free this year because she biggit (built) it last year." The houses were built of turf; and it seems they were constructed by the families, who got them free of rent for one year on that account. The kind of fare on which these Border families lived will appear from the following entry, in 1752:—"The meel that served Walter Hyslop's family a year is 3 bolls and a half of oat meel, and 23 pecks of bear meal, and a boll and a half of bear, and half a boll of peas." Among other items there appears now and again, "Skins given to my wife for the use of the house." The wool of those skins was, doubtless, used for the manufacture of home-spun cloth, as we find numerous entries of wages paid for spinning, and we know from other sources that the tenants of those days wore cloth made of wauked plaiding, very coarse, and rarely dyed, but having a picturesque appearance from the mixture of black and white wool. The same process may still be seen among the outlying Hebrides. What stockings or hose were in use consisted of white plaiding cloth sewed together. The ordinary dress of clergymen was a blue coat, corduroy knee-breeches, and black stockings. The household expenses must have been very trifling, for the grocer's account is as follows:—"Paid John Elliot, in Castleton, for merchant goods gotten from him betwixt Whit-Sunday, 1748, and Martinmas, 1749, 4*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.*" This must have been the grocer's account for eighteen months. In the accounts there is mention of beer, but nothing about whisky, which had not then come into common use except among the upper classes. There is nothing said about tea; and, indeed, a number of farmers in Ayrshire had only a very few years previously subscribed the following:—"We, being all farmers by profession, think it needless to restrain ourselves formally from indulging in that foreign and consumptive beverage called *tea*: for when we consider the slender constitutions of many of higher rank, amongst whom it is used, we conclude that it would be but an improper diet to qualify us for the more robust and manly parts of our business; and, therefore, we shall only give our testimony against it, and leave the enjoyment of it altogether to those who can afford to be weak, indolent, and useless."

Forty years after the date of these extracts, a son of Robert Elliot was visited by Walter Scott, and was one of the living embodiments of Dandie Dinmont, the rough but hospitable and generous Liddesdale farmer who forms so prominent a figure in "Guy Mannering." In the autumn of 1792, Scott, then a young advocate, was at Jedburgh, in attendance on the circuit court of justiciary; and then he entered Liddesdale for the first time in quest of those ballads which were afterwards published as the *Border Minstrelsy*. It was literally a "raid," for no wheeled conveyance had ever entered that pastoral region; and all the traffic was on the backs of ponies. Scott was accompanied by Robert Shortreed, sheriff of Roxburghshire, who was well-known in the whole

county, and the first evening they alighted at Millburnholm, the abode of Willie Elliot, with whom Shortreed was well acquainted. When informed that the stranger was an advocate from Edinburgh, Willie was in some trepidation ; but was relieved when he saw Scott making himself friendly with half a dozen dogs of all degrees which had gathered round the wayfarers. He then whispered to Shortreed, " Weel, Robin, deil hae me if I'se be a bit feared for him now ; he's just a chield like ourselves, I think." Willie Elliot and Scott very-speedily became great friends over the punch-bowl ; for whisky punch had found its way into Liddesdale within the previous forty years ; and till his death, many years afterwards, Willie was frank and generous in his convivial hospitality. According to Mr. Shortreed, Willie was the great original of Dandie Dinmont ; and this opinion is adopted by Lockhart, to the extent that " As he seems to have been the first of these upland sheep-farmers that Scott ever visited, there can be little doubt that he sat for some parts of that inimitable portraiture." To this day the description of the locality of Dandie would almost literally apply. " There's mair hares than sheep on my farm ; and as for grey fowl, they are as thick as doos in a dookit." Eight years ago, the house where Willie Elliot entertained Walter Scott was still standing ; and it was a fair specimen of the antique Scottish farm-house. It had a thatched roof, a chimney of rushes, and, at the door, a stone-and-turf erection known as the " loupin-on-stane." There were no wheeled vehicles ; and the ordinary mode of transit was for the wife to ride on horseback behind her husband. The good dame ascended the " loupin-on-stane," which had three or four steps, and thence transferred herself to the " pad " behind her husband. It was, therefore, a necessary appendage to every farm-house, and to every kirk and ale-house. The house of Millburnholm had only two moderate-sized rooms, a very small parlour opening off one of the others, and two attic rooms so low in the roof that a man of ordinary size could not stand upright. Here Willie Elliot had a visit from Scott every year, for six or seven years, at the close of the last century ; and here he spent a quiet, hospitable, patriarchal sort of life for many years. After his death the farm was joined to another, and Millburnholm became a shepherd's house.

J. T.

*Kelso, March, 1870.*







